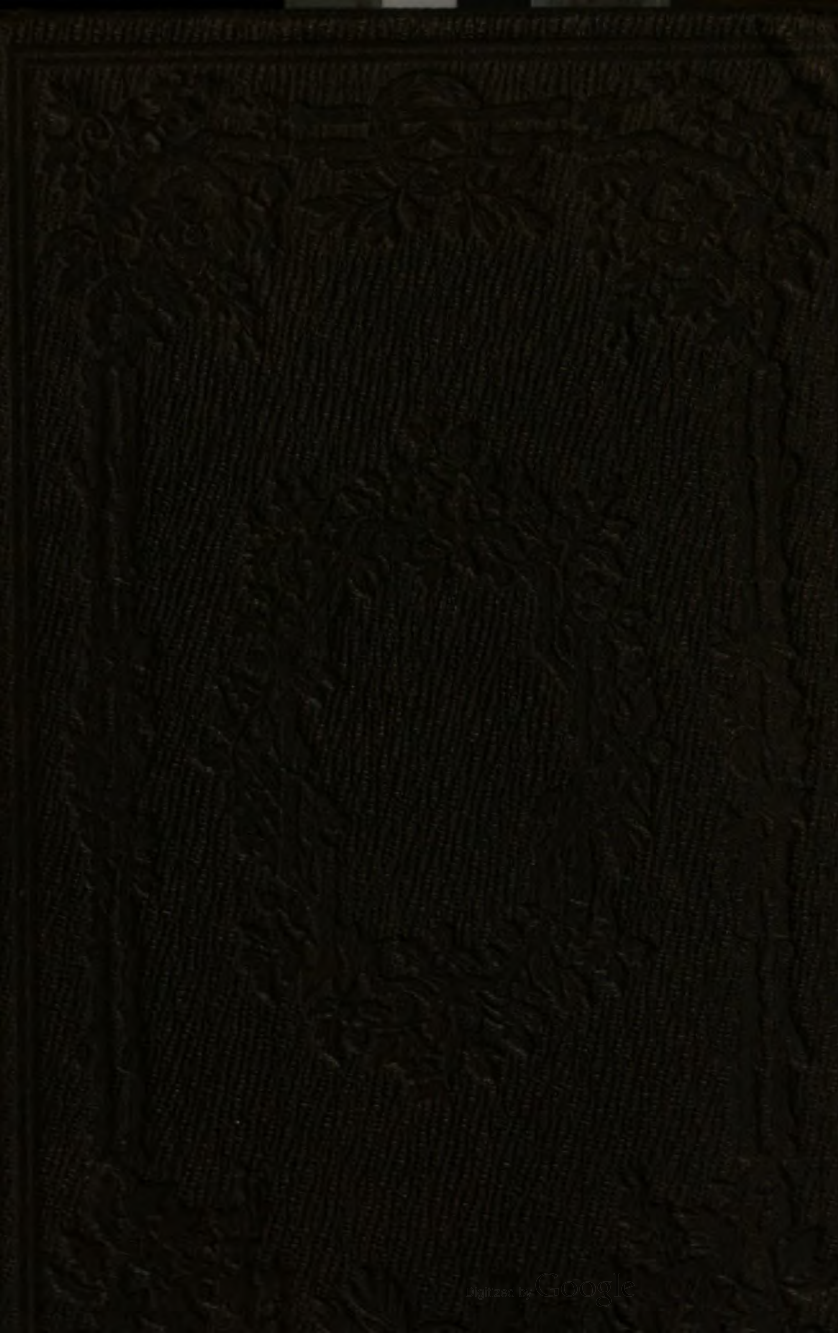
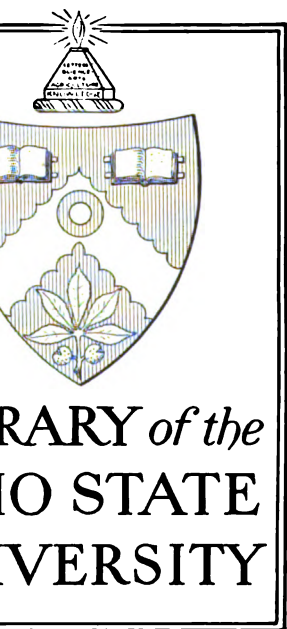

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"He surprised Pauline intently poring over a volume of sermons."

Vol. I, p. 14.



BALTIMORE
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Vol. II, p. 291.

PAULINE SEWARD.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY

J. D. BRYANT, M.D.,

Author of "The Immaculate Conception a Dogma."

— "Religion, heavenly maid!
What tears of love and hate are shed for thee!"

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

FIFTH EDITION.

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Publisher's Notice.

THE Publishers, in presenting to the public the Fifth Revised Edition of Pauline Seward, would announce that the author has omitted no effort to render it in every respect complete, and that it is now published in a new and much improved form. The eminent success which has attended the issue of four successive editions, both in America and Great Britain, is sufficient evidence of the intrinsic merits of the work. It has been remarked of it, in the latter country, that "no prose writer of America has yet penned a more graceful or more unaffected tale;" while in this country it has been pronounced a work of superior merit, both in its moral and theological aspects.

It may therefore be justly esteemed to have firmly secured its place among the standard works of its class. The former editions are now completely exhausted, and yet there are frequent and urgent demands for more. This is sufficiently convincing, if arguments were needed, of the great utility of the work and of the necessity of the present edition. It is with pleasure, therefore, that the publishers find themselves enabled to reproduce it with so many new and improved features, and to claim for it even a more extended field of usefulness than it has yet enjoyed.

BALTIMORE, July, 1856.

Author's Preface to First Edition.

HOWEVER unacceptable prefatory remarks may be to the general reader, they are sometimes indispensable. It seems to be so with respect to at least one feature of the present work. The dogmatical portions of it refer to eternal truths,—the vehicle of whose description, language, should always be the same. The author, therefore, instead of clothing them in his own imperfect language, has deemed it proper to transcribe them from those sources which are within the reach of the general reader and are known to contain them pure. And though it has been indispensable sometimes so to modify them as to suit the colloquial use intended to be made of them, they will be found to be intrinsically the same. Their perusal may, to the instructed reader, seem long and tedious, and therefore be placed to the account of the many other imperfections of the narrative. To this he begs leave to request that such readers may remember, the work was not penned for their perusal alone; and while it might be said to merit that criticism from them, it may fall into the hands of some who will censure it for brevity in the same particular. It has been his endeavour to preserve a happy medium, by saying only so much upon each of the subjects he has thought proper to introduce as might render it intelligible to the inquirer, without being burdensome to others.

With the brief prayer that his effort may result to the glory of God, he leaves it in the hands of those for whose perusal it was designed.

THE AUTHOR.

PAULINE SEWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Joyous mirth and sick'ning sorrow alternately blend."—ANON.

It was in the autumn of 18— that one of the most elegant mansions in the city of P—— gave unequivocal evidences of a soirée of unusual splendour. Carriages in quick succession stopped before its door, and one continued stream of gaily-dressed personages poured into the ample hall. The hall itself was brilliantly illuminated; and liveried servants with obsequious politeness moved to and fro, with the air and gesture of those who feel their own dignity to increase with the greater consequence of each new arrival of the *élite* of a gay metropolis.

The gorgeous rooms into which the guests were ushered gave ample evidence of the princely opulence of their possessor. Whatever art could produce of luxurious elegance; whatever wealth could purchase for ornament, comfort, or convenience, was there bestowed in the most lavish profusion. Here, beauty, wit and mirth arrayed themselves in all their bewitching

attractions, previous to their descent into the drawing rooms.

Thither let us precede them, that at our leisure we may form some acquaintance with the interesting being, who is to occupy so much of our attention in the course of the following pages.

At the upper end of a suite of apartments, furnished with regal magnificence, stood Mr. Calvin Seward, the most elegant man of his day; tall, and well-proportioned; dressed richly, and with the most fastidious taste; yet in every, even the most trifling respect, corresponding with a gentleman of his age, which one unacquainted with him would suppose to be about forty, but which in fact was fifty-five; the erect form, the ruddy glow of health which still mantled his cheeks, the glossy black hair, and the unbroken rows of fine teeth, all uniting to cause an observer to place him full fifteen years below his actual age. His mental qualities might be far more accurately prejudged. The most casual observer would, from his broad and lofty forehead, and from the smoothness and evenness of his features, pronounce him intellectually gifted, and of a mild and amiable disposition; unless, as to the latter, a certain sharpness of feature might indicate a corresponding acerbity of mind; though even that detracted from his perfect elegance would be strongly contradicted by a natural and quiet smile, that played with easy grace upon his well-formed mouth. You could not, however, gaze long upon his fine expressive face, without observing a shade of some emotion deeper than mere thought, clouding at intervals his usually calm brow. It might have been anxiety, though one who should gaze upon the costly profusion and dazzling splendour of the whole scene would be at a loss

to ascribe it to such a cause. Be that as it may, the cloud was not suffered to remain long, where, whatever were the cause, we have observed it.

Upon his arm leaned, in easy gracefulness and dignity, a creature formed in nature's sweetest and most perfect mould. Pauline Seward embodied all the beauty, loftiness, and amiability of her father, softened and perfected in the finest touches of feminine grace. Art could not have chiseled features so perfect, a form so symmetrical. She had just passed her nineteenth summer; all days of sunshine and bliss: and if her dark eye flashed with eloquence in the consciousness of the possession of intellectual powers far superior to those around her, or if it fell beneath the admiring glance of the multitudes who worshipped at her feet, it was equally the result of an unaffected simplicity, uncontaminated by the sophistries of society. A perfect model for art, yet was she perfectly artless. And not less strikingly did the elegant simplicity of her costume contrast with the gorgeousness of those of the gay throngs that now crowded the drawing-rooms, and moved forward to pay their respects to their elegant host and hostess.

Let us take this opportunity to survey a scene whose dazzling splendour was never surpassed in the palmiest days of luxurious Rome. A scene, upon which, if our republican forefathers could have risen from their graves and looked, they must have shrunk back into their cold abodes, exclaiming, "Is this the republican simplicity for which we endured every hardship and toil, and for which we counted not our lives dear!" The bewitching harmony of viol, lute, and harp imparted its fascination to a scene around which refinement and art had thrown

the most enchanting attractions. The mirrored walls threw back bright floods of light, completely changing night to day, and annihilating the remotest approach to a shadow; richly carved and cushioned furniture; and antique chairs, elegantly contrasted with Turkish ottomans; voluptuous divans; softly yielding carpets, and whatever the most fastidious desire could crave here invited to luxurious ease. From a spirited march the music had now changed to a waltz; and already sylph-like forms whirled, seemingly on air, through the mazy round, in spirit-like harmony with the silver sounds that meltingly enchanted the senses.

Could some being unacquainted with our world have looked down upon that bright scene, and viewed that world through it as a medium, it might have sighed to leave its native skies and dwell on earth; unless it could have witnessed another scene, which was at that moment being transacted before the portals of that noble mansion; then, as it once more shrank within its native skies, it must have wept burning tears.

We have said the season was autumn. The month was October. It was at a period when winter did not languishingly linger, until the New Year had commenced his career; but when he came furiously on, with howling winds, and rain, and snow, long before autumn had completed its course in the circle of months. The night was dark and desolate. Keen north-west winds came sweeping down with sleet and snow; and the curious gazers, who had been attracted by the gay equipages and music to loiter near the door, had long since sought the comfortable shelter of their peaceful homes. One little child of sorrow alone remained. Barefooted, her dress in shreds, and with no

covering on her head, she stood cowering in the dark recess of the steps. She had wandered long and far that bitter night for charity ; but no kindly heart had warmed to her appeal. Almost in despair, she had just been seeking some temporary shelter, where she might lay her hapless head for one more cheerless night, if indeed the howling storm should not crush the fragile flower before the morning came, when the flood of light issuing from the door shed a ray of hope upon her blighted, but pure and trusting heart.

"Here is plenty, light and warmth," she whispered to herself ; "maybe poor Marie may here be heard." Become timid as a startled fawn by frequent rebuffs, she crept softly and slowly up the marble steps. It was a long, a lingering, a trembling effort that she made ; but at last there she stands full in the blaze of light, the picture of hopeless wo. Her face upturned, frozen tears glistening upon her pallid cheeks ; her attenuated hands clasped convulsively upon her breast ; while her thin fingers worked with the agony of suspense as to what might be the result of this last appeal, before she lay down, perhaps to die. Some time elapsed before she could summon the courage to speak ; and when she did so, it was almost with the tremulous shriek of despair.

"Dear, good sirs, poor Marie has no friends or home : dear mother's dead, and father's gone, and Marie is left alone. She is cold, and wet, and hungry ; pity, dear sirs, and heaven bless you !" Thus, sinking upon her knees, she made her feeble prayer.

"Drat that beggar, they are always prowling about people's doors to see what they can lay their hands on !" exclaimed the burly porter, who stood behind the door, and at the same moment sprang forward to

B

seize and kick the veritable little thief, that stole a mat the day before.

He might have thought he saw an angel, so suddenly did he pause ; but certain it is, as his eye fell upon that kneeling, fragile girl,—her hands still clasped upon her breast, and the sweetest face that God ever gave to a poor orphan still upturned in speechless agony,—his heart melted within him ; and, for the first time, the piteous, tremulous tones of her voice struck him as being those of real sorrow.

“Good God !” he exclaimed ; “this child can be no impostor :” and stooping, he raised her shrinking form, whispering, “Sweet child, what aileth thee ?” That act, that voice, that tone, those words, “sweet child,” long a stranger to poor Marie’s ear, pierced her gentle heart, unloosed anew the flood-gates of her soul, and tears of tenderest gratitude streamed from her eyes, while she moaned, “Poor Marie’s cold and hungry.”

The finer part of the rough man’s nature was touched ; and as he brushed the scalding drops from his own eye, he whispered : “Be still, my child, you shall have all you want.” Had he spoken harsh words to her, she might have become still ; but gentleness had been so long a stranger to her sorrowing heart, that it was gentleness alone that now caused it to beat almost to bursting.

“Don’t be angry with Marie, dear, good sir,” she cried ; “the people don’t speak so to her ; dear mother did, but now she’s dead, and Marie’s left alone.” The man himself would have needed a comforter, if this had continued ; moreover, company just then arriving, and the scene having begun to attract some attention, he raised the exhausted child in his arms and de-

scended with her to the kitchen. "Here, Betty," said he, addressing the cook, "is a poor little creature who seems to be almost perished; do give her a crust of bread, let her warm herself, and then send her home."

"Then send her home!" half said, half muttered Betty, for the porter had hastened back to his place at the door; "poor thing, she looks as if she never had a home! What is your name, dear?"

"Dear mother called me Marie, when she died," sobbed the innocent sufferer.

"May the Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the good-hearted woman; "did ever poor child wear such an angel face? Who was your mother? Don't be frightened; tell me." But fresh bursts of grief had choked her utterance. It was not fright, however, for the kind woman had unknowingly touched a tender chord in the poor child's memory. "May the Holy Virgin protect thee, my sweet babe!" were the last words of the poor unknown woman, as she laid her feeble hands upon the orphan's head, and, leaving her to the tender mercies of a heartless world, died.

"There, my child, don't be afther crying so; ate that. I know what's the matter; poor thing, she's almost starved and frozen; and only see the ice on her very face and hair. Send her home! much of a home sich a poor thing as she's got. Where is your home, my child?"

"Marie's got no home."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I don't know, ma'am; 'twas a great way off, under some step. Indeed I don't know, ma'am."

Her sobs, and the touching earnestness of her replies, were too much for the tender-hearted woman, and

turning from her, she wiped the big tears from her own eyes with the corner of her apron.

Dear reader, if the moisture has threatened thine, I pray thee repress it, unless thou hast first wept for the gay throngs within those splendid halls. Little as thou mayst be disposed so to think, poor Marie, with all her sorrows, does not need thy tears so much as they. Many a canker worm was busy gnawing at the hearts of those, every muscle of whose face was strained to aching to preserve a look of gayety and mirth; and conscience, how it lashed its restless victims with the recollection of their oppression of the poor, who had toiled night and morning to enable them to make display. What care, what anxieties, what heart-burnings would by turns pale or crimson o'er the cheek, when perhaps a forced smile at some sally of wit would be made to cover the real misery at heart. But, round went the dance, and round went the wine and song, for those were the days of song; round went the jest, and the cards went round, and die; for jest, and cards, and die were all invoked to add fresh charms and make the guests more gay. Did ever rosy hours before flit by on such rapid wings? Did e'er such fairy forms glide through the mazy dance? Was ever wine so red, or feast so rich, or guests so gay? It was long after midnight before Mordant hall was again restored to its long unbroken silence.

This last remark, though perhaps inconsiderately dropped, imposes upon us a new obligation; and, if the kind reader will not charge us with too abruptly dismissing the guests, we will at once proceed to reveal at least something of the cause of that long unbroken silence. The reader has already observed an occasional shade of gloom passing over the usually

placid features of Mr. Seward. It was the cause of continual conjecture on the part of his friends, for as yet nothing had transpired to gratify inquisitive curiosity.

In presenting Mr. Calvin Seward to the reader, no mention was made of the only defect which he possessed. This was a strong, not to say bitter prejudice in his religious opinions. Being of a remarkably powerful mind, it was not, perhaps, to be expected that his sentiments should be otherwise than firmly rooted; and if necessary, strenuously maintained. In general they were cautiously formed, and not until the subject, be it what it might, was viewed in every aspect, and only then when every available source of information had been duly consulted. It is, therefore, the more remarkable, that in respect to the most important subject which the human mind is capable of entertaining, he should have passed a half century of his life without perhaps even asking himself the question, "On what grounds do I believe the doctrines of my religion?" Born and educated in the Presbyterian faith, habitually listening to the instructions of its ministers, being the leading representative of a line of ancestry which extended back almost to the time of Calvin, whose name he was proud to bear; it was a matter of course, rather than one of investigation, that he must be a Presbyterian. Upon no firmer basis did his religious convictions rest. He presumed his religion to be true; he was satisfied with it; and, though he could not go so far as the Westminster Confession of Faith, and say, "Salvation is not, ordinarily, possible out of that Church," yet he thought the attempt to secure it elsewhere a very doubtful, not to say dangerous, experiment; and he would infinitely rather have followed

his beloved Pauline to the grave, than have seen her, under any pretence whatever, desert the faith of her fathers. And yet, without being too sanguine in the anticipation of events, there was some reason to fear he might be called upon to lament such a calamity.

Three years previous, at a time when Pauline, born to be beloved and idolized, had just entered the gay arena of the fashionable world; and had already, by her beauty, talents and wealth, assumed a position which left her without a rival; Mr. Seward discovered in his daughter a marked disinclination to enjoy the thousand pleasures of her gay and sunlit path. Distressed beyond measure at this unlooked-for development, he sought in vain for a solution of the mystery, until one morning, on entering the library, he surprised Pauline surrounded by a pile of books of Presbyterian theology, and intently poring over a volume of sermons. So deeply was she absorbed in the occupation, that she had not heard the door opened, nor was she aware of the presence of any one, until her father, having approached near enough to ascertain the nature of the book which so much interested her, gently touched her shoulder, and playfully asked, "Does my love intend to study for the ministry?"

Pauline was of too noble and candid a disposition to conceal from her father any thing respecting herself, with which it was important for him to be made acquainted; and, had the thoughts and impressions which now oppressed her mind been otherwise than crude and indefinite, she would have confided them at once to a father whom she almost worshipped. "Why?" she would again and again ask herself; "why should I render him uneasy by the expression

of doubts and fears, which, after all, may be but the fancies of youth and inexperience? No; I will banish them; or, if that be impossible, I will at least wait until they assume some definable form, that I may feel and know exactly what it is for which my soul so ardently longs." But it did not enter into her plans to be detected poring thus intently over a volume of controversial sermons; and blushing as she arose and threw her arms around her father's neck, she begged him not to be uneasy at a whim of hers.

He tenderly kissed her, as he replied: "I should not deserve to be your father, my love, if I could cease to be uneasy while my daughter is unhappy."

This was a new surprise for Pauline. She thought she had so skilfully concealed every shade of uneasiness as to have escaped all observation; but now, finding that her heart had been read by her fond parent, and that his anxiety had been aroused, and that he was unhappy on her account, she deemed further effort at concealment useless and wrong; and, bursting into tears, she freely told him the tenor of her feelings, as far as she herself could yet realize them; and ended by saying: "Dearest father, the world with all its pleasures, wealth, and grandeur, cannot satisfy this throbbing heart of mine. My soul craves happiness such as this world does not possess, and I long to seek it where alone it can be found—IN GOD: how, or through what medium shall I search for it in Him? Dearest father, be not angry with your own Pauline; she dare scarcely confess it to herself, but as often as that question rises in the mind, a voice from within exclaims, and—I know not why—a thousand echoes from without respond, 'SEEK IT IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.'"

Mr. Seward was not a pious man, in the usual acception of that term; but he mingled his tears with those of his affectionate daughter, and had determined, as she proceeded in her confession, to propose sending for the clergyman whose spiritual instructions he had for so many years attended. But when the concluding sentence was uttered, you might have supposed that he, who a moment before was melted to tears at the grief of his daughter, had been suddenly transformed to stone. He sat, pale as marble, his features perfectly rigid, the tears still on his cheeks, and his noble figure erect and motionless as a statue. Alarmed beyond measure at an effect which she could not have anticipated, Pauline, with a wild shriek of terror, threw herself upon her knees before her father. "Speak to me, dearest, dearest father," she exclaimed: "speak to your unhappy daughter."

Bending forward, he gently raised her, and seated her beside him on a sofa, and pressing his marble lips to her not less cold forehead, he said: "Ah! Pauline, I could have borne any thing but this. You know not the pang you have caused me. Would to God! yes, Pauline, would to God I had laid your cold and lifeless form in the grave beside her whose perfect image you are. But enough, you must now leave me. I need not tell you to keep your own counsel, and breathe this awful tale to none. Leave me."

Pauline had never on the most trifling occasion disobeyed her father. When he spoke, she never made objection, but cheerfully did just as he wished. She did so now, in this most trying case. But there was a grave solemnity and decision in his tone, which he had never before used to her; and it sank deep into her heart. What would she not have given if the

transactions of that hour could have been recalled. But no ; they were past recall. She sorrowfully entered the retirement of her own apartments, and there, on bended knees, with tears and prayers, begged of a merciful God his Spirit to enlighten and his grace to sustain her.

Mr. Seward was a man of too much discernment not to perceive that either violent opposition, or even expostulation, would but increase the evil, which he clearly saw would require his utmost skill to repel ; and he deemed it prudent to suppress all reference to the subject, until he should decide upon the best course of action. Therefore it was, that, the first shock being past, and as soon as he could recover voice to speak, he desired to be left alone.

When the door was closed, with agitated step he paced the library ; the intensity of his thoughts urging him to and fro with a speed of which he was wholly unconscious ; then, at intervals, bursting from his lips in audible expressions :

“ Good heavens !—for what a trial hast thou reserved me.—Any thing but that.—A Seward, a Papist !—what would the world say ?—The Sewards are mad.—Yes ; she shall go. I’ll take her to those lands in which the scarlet beast sits in all its deformity. I will show her that deformity. She shall see the tombs of the martyrs, whose blood she has drunk. She shall see the degradation of her votaries. She shall witness the damnable superstition in all its most hideous aspects. Yes, she shall see Antichrist himself ; and seeing with her own eyes, she shall rejoice, and thank God that she has escaped the delusion of the Man of Sin.”

Two weeks afterwards found both father and daugh-

ter embarked upon the broad Atlantic, on their way to a two years' sojourn in the consecrated lands of Catholic Faith. They had but just returned, when introduced to the reader; but with what success as to the object of their journey the following pages must develop.

CHAPTER II.

Wearily, wearily drowned in her tears,
Sitting so loneliness, trembling with fears,
Hearken how sobbingly, come forth her sighs!
See, see how absently wander her eyes!
Listen—she dreamily murmurs a word,
Soft, and how touchingly, scarce it is heard.
Now she prays mournfully, bent to the earth;
Angels, that tenderly watched her from birth,
Sooth her now lovingly sinking with grief—
In voices so heavenly whisper relief.—MISS COLEMAN.

AT a late hour of the following morning, Pauline sat pensively at the large trellised window of her chamber, her head resting upon her hand. Her face was somewhat flushed; perhaps, the effect of the last evening's exertions: but why those long and heavy sighs?

She had just dismissed her waiting-maid, with the message to Betty that her mistress was now ready for breakfast; when, relapsing from the air of easy cheerfulness which she judged proper to assume even before her servants, but which she did not feel, she asked herself: "Why am I not happy? Once, how my merry heart did bound; but now its every throb is painful. Oh! that I could satisfy its cravings."

"Thou! helpless one! thou canst never satisfy its cravings. God alone is sufficient for thee;" seemed to say a voice.

Half terrified, she started and turned to see who had intruded upon her retirement. But she was alone, and no sound broke the profound, impressive silence,

save the whistling of the wind as it swept in merry gambols by. She again turned towards the window, and for the first time noticed the beautiful scene that was spread before her. The fierce storm of the previous night had exhausted its fury, leaving the ground and every object covered with sleet and snow. The sun shone with full refulgence, the sky was decked in brightest blue, with here and there a thin veil of fleecy clouds tossed by the playful winds. The shrubbery and trees, that ornamented the ample grounds surrounding Mordant Hall, covered with the purest crystals, glistened in the sun-beams, bright as poet ever dreamed them: then the snow-birds and robins, how cheerily they chirped and hopped about from branch to branch. Pauline, involuntarily extending her hand, exclaimed: "Come, little birds, teach me to be happy as you." And the merry sleigh-bells, how the air rang with their glingling tones; and what rosy cheeks and laughing eyes peeped from behind warm cloaks and furs; and what huge boas twisted in swelling folds, looking like veritable monsters, flew past the house, to the crack of the whip and the shout of merry children trudging along the footpaths. Could any one be sad midst such a scene? Yes; Pauline was very sad; and when her waiting-maid entered the room to inquire, for the coachman, if Miss Seward ordered the sleigh to be got up, she simply said: "No, Jane; tell him I shall not ride this morning; and leave orders with the porter, 'Miss Seward not at home to-day.'"

"Miss Crawford just entered the hall as I came up stairs, ma'am;" said the maid.

"Ask Miss Crawford to please walk up." But the message had scarcely passed Pauline's lips, when the nappy, warm-hearted girl bounded into the room and

was locked in the embrace of her most intimate friend.

Isabella Crawford and Pauline Seward were classmates at school, and almost from their earliest acquaintance had been chosen friends. Their friendship grew and strengthened as their acquaintance matured; each year still more firmly cementing it.

Though Pauline was in some respects the superior, yet in mental and personal endowments both were nearly equal. They loved each other with the devotion of sisters; they were seldom separated; and neither had a thought, a joy, or a grief, that was not confessed and mutually shared. In this one point alone, the cause of her present sadness, had Pauline failed to seek the sympathy of her friend; not from disinclination or want of confidence, but from the hopelessness of receiving comfort.

Isabel had anticipated Pauline's return from abroad, with the most lively conceptions of the pleasure which awaited them; and now that she had come, her bounding heart thought of nothing but the realization of those waking dreams. These were not diminished in brightness by the opening fête of the season, given by her friend the evening before; and, full of spirits, she had hastened to Pauline that morning, to consult respecting her own, which was soon to follow, and which she had resolved should be in every respect worthy of her, in honour of whose return it was given; and, as she entered Pauline's chamber, her face beaming with delight, and the rosy tint of her morning ride, she could not conceal the effect upon her feelings, of her friend's sad and subdued appearance; and kissing her feverish lips and cheeks, she exclaimed: "Pauline, you are ill: what is the matter with you?"

Pauline, wishing to waive a reference to the true cause of an appearance which she tried in vain to conceal, replied, "I fear, dear Bel, that the excitement of last evening was too much for my nerves."

"Pauline, I have seen you but too often after such excitements easily to suppose that you have told me the whole cause. Have we not always been friends? have we not often and again consulted and rejoiced together, and shall we not be equally confiding when sorrow presses upon the heart? Dear Pauline, with the privilege of a friend let me say, I have long suspected some secret cause of grief; often before you left us have I noticed you growing more and more pensive. Tell me, now, dearest, if it be only the long protracted absence of Eugene, or if some more serious trouble be the cause. Pauline, I have read your heart. You are an altered being. Many things you formerly loved are now distasteful to you, and endured simply for the sake of form. Society has become irksome to you; yes, to you, Pauline, who are so richly endowed with every charm to adorn it; and though no one could have performed their part with more dignity and grace than you did last night, I saw that your heart was not interested."

Though one little word of Miss Crawford's had invoked the tell-tale blush, the force of another emotion caused it to fade from her brow as quickly as it came. Pauline was not till then aware how closely her friend had read her heart; and though Isabel spoke from the most tender concern, and warmest desire to sympathize with and comfort her, yet she would rather not have had that heart so deeply read. But still it was full: too full not to overflow; and to whom should she speak, if not to one who, she well knew, de-

votedly loved her. As this reflection forced itself upon her mind, she resolved no longer to withhold from Miss Crawford the true cause of her sadness.

"Dear Bel," said she, "I feel the full force of your words, that friends should share their griefs as well as their joys, and I should long before this have unfolded to you the cause of my sorrow, had I thought that you could have afforded me the relief which I need. I was unwilling that you should share a sorrow, for which there was no prospect of alleviation."

"Don't speak so gloomily, Pauline, at least not until we have fully ascertained that there be no alleviation. Remember your favourite lines, 'Earth hath no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure.'"

"Heaven! yes, it is that alone which can remove the heavy load that rests upon my heart. Without perhaps suspecting it, dear Bel, you have referred to the true cause of my grief. You see me surrounded with every thing that can be desired to make one happy. I have no wish that is not gratified as soon as or even before it is expressed, and yet I am not satisfied. I feel that I am not fulfilling the end for which I have been created. The mental powers, the intelligence, with which God has endowed us; the immortal principle within us; all, all, Isabel, indicate that we have a higher destiny than mere animal, or, indeed, mental enjoyment. I have an immortal spirit, and yet all I have ever done has had no higher object than present gratification. This world is all I have thought of. Why have we an immortal principle within us, if it be not to prepare for an immortal state of existence? The being that made us must have made us for himself. That being must be God. Bel, I have never given myself to God. I have only devoted myself to

earthly objects. I have given myself wholly to them. I am not then fulfilling the end of my being. That end is God. Where?—how? dear Isabel, how or through what medium shall I find God? For him my soul sighs; with him alone will it be satisfied.”

The solemnity, the deep fervour, with which Miss Seward spoke; so completely riveted the attention of Miss Crawford, that some moments elapsed before she thought of replying, when she said: “I suppose, then, you intend to join church.”

“I intend to give myself to God. Show me his church, Isabel, and I shall be but too happy of the privilege you name, to hesitate.”

Isabel, knowing the strong Presbyterian bias of the family of her friend, regarded her for a moment with a look of surprise; then said: “I thought your family were undivided on that subject, Pauline. Would it not be the church you have ever attended?”

“I know not, Bel; I have there searched for that after which my heart sighs, but I cannot find it; and yet it may be there.”

Miss Crawford was an Episcopalian, and the thought flashed across her mind, that her friend might possibly be exercised upon the necessity of a Liturgical service; and, well knowing the uncompromising hostility of Mr. Seward to worship God through the medium of a Liturgy, however excellent, thought she now had some clue to Pauline’s sadness, and observed: “Nothing could be more beautiful and perfect than our faith and mode of worship, Pauline; perhaps, you might obtain among us the consolation you seek. If you think so, what pleasure would it not afford me to assist you in an interview with our worthy pastor.”

“I have sought it there, also, dear Isabel; and

equally without avail. And I have sought it wherever there was the faintest shadow of hope that it could be found, but always with the same result. And after each examination I have found myself just where, and as, I started, only still more sad. I can find no one to *teach* me. All is mere opinion. There is no authority. Every one says, 'Search the Scriptures,' 'take the Saviour for your model and learn of him:' and, dear Bel, I have more than half come to the conclusion that this is the reason there are so many sects, each of which claims to be the true depository of the faith which our divine Lord came to teach. I more than half believe this to be the origin of all the confusion of the Christian world. And yet, true faith must be somewhere. Our Saviour taught with authority. He inculcated a positive faith, which all are bound to receive; and He promised that it should not fail. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away,' He says; 'but my words shall not pass away.' 'Go ye, therefore, teaching all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Christ must then have a church in the world. That church must be one body, as the apostle says: 'There is one Body, and one Spirit, even as you are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all.' Amidst so many conflicting creeds, dear Bel, where shall I find that one Body? Who has that one Holy Spirit? Who, that one dear Lord? Who, that one precious Faith? Oh! my beating heart! be still; God will reveal it in his own good time;" and, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, she burst into tears. Miss Crawford

had no strength to comfort her friend, and after a brief silence Pauline continued :

“Yes, dear Bel, I will tell you all, in one short sentence ; as often as I ask myself those questions, an almost audible voice says : ‘Seek God in the Holy Catholic Church.’”

“Merciful heavens ! Pauline, has religion turned your brain ?”

“No, Isabel ; on the contrary, though oppressed, I never was more collected. An inward monitor impels me forward, and if I knew how to obey its mandate, I feel that I should once more be happy.”

“Then you are going to turn controversialist, I suppose ?”

“I am going to seek God.”

“If you knew as much as I do, Pauline, you would not seek God among the Romanists.”

“Tell me, dear Bel, all you know, and I will bless you with my latest breath ;” said the ardent inquirer, as a ray of hope brightened her beautiful features, and a sweet but transient smile curved her trembling lips.

“Pauline, did you know they were dark, designing, and cunning ? did you know that they rob God of the worship due to Him alone, by transferring their adorations to dead men and women ? did you know that they break the very commandments of that God by making and bowing down to images of wood, of stone, of silver, and of gold ? did you know they are superstitious, and that to perpetuate their dark deeds they keep the people in ignorance, and deny them the use of God’s own blessed Book, the Holy Bible ? would you then believe that God need be sought, or could at all be found, among such a people ?”

“Isabel, if but one of those awful things that you

have named be true, it would be enough; yes, more than enough, to convince me that God is not there to be found. But I do not know them to be true, dear Bel, and if you can make me to know them certainly, I shall never again think of that being the source:—and yet I know not what might be the consequence should I fail in the discovery, where my heart has for so long a time been directing me to search.”

“Leave the proof to me, Pauline, and though I am no theologian, I will convince you of every word I have said, and much that is still more dreadful; but dismiss your sighs and fears now, dearest, and let me see you smile once again.”

Miss Seward had fully experienced the truth of the proverb, “Hope deferred sickens the soul.” Three long, weary years had she been seeking the knowledge which now seemed almost within her grasp. During that long period she had kept her own secret. Excepting her father, no one had the most distant idea of the true cause of a depression, which was at times too marked to escape observation. He had not failed to use every means in his power to break what he deemed the spell of the demon of superstition, that tormented her. And finding that the object of his travels was likely not to result as he desired, he hastened homeward, determining if possible to destroy it, by forcing his daughter into gay and fashionable society. His first brilliant effort had been made; and though Pauline had acquitted herself with her accustomed dignity and grace, her sorrowing soul still breathed its plaint in secret. But here beams a ray of hope. Her friend comes to dispel the sadness of her mind, by assisting her to knowledge on the subject, whose mysteries she sought to have unfolded: and though it may be deemed

a mournful kind of comfort, which sought to destroy her dearest hopes of attaining to the knowledge of God ; yet any thing relating to it was hailed by her as one step nearer to its completion. Therefore it was that Miss Crawford needed not to repeat her request, to win a smile ; and though it was given glistening amidst many tear-drops, it arose from the depths of her fervent heart, and those tears flowed from the fount of joy ; prospective joy, prompted by the hope that she should yet be happy.

“I suppose I must not dare to speak of the party, after all this, Pauline?” inquiringly observed Miss Crawford.

“If you do not, Bel, I must ; and farther, I shall expect to discharge full one-half of the duties of preparation,” was Pauline’s reply.

“Now you are my own Pauline again ; but I have detained you so long, we will say adieu, until to-morrow ;” and tenderly throwing her arms around her friend’s neck, she kissed her fair brow, and the next instant the light-hearted girl was bounding out of the room, when she was startled by the again changed and solemn tone of Pauline’s voice, as she called after her,

“Dear Bel, I have one fear.”

“Naughty girl,” she replied : “do I not forbid you to have fears, and also to wear that melancholy look ?” Oh, Pauline, be yourself once more.”

“But, Isabel, this fear is not for myself ; it is for you, lest by seeking to benefit me, you should subject yourself to ungenerous reproach. Where will you obtain the books ?”

“Oh ! never mind that ; leave that to me. We Episcopalians are not so much afraid of Popish books as you are ;” one more adieu, and she was gone.

The clock struck twelve as Pauline sat sipping her coffee, and the bell of a neighbouring church tolled the Angelus. She had an undefined impression that it was for prayer, and dismissing the servant, she knelt, scarcely knowing why she should be prompted to such an act, simply because she heard a bell. But she knelt, and tremblingly said: "O God! wherever thou art, teach me to find thee. Reveal thyself to me. Alas! I am unworthy to know thee; most unworthy to possess thee; and yet without thee I must die. If thou dost approve that in which I am soon to be engaged, bless it; if not, show me some other way, by which to find thee—the better, the only true way. My poor distracted heart whispers an approval; but since the spiritual enemy of our race is ever ready to take advantage of our weakness, I know not but that it may be a delusion of his. Have pity on me, O God! and lead me to thy adorable self." She arose, refreshed in spirit, and was about to descend to the library, there to pass the intervening hours, till summoned to the dining hall, when Betty, entering the room, begged to know if she might speak to Miss.

"Certainly, good Betty; what have you to say?" ●

"There is a poor little sufferer in the house, and I did not know whether ye'd be pleased, ma'am, with what I've done. And yet, ma'am, if you could see the poor, dear cratur, I'm sure, ma'am, ye'd not be angry with me. It must be an angel sent down from heaven, jist to see if anybody would take notice of it. You never did see, ma'am, sich a sweet face since you were born, ma'am; and sich beautiful eyes and hair! Oh! ma'am, if you would only come and look at her while she is asleep, ye'd think she was made of wax."

"I do not understand you, Betty: a poor little suf-

ferer that is an angel, in my house asleep !—explain yourself ; who is it ? how did it come here ? and where did it come from ?” inquired her mistress.

“ Who it is, and where it came from, ma’am, the poor cratur don’t know itself ; but Robert, the porter, brought it to me in the kitchen, last night, cold, wet, and half starved. Oh ! ma’am, if you could have seen the tears frozen on its pale cheeks, it would have broken your heart. I couldn’t stand it, indeed I couldn’t, ma’am ; so, as I couldn’t get to spake to you, I washed the dear creature, and put her in my own bed, ma’am ; and as I could not first ask your permission, on account of the great folks, I’ve come now to tell you, and ask you, if you will plase, ma’am, come look at it ?”

Attracted by the novelty of the account, as well as by Betty’s earnestness in giving the details, Pauline submitted to be conducted to the room, where, meekly, and without a murmur, almost without a sigh, innocence lay suffering. Had she not been rescued from the storm, she must have perished that night. And though she had been warmed, and fed, and clothed, with almost a mother’s care, her fragile form had suffered more than it could bear. A burning fever had come on in the night, and there poor Marie lay, in broken slumber, delirious. An unnatural glow was on each cheek, but her face and neck were white and clear as alabaster. At intervals she moved her thin lips, and seemed to speak. Pauline, deeply touched with the sight of the beautiful being before her, spoke not, but kneeling beside her, listened intently to catch the words of the forlorn sufferer. It was some time before she spoke ; but now her lips move again, and Pauline catches the low whispered words :

“ Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners,

now, and at the hour of our death,"—and after a pause :
"Holy Mary, pray for poor little Marie ; she has no home,
no sweet mother to smile on her."

"Sweet babe !" said Pauline, "what hast thou done,
that thou should'st be made to suffer so much ?"

"Suffer, ma'am ? yes, only look at her poor, darling
little feet;" said the tender-hearted Betty, as she gently
raised the coverlet and removed some cloths from the
child's feet : "did you ever see sich gashes in any one's
flesh before ? See how the blood oozes from them.—I
was afraid it would make you sick, ma'am ; but I thought
you ought to see it," she hastily added, as she flew to
support her mistress, who had turned deathly pale and
sunk back into a chair.

"Give me some water, Betty ;—don't be frightened,—
it will pass away in a moment.—There"—

"I hope you are better, ma'am ; I meant it all for the
best, ma'am."

"Yes, I feel better now. This child must be imme-
diately attended to, Betty. Send for Dr. Wirt, and re-
quest his instant attendance at the Hall. And in the
mean time, prepare the little chamber adjoining mine,
that she may be removed there as soon as she awakes.
I will protect and nurse her myself : at least until we can
discover her parentage."

"God will send you some blessing, ma'am, for sich
charity as that : and you are not displased with me for
what I've done, ma'am ?"

"No, good Betty, unless it be that you did not tell
me sooner. I fear she will die."

CHAPTER III.

"I knew that the Angels were
Whispering with thee."—S. LOVELL.

THE following morning Miss Seward devoted her first leisure hour to the care of the innocent being whose sufferings had made such an irresistible impression upon her truly generous heart. But she had now been for some moments seated in the library, in anxious expectation of the arrival of Miss Crawford, when she heard a carriage draw up before the Hall. The next moment the friends were locked in each others arms.

"Well, Pauline;" exclaimed the light-hearted Isabel; "though I am no doctor in divinity, I am at least punctual to my theological engagement; and, whatever my deficiency in mental equipment, it may, perhaps, be amply compensated by this array of authorities:" displaying, as she spoke, several books, by means of which she hoped soon to banish the unaccountable delusion under which she sincerely believed her friend laboured.

"But I hope, Bel, you do not intend to sound the note of retreat so soon; your charges are of so grave a character, would it not have been well to have ascertained your 'mental equipment' to sustain them before they were made?"

"I have; be assured of that, Pauline. I have well

weighed all I intend to say, and you yourself shall acquit me, before I have finished, of all desire to run away."

"Bravo, my dear Bel; go on, I will be your very attentive listener."

"In the first place, then, Pauline, with respect to the dark, designing and cunning character of the followers of the delusion you desire to study, as I have no book authority at hand, we must appeal to our individual knowledge. And do we not know that, shrouded in mystery, its votaries, both male and female, prowl through the world, as the Scriptures say of the evil one, like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour? Where is the spot on the habitable globe, where their miserable priests and still more miserable nuns, (Ugh! I shudder whenever I think of those unhappy creatures,) are not to be found, building their churches and their so-called religious houses; stealing the hearts of young children, corrupting young women, and wheedling off the very flower of our youth?"

"Dear Bel, you know I am perfectly ignorant as yet of the Catholic church——"

"Romanist Church, if you please, Pauline."

"Just as you please, Bel; but did it ever occur to you, that being everywhere, as you say, throughout the habitable globe, may be a premise on which they rest their pre-eminent claims to the name of Catholic? Catholic you know means universal. And again; does it not seem to you probable that their being thus spread throughout the world, might simply be in strict obedience to those words of Christ: 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel?' Remember, Bel, I do not say it is so, for I know nothing about it. They may be the evil spirits that you describe them, seeking whom they may devour. It only seems to me, that

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merely being found throughout the world would not be sufficient to condemn them. They must be shown to be doing harm in it."

"That is precisely what I am now going to show. You remember I said they rob God of the worship due to him alone, by transferring their adorations to dead men and women. If I can now prove that to your satisfaction, would you not think they were doing harm enough in the world, dear Pauline?"

"I certainly should, dear Bel, and I should need no further evidence to satisfy me that they are guilty of the most hateful impiety and abominable idolatry."

"Well, listen to me patiently, Pauline, for I have much to say on this point. I shall refer to their own books to prove what I say. I do not pretend to a very critical arrangement of my subject, but shall be content if I make myself clearly understood. I shall first take the catechism of the Council of Trent, and show you that they venerate, that is, as I shall presently prove to you, adore, or worship dead persons. Here it is, page 245, "On the honour and invocation of the Saints." It says, in the margin, that 'the honour and invocation of the saints is not prohibited by the first (that is our second) commandment.' Then in the text itself, it says: 'In the exposition of this precept, the faithful are to be accurately taught that the veneration and invocation of angels and saints who enjoy the glory of heaven, and the honour which the Catholic Church has always paid even to the bodies and ashes of the saints, are not forbidden by this commandment.' There, Pauline, read the monstrous doctrine for yourself. And even the catechism, put into the hands of innocent little children, teaches the same impious doctrine. On page 39, the question, 'Are we forbidden

by the first commandment to honour the Saints,' is asked ; and the very first word in the emphatic reply is, 'No.'

"And now Pauline, let us see if their practice agrees with these standards ; let us see if the poor deluded people really do pray to and worship these dead people. Listen to what I shall read from this prayer-book. 'We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God ; despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin.' What an impious prayer to a poor creature like ourselves ; and just hear these still more impious expressions : 'Mother of divine grace :' 'Ark of the covenant :' 'Gate of heaven :' 'Refuge of sinners :' and I don't know how many more. Why, I had always thought Christ is the door by which we enter heaven, and that He is the refuge of sinners ; but it seems here is another 'gate,' another 'refuge.' Oh ! Pauline, I wonder you can have the patience to bear with me even in reading these wicked expressions. I expected to hear you say, 'You need not proceed, I have heard enough to convince me.'"

"Why, Bel, I was just at that moment thinking whether the Catholics attach the same meaning to the prayer, and to those expressions which you have just read, as we, or even as they would, if addressed to God himself ; or indeed whether the very words themselves may not, as most words have, a signification applicable to the use made of it at the time. You know our own Bible says, that when the officers of David came to see him before his death, 'all the assembly blessed the Lord, the God of their fathers, and they bowed themselves and worshipped God and the king ;' 1 Chron. xxix. 20. Now either the word worship has more than one

signification attached to it, or this assembly gave divine honours to a creature ; and so of the other expressions, we sometimes call a person or thing ‘divine’ when we only mean transcendent. I hope, dear Bel, you have marked those places so that I may examine them at my leisure. If the words have, as we know words may have, various meanings, it is but just that we should ascertain which of the meanings those who teach these doctrines, and use these devotions, intend to be applied in each particular case ; and also the exact degree of homage they intend to convey by their use. I, at least, am not satisfied ; and cannot be so, until I know certainly. Do you not yourself think that is reasonable, Bel ?”

“Certainly, Pauline ; those who hold a belief ought to have the privilege of explaining it. The view you have just given never before occurred to me.”

“And then,” continued Pauline, “as to the answer you have just pointed out to me in the little Catechism, after the word ‘no,’ I find it expressly stated : ‘If we only honour them as God’s special friends and faithful servants, and if we do not give them supreme or divine honour, which belongs to God alone.’ Now by this it is plain that Catholics do not intend to give to the creature the honour which belongs to God, but only some other or lesser honour ; such, I suppose, as the people gave to King David. But you know that I have not yet examined, and therefore do not understand the subject : I merely say what seems to me just and charitable.”

“Well, here is something you can understand, Pauline. You know the second commandment says : ‘Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above,

or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.' Now hear this barefaced contradiction of God's holy word, on page 250 of the Catechism of the Council of Trent. 'To make and honour the images of our Lord, of his holy and virginal Mother, and of the Saints, all of whom appeared in human form, is not only not forbidden by this commandment, but has always been deemed a holy practice, and the surest indication of a mind deeply impressed with gratitude towards them.' Our good old English Archbishop Secker used to say of them: 'The Church of Rome has other Gods, besides the Lord; and there never was greater idolatry among the heathens in the business of image-worshipping than in the church of Rome.' Is not that awful, Pauline?"

"Awful indeed, if true, Bel; yet it is mere assertion, not proof of a fact. But are you quite sure, Bel, that the Catechism contradicts the word of God?"

"Quite sure, Pauline! Yes, perfectly sure; certain. Does not the word of God say, you shall not make images? and does not the Catechism just as plainly say, that, 'to make and honour,' that is worship, 'images has always been esteemed a holy practice?'"

"But did not God himself command images to be made?"

"Why, no—Pauline,—that is,—yes, he may have done so in one or two instances."

"In many instances, dear Bel. God commanded Moses to make cherubims of gold, and to place them on the mercy-seat, where he himself promised to meet and commune with his servant, having the images on each side of him. Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus. And God, in another place, again commanded

Moses to make a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole ; and said, ‘ it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.’ It seems to me then, dear Bel, that something else than the making of images must be meant. God would not break his own commandment. Then, there is that word ‘ worship ’ again. Now since we have left the drawing-room and turned theologians, do not let us be afraid of books : here is a dictionary ; let us see exactly what it says about the word ‘ worship.’ ‘ *Worship* ; 1. To adore ; to pay divine honours to ;—’ ”

“ Just what I said, Pauline.”

“ Please wait a moment, Bel.—‘ To reverence with supreme respect and veneration. 2. To respect ; to honour ; to treat with civil reverence. 3. To honour with extravagant love and extreme submission ; as a lover.’ There you see, Bel, a person may worship, as the assembly did David, and not be guilty of idolatry. It also follows that we may also highly esteem inanimate objects ; images, if you choose to call them so, without breaking the commandment.”

“ Yes, but the Romanists do not, Pauline.”

“ I am not certain of that, dear Bel ; at least I will wait until I know more about them, before I can make up my mind that they do.”

“ Then you are not convinced, Pauline ? ”

“ No, Isabel ; I must learn much more first.”

“ Ah ! Pauline, I fear you are more than half a Romanist now ; you admit nothing I say.”

“ Dear Bel, you would not wish me to admit that of which I am not convinced ; neither could I do so ; especially in so serious a matter. But I do not see how you can suspect me of now being a Catholic ; or, as you say, a Romanist, since you well know I am

not informed in any thing respecting them, except that they seem to be a very well-abused people. Until now, I have never so much as examined one of their books, and of course must be totally ignorant of what they believe."

"But you speak so tenderly of them; and that is a great step towards loving and imitating them."

"I have nothing against them yet, Isabel, and it is but common justice not to condemn without a hearing. That I certainly shall not do; and with your assistance, Bel, I will make a thorough examination of all they believe and practice; and if I find cause to condemn, I promise you I shall not wound you by tenderness; but if I should find cause to approve,—Heaven only knows what may be the result!—Oh! my poor heart! how it throbs!"

"Now, Pauline, no sadness. There is no danger of your approving it, when you know the system of iniquity as well as I do."

"Do you know, Bel, of what I have been thinking while listening to you? It seems to my uninformed mind, that the method which we have been pursuing this morning is not the correct one to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion."

"Any method that will show us the abominations of that horrid system, Pauline, is very satisfactory to me."

"But I fear that by such a desultory, or, if you will let me say so, skip-about method, we shall not be able to judge what may be abominations and what beauties."

"Well, what do you propose, Pauline? As it is wholly to win you back to your former happiness that I exert myself, I am ready to do any thing, or take any course you may desire."

“Dear Bel, how my heart thanks you for your goodness. I hope it may be crowned with success:” said Pauline, fervently kissing her amiable friend, as a token of the gratitude she could not express. “I do not suppose that my plan is the best that could be devised; but it seems to me, that starting upon the principle universally admitted by all Christians, that Christ founded and established his church to endure to the end of time; we should first clearly ascertain which of the various divisions of the Christian church (since it is impossible that all are true, God is not the author of confusion) can trace its unbroken history back to the time when Christ and his apostles founded it. And after we had ascertained, beyond a doubt, which body of Christians has an uninterrupted continuation from those days to the present we should faithfully examine the doctrines they now teach, and compare them with those taught by our Saviour and his first disciples; and, indeed, as far as we might be able, with those taught in the succeeding ages; and I make no hesitation, Bel, in saying, that if successful in the search I would join that body of Christians, be it what it may; even though in it there should be some petty objections that did not affect fundamental truths. I would join it, Bel, because I should feel certain, that it was the church which Christ established; the church against which he said the gates of hell shall not prevail. But as all this will take time, and we have already wearied ourselves, let us for the present lay the subject aside.”

“With all my heart, Pauline; I would lay the subject aside, and add the word ‘forever’ to it.”

“Say not so, Isabel, but forget it now, and examine with me these beautiful drawings. Pa saw them in Italy,

and was so much pleased with them, that he ordered them to be sent to him, and they arrived only last evening. See what a beautiful head of the Madonna! Did you ever see any thing so exquisite? What proportions! what perfection in the execution!" But she had scarcely had time to dispose of her theological books, and make her exclamations of delight at one of Raphael's most perfect specimens of his art, when Mr. Seward entered the library.

"My sweet children," said the devoted father, "what have you been doing? You look as pale as students who burn the midnight oil, as we used to say at college."

"Dear pa," said Pauline, "we are just examining this beautiful collection of prints you ordered while in Italy. They arrived last evening. See, what a beautiful head! Can you guess whose it is?" she added, looking archly at Miss Crawford, as with her taper fingers she concealed the name beneath it.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Seward; "it must be—let me consider—yes, it must be the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated Corregio. Who else could execute so splendid a piece?"

"Not right, pa; guess again."

Here she laughed so merrily, that Mr. Seward observed, "Some trick, Pauline! Show me the name, love." And, removing her hand, he read, Madonna.

"Let me examine the print more closely, Pauline," said he;—"Oh! the outline of that is very defective upon a more attentive observation. Observe that nose, Pauline; why I have seen you draw much better."

"There certainly is a very, very slight defect there, pa, but you compliment me too highly by mentioning my name in connection with any thing so exquisite. Oh.

Bel!" she exclaimed, as she turned over another leaf, "see what a beautiful St. Agnes! Is she not sweet? How she reminds me of my own little pet lamb. Why, Bel, I have not shown you my little pet lamb, have I? Come with me instantly, and see the meekest little sufferer you ever saw. Pa, can you excuse us?"

"I can do any thing that will make you happy, love."

"One kiss, then, dear pa;" but the sweet girl had already taken it, and the next instant the friends had left the library.

"There, my merry-hearted, laughter-loving Pauline is herself once more. I knew it would be so, as soon as that foolish notion had got out of her head. What would I not give could I discover how it ever entered there! But no matter; thank God, the evil one has but little power over so much worth and innocence!"

Thus soliloquized Mr. Seward, while the merry daughter and friend were skipping through the hall towards the chamber of the poor orphan.

"Gently, now, Bel, gently; she is as timid as a fawn;" and Pauline softly opening the door they both entered the room.

"How does she seem, Jane?" whispered Pauline to the waiting-maid, who never left the bedside, unless some one was there to take her place.

"She is still delirious at times, Miss, and very restless, though the doctor says she is much better. I think she is now asleep."

"You can go down stairs now, Jane; I will ring when you are wanted."

The friends approached the bedside, and stood for some moments in silence, gazing at the object before them. A tear trembled in either eye of Isabel, as she turned to her friend and said:

“It is, indeed, the sweetest face that helpless sufferer ever wore. Who can she be?”

“Softly, Bel, the slightest breath awakes her.” But already the long dark lashes of Marie’s eyes began to part, and after a hesitating struggle or two, the opened lids disclosed two orbs of deepest cerulean blue.

“There! there is the angel that Marie dreamed about! Let me kiss you, sweet angel; I know dear mother sent you. Won’t you take me where dear mother is, sweet angel?—Hail Mary! Holy Mary!”

“Only hear the little idolater!” exclaimed Miss Crawford: “I thought I heard her whisper that before she opened her eyes.”

A slight crimson tinged the meek child’s face, as she became more conscious of surrounding objects, and she quickly concealed her head beneath the bed-covering.

“Do not be frightened, love; we have come to see if little Marie is better,” said Pauline.

The gentle and soft tone of Pauline’s voice reassured the child, and she timidly said:

“Sweet Miss, Marie dreamed she saw an angel just now; it was so beautiful! She thought it came to take her to Holy Mary and dear mother.”

“You don’t want to die, do you, dear?”

“Nobody cares for poor Marie now, and I want to go to Holy Mary and dear mother.”

“Would you not rather go to God?”

“That is to God. God’s there too.”

“If you are to die, dear, we hope you will go to God, and to Holy Mary, and to dear mother, and to all whom you love: but we do not wish you to die. We love you; and wish you to stay here and be happy,” said Pauline.

The sweet child had been so long a stranger to kind-

ness, that she regarded her benefactress with an incredulous look, and sighed, as she answered, "Nobody will love poor Marie as dear mother did." But Pauline, observing that she had already been taxing the child's strength too far, bade her not talk any more, and she would soon come again to see her; and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, the friends once more committed the precious charge to Jane, and left the room.

"Pauline, have you no scruples in harbouring that poor little unfortunate?"

"Dear Bel! no; why should I have?"

"Because you neither know who or what she is, nor what may be the consequences of such imprudence."

"Of what consequences do you speak, Isabel? I thought only of her sad and destitute condition."

"She is sick, and you do not know what dreadful disease she might be the means of bringing into your family. I really do not feel easy myself for having gone into the room."

"What should we have done, Bel? Should we have left the poor little sufferer to have perished in the street on that bitter night?"

"No, Pauline, heaven forbid; but you might have sent her to the hospital, where she would have received every attention her distressed condition demands; and I advise that you do so, without delay."

Miss Crawford was perfectly sincere in all that she did; and though her judgment may in some instances have been, and in this certainly was, harsh, yet she spoke from the warmest interest that she ever took, in whatever regarded her amiable friend. We will not, therefore, even surmise, how far she might have been influenced in her present advice by the expressions of which little Marie made use in her dreams and broken slumber. Pauline's

heart, however, had entwined itself too closely around the meek child to permit her for one moment to think of a separation; and as the friends parted, she simply assured her, that she would be wholly guided by the advice of her physician.

CHAPTER IV.

What! this gentleman will out-talk us all—

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.—

Tell thou the tale.—SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT a fortnight after the incidents recorded in the previous chapter, Mrs. Templeton and her sister, Clara Stephens, were "at home," and in momentary expectation of the announcement of Mr. La Zourk, a young gentleman from Europe, who had been particularly attentive to Miss Clara the previous evening, at Miss Isabel Crawford's party. The gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Templeton, was not long in making his appearance; and after the usual preliminaries of an introduction to Mrs. Templeton, who had been deprived of that pleasure the evening before, on account of a slight indisposition, which detained her at home, a spirited conversation was commenced upon the topics usual at such times. The parties of the opening season; whose would be the most brilliant; who were the reigning belles, and so on, were well discussed. Then the operas, plays, play-actors, and "*les divines danseuses*," were all fully canvassed. And at last the usual dish of scandal was served up, well seasoned.

"How did it happen that the Crawfords led off second this season?" inquired Mr. Templeton.

"I suppose," replied his young wife, whom he had addressed, "it is because Isabel is so intimate with the Swards; at least I know of no other reason. In-

dependently of that, they have no claims to the distinction."

"It was understood to have been given in honour of Miss Seward's return; and that may have been another reason, why it should have been given so much earlier than usual," observed Miss Clara.

"Clara can always find some apology for whatever Miss Crawford says or does."

"If you were as intimate with, and knew her as well as I, sister, I am sure you would not seek so many opportunities to find fault with whatever she says or does," retorted Clara.

"Well, pray Miss, what do you think of her party? let us hear your opinion."

"I think, Madam, that unless Miss Seward herself gives another, it will not be surpassed, if equalled by any that remain to be given."

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door, and in a few moments after the servant announced Miss Templeton. "Happy to see you, Kate; just in time to tell us all the news. Where have you been this morning?"

"Oh! I've only made half a dozen calls."

"Well, what have you new?"

"Nothing very new, Jule, but something old, that has just been discovered. Do you know the cause of Miss Seward's mysterious melancholy?"

"I thought every one knew that she was sighing for the return of Eugene Neville."

"I know not how many sighs may have been devoted to that object, but that is not the cause."

"Then pray don't keep us in suspense, Kate, but tell us what is the cause."

"She is going to turn Papist."

"Merciful heavens! what a disclosure," was the general exclamation. "Can that be true?"

"True! why is it not the talk of the whole city? And there is that Isabel Crawford, half Papist herself, who has, this long time, been supplying her with Popish books, and urging her on by every means in her power, notwithstanding she must see it is breaking poor Mr. Seward's heart."

"Poor man! how I pity him," said Mrs. Templeton. "And that is the reason he is so changed; and I now more than half suspect that is the reason of their sudden departure for Europe two years ago."

"It certainly was. I was told only an hour ago, that he had no other earthly object in going but to show Miss Seward all the abominations of that wicked political system."

"And what effect do you suppose it has had?"

"Effect! why she is worse now than she was before they went; and Mr. Seward, unhappy man, thinks because his daughter seems more happy, like she used to be, that she no more thinks of the folly of which she has been guilty."

"Do you hear that, Miss Clara?" asked Mrs. Templeton; "of course you will never think of again calling upon Miss Seward."

"There is one thing very certain, sister, that whatever may be Miss Seward's religious sentiments, she will always be the most elegant and accomplished woman that moves in society; and I confess that I do not perceive why an interdict should now be placed upon an intercourse which has always been so agreeable; especially when I reflect that I am forced to associate with, and receive as a friend, one who is not only an avowed infidel in all her principles, but makes a boast of it."

"Any thing is better than a Catholic," rejoined Mrs. Templeton; and turning to Mr. La Zourk, who, throughout, had been rather a listener than a participant in the scandal, she asked, "Have you the—— I cannot now say honour, but simply, are you acquainted, Mr. La Zourk, with Miss Seward?"

"I had the happiness, Madam, of an introduction to her ladyship, when on the eve of sailing for America; indeed made the voyage in company; and I beg leave to add, with Miss Clara, that I have never seen a lady who is her superior."

"So we all thought, previous to this unaccountable whim she has taken," remarked Miss Templeton; "but her position in society will be very much changed as soon as these reports obtain publicity."

Mr. La Zourk was a gentleman; therefore, whatever may have been his thoughts, he did not say, they were in a fair way of obtaining all the publicity that could be desired; but he did say, that "Whatever position society might be pleased to assign to Miss Seward, she would always stand pre-eminent, and ever give the tone to those circles in which she moved; and he did not doubt, but that Miss Seward's native dignity, to say nothing of the position her fortune gave her, would enable her to look down with supreme contempt upon the efforts of any portion of fashionable society to dethrone her."

We cannot admit that Mr. La Zourk's politeness would allow him to permit even the slightest tone indicative of feeling to accompany these pointed remarks; but nevertheless we must bear testimony to the good sense and correct feeling which forbade him to lend countenance to the young ladies, in the easy carelessness with which they were trifling with the

reputation of the absent. Mrs. Templeton was not really deficient in good sense, but she allowed the frivolities of life and its prejudices to warp her judgment; and consequently was often guilty of retailing, to the injury of others, unfounded reports and even surmises, at which a little reflection would have caused her to blush. This salutary reflection was forced upon her by the just observation of Mr. La Zourk; and though she deeply felt its force, she succeeded in suppressing any evidence of it, more than the slightest possible increase of the bloom upon her cheek. Even this, however, escaped the observation of the gentleman, as the undiminished volubility of Miss Templeton, at the same moment, attracted him, by opening another budget of the morning news.

"Jule, do you remember that awful night of the Seward's party?"

"I have good reason, Kate, never to forget it."

"And the miserable little beggar, that was crouching on the steps, and came very near breaking all our necks as we entered the door?"

"Yes, it is that to which I referred."

"Well, she has become an inmate at the Hall, and the protégé of its mistress!"

"How perfectly ridiculous!"

"I should like to see one of the little wretches come to our door, whining and begging, I do not think it would be treated in that way."

"What can be the matter with Miss Seward, that she acts so strangely?"

"I suppose it must be, as people say. Miss Seward is becoming crazy on account of religion, and she must therefore be allowed to make herself ridiculous."

"Well, if religion causes one to act in that manner,

I sincerely hope it may never be my misfortune to be tainted with it."

While Mrs. and Miss Templeton continued their discourse much in the same strain throughout, Mr. La Zourk and Miss Clara were conversing upon a subject, in which the reader will possibly be more interested.

"Have you ever met with Mr. Neville?" inquired Miss Clara of Mr. La Zourk.

"I have not had that pleasure, Miss Stephens, though I have heard so much respecting him, that I doubt not I could distinguish him wherever I might meet with him. Is it true that Miss Seward is destined to become the future Mrs. Neville?"

"Such has always been the understanding. Even from childhood they have been brought up to regard each other as pledged to become at a proper time husband and wife."

"And perhaps," observed Mr. La Zourk, "from that very fact pledged to make each other miserable. I never have approved of the European custom of espousing young children and forcing them to marry; it may serve the purpose of family aggrandizement, but seldom can secure the happiness of the parties most interested, and I sincerely hope such a custom may never obtain in this favoured land."

"I entirely agree with you, Mr. La Zourk," observed Miss Stephens; "but, in this particular instance, very little 'force' will be needed to consummate the wish of the parents. The parties seem to have loved each other almost by intuition. And if there be any virtue in external appearance, and in similarity of tastes; if nobleness, beauty and grace; if intellectual qualifications; if all these and whatever constitute human

happiness be criterions, whereby to judge of the appropriateness of the marriage tie, in any particular case, then must Eugene Neville and Pauline Seward have sought each other under any circumstances."

Miss Stephens did not notice an almost inaudible sigh, as Mr. La Zourk observed: "How eloquently Miss Stephens portrays both the happiness and the necessity of this particular instance of forced love made voluntary."

"Not more so than Mr. La Zourk will himself portray it when he will have become better acquainted with the parties;" rejoined Miss Stephens. "The time cannot be very distant when Mr. Neville will return; then Mr. La Zourk will have ample opportunity to form his own opinion."

"Miss Stephens does not think, then, that Miss Seward's religious embarrassments will be likely to have the effect of changing her position with respect to Mr. Neville at least?" inquired, rather than observed Mr. La Zourk.

"That is subject of conjecture, which Mr. Neville's return will alone put to rest;" replied Miss Stephens. "The father of Mr. Neville and Mr. Seward were inseparable companions; intimately united in all their public duties and private friendships; members of the same church, and equally exclusive in their religious opinions. Mr. Neville had given no evidence, previous to leaving the country, that with his father's virtues, he would also inherit his prejudices; but if that should prove to be so, and if Miss Seward continue to retain the unaccountable impressions which have made her such a changed being, then it may be," she added laughing, "that there will remain some hope for Mr. La Zourk."

Though uttered in jest, the slight start which followed, nay almost accompanied this unexpected personal allusion, did not escape Miss Stephens. Without seeming to notice it, however, she continued: "But it is to be seriously hoped, that no obstacle may intervene to separate two, who are so eminently fitted in every particular to make each other happy."

Recovering from the slight embarrassment, he observed: "I believe Mr. Neville has been for some years past in Europe. What is the cause of his protracted stay?"

"Mr. Neville is at present in the West Indies. Seven years ago, he left this country for Europe, on account of the superior advantages it afforded in point of a literary finish. That object being accomplished, he had commenced the tour of Europe. The classic grounds of Greece formed the first and principal attraction to a mind and taste like his. But intelligence of a mournful character suddenly terminated the pleasures he knew so well how to appreciate. While at Athens, he received a letter announcing the death of his father, and the necessity of immediately repairing to Tobago, the most beautiful of the West India islands, to settle and take possession of an estate so suddenly deprived of its head. Sufficient time has elapsed for their accomplishment, and his absence cannot be much longer protracted."

"How sincerely do I wish him joy, not on account of what he already possesses, but on account of that richer and more rare possession, which awaits him on his arrival here:" concluded Mr. La Zourk, and changed the subject.

Perhaps the fervour with which he last expressed himself, more plainly evinced the depth of his emotion,

and its quality, than did either the almost inaudible sigh, or the slight start, which first betrayed him. Be that as it may, however, he certainly has risen to greater consequence, than, at the commencement of this chapter, may have been anticipated. This, together with another claim to our acquaintance, demands a more particular notice than has yet been accorded him. Mr. La Zourk is the representative of a class, which it is desirable, for the honour of religion, might soon pass away from American society, or else, repenting of their culpable, not to say infidel, coldness and indifference, practically become what they would seem to be ; but, except in the mere name, are not.

He was the son of one of those French gentleman, who with their families sought a refuge, upon our shores and among the neighbouring islands, from the horrors of the Reign of Terror. If asked "What is your religious faith?" he would reply, "I am a Catholic;" but unless asked, it would never have been suspected that he possessed any claim to be so considered. By baptism he had contracted the obligations of that faith ; but by no act of his life did he discharge those obligations : consequently, he was, as all of that class must ever be, a stumbling-block in the way of those who might otherwise be brought to the knowledge of the truth : a rock of offence, of whom the Saviour of mankind has said : "It were better that a millstone should be hanged about their neck, and that they be drowned in the depths of the sea." Nevertheless, Mr. La Zourk was, in the worldly sense of that term, a perfect gentleman. He was amiable ; intellectually gifted ; of a highly cultivated mind ; possessed of ample fortune ; and, in a word, *tout ensemble* a pattern card for the *beau monde*, in which he was a con-

spicuous actor. Except from the name, it would not be supposed that he was of foreign birth. His arrival in America was at so early a period of his life as to entirely obviate any idiomatic or other defect in the use of a foreign tongue, that might have otherwise served to designate his origin. His education had been wholly conducted in the land of his adoption, except a certain finish, for the attainment of which he had devoted the last two years in Paris; and from which he happened to be returning when he accidentally met with Mr. Seward and his accomplished daughter on the eve of their return home, after an ineffectual effort to stifle inquiries which were likely, at least for a time, to destroy the happiness of both father and daughter.

CHAPTER V.

"Prithee, fair theologian, whence all thy lore?"

NONE but they who have passed through the terrible ordeal, can know how awful are the pangs of a troubled conscience. Tears are a relief in earthly sorrows; but they bring no alleviation to the heart-burning anxiety of one, seeking—apparently, hopelessly seeking—the knowledge of God. The overwhelming sensation of doubt, the exquisite pain of conscious unworthiness, and the paralyzing influence of fear, intervene between the disconsolate inquirer and the object of his search, as a dark and impenetrable cloud; and often will the stricken heart, while writhing under the fearful tortures of suspense, rebelliously exclaim, "Oh God! if such a being hath existence, why dost thou not reveal thyself to me?" But God is good; and while he will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth, yet, his mysterious providence demands that it shall be attained only through much tribulation. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

But when to the spiritual conflict is superadded the sundering of the ties of nature; when, according to the testimony of the divine Redeemer, the father and the son, the mother and the daughter, are divided, the one against the other; and when a man's foes are they of his own household; when interest, gratitude, and seemingly, love, must be sacrificed upon the altar of truth; when a pure

and fond heart, like that of our *héroïne*, is involuntarily led on, nay, forced to contravene a devoted parent's wishes, thwart all his plans, love what he hates, embrace what he abhors, then truly does it demand a supernatural force, a courage more than human, to persevere and carry the investigation onward to its triumphant completion. But God, who ever apportions strength, even to the humblest of those who with sincerity and truthfulness seek him, supported Pauline in a struggle, the commencement and prosecution of which were so overshadowed with gloomy apprehension. Some portion of almost every day found her and her generous friend seated in the library of Mordant Hall, deeply engaged in their theological investigations: the former, seeking to satisfy the longings of ardent desire to discover truth; the latter, as eagerly desirous to disabuse her friend's mind of doubts and fears, which she esteemed utterly groundless and unnecessary.

"I cannot understand, Pauline, why you persist in this particular method of investigation;" observed Miss Crawford, one morning, while comparing notes on the belief of the Christian church of the first ages. "You have thrown aside as worthless all those sources of information conveyed to us through the reformed denominations, and implicitly sit at the feet of the teachers of a faith which all the world unites in pronouncing corrupt."

"You do me some injustice, dear Bel, in this statement of my rejection of the information derived through the various denominations. You well know that I did not reject them until I had fully examined all their claims to be considered the church of Christ, -and until I had perfectly satisfied myself that they wanted the most evident proofs of being the true church."

H

“I do not understand you, Pauline.”

“Have patience with me, Bel, and I will make my meaning plain. We both believe that our Lord founded a church ; we believe that he taught positive doctrines ; that he taught, as the Scriptures say, ‘ with authority, and not as the scribes ;’—that is, he meant that what he taught should be believed and practised ; and that he himself said, ‘ He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.’ We also both believe, that our Lord established his church to continue for ever ; that he promised, the gates of hell should not prevail against it ; that he would always abide with it ; that he would endue it with the spirit of truth, and that this divine Spirit should be present to conduct it in the way of truth always, even to the end of the world.”

“Yes ; I believe all that, Pauline, but do not perceive how it can justify either your partiality for, or this appeal to the teaching of a fallen, and, therefore, dead branch of that church.”

“That is just what I am on the point of explaining, Bel ; if it be true, that the Church of Christ has always existed from the time of its establishment, then it must be possible to trace its history through each preceding age of its existence, up to the time when its divine Founder said : ‘ On this rock I will build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ And, dear Bel, I am firmly convinced, that that, and that only, can be the true church, which can trace back its history to the first age. The church over which God presides, and in which he visits his people, must possess that one attribute at least. It must plainly exhibit—what shall I term it?—I do not mean catholicity, but, perhaps, continuity ; that is, I mean it must always have existed from the days of Christ, and it must be made so evident ; it must be so clearly seen

to have been so, that, in the language of Scripture, 'Way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' "

"That I grant you, Pauline, and I am prepared to show you, that what you are seeking among the Romanists you will more readily find, disencumbered of all their follies and corruptions, in the Episcopal Church."

"I am not so certain of that, Isabel. You remember what a long and anxious search I made to discover it there; and, led on by what then seemed to me the beautiful chain of prelates, reaching back through several ages, found the difficulties connected with the consecration of Mathew Parker baffle all my efforts to surmount them; and eventually found that it afforded me no more inducement to hope for success than did my search for the connecting link between the churches of Calvin and Luther, and that of the apostles."

"You have retrograded far indeed, Pauline, if you can speak thus, respecting two of the most popular and influential denominations of Christendom."

"It is, dear Bel, because they *are* two, and not *one*; and because of the impossibility of uniting them, either to each other, or to primitive Christianity, that I do and can speak of them thus. It is no secret to you, Bel, at least, that having thoroughly examined the claims of every prominent branch of the reformed church, I discard them all, as having no claim to the very first and most essential features indicative of a divine origin. The Church after which I so ardently long must be *ONE*. These are not one; they are numerous, opposite, and perpetually multiplying. It must always have existed. All these together are not three-hundred years old. But I now have, by your kindness, dear Bel, or think I have, the key to the discovery of truth, where my heart has for so long a time

told me it is to be found. And yet, alas! all still seems impenetrable, wild, chaotic darkness."

"And so must it ever seem, dear Pauline, as long as you continue to grope amongst such confused masses of superstitious rubbish and formal observances."

"I cannot judge of that, until I become better acquainted with the system of which you speak so discouragingly. If, however, I could discover any one Christian denomination that can trace its history down to the time of Christ, I would even now lay aside all these books, and there seek to identify the unchangeable and undying faith once delivered to the saints. Do you know of such a church in the wide world, Bel? If you do, tell me where it is, and I will search out its history and learn its less objectionable creed, and if it be really that of which I am in pursuit, I will, Isabel, with a heart full of love and gratitude to God and you, embrace it, cherish it, and, by the goodness of God vouchsafed unto me, be guided all my life long by its heavenly precepts."

"I know of none except our own, Pauline."

"But you know I have not been able to admit that yours is an exception. I have found it impossible to remove some objections to certain faulty links in the chain; and you yourself must admit, that one single link broken, irrevocably vitiates the claim set up. Give me your account of the apostolical succession in the Episcopal Church, Bel; and disabuse my mind of those objections of which I spoke. I will listen to you with the greatest interest and attention."

"I know not, Pauline, that I am capable of satisfactorily performing the task you have set me, but, as far as I understand it, it is briefly this. We hold, with the church in all ages, that when our Lord, after his

resurrection, breathed on his apostles, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost—as my Father hath sent me, so send I you;' he gave them the power of sending others with a divine commission, who in like manner should have the power of sending others, and so on even unto the end; and that our Lord promised his continual assistance to these successors of the apostles in this and all other respects, when he said, 'Lo, I am with you' (that is, with you, and those who shall represent and succeed you,) 'always, even unto the end of the world.' And, if it be plain that the apostles left successors after them, it is equally plain that the bishops are these successors. For it is only the bishops who have ever been called by the title of successors; and there has been actually a perpetual succession of the bishops in the church, who alone were always esteemed to have the power of sending other ministers to preach and administer the sacraments."

"In all this I perfectly agree with you, but what have you to say as to the fact of the apostolical succession existing perfect and unbroken in the Episcopal Church?"

"It is generally supposed that St. Paul preached the gospel to the Britons; and that he first planted the Christian church among them. But however deficient history may be in its testimony to such a fact, it is certain that when, at the close of the sixth century, St. Augustine arrived there, he found a small body of Christians who held such a tradition. St. Augustine was so successful in his mission, that in a very few years the whole island was brought under the peaceful and benign sway of the gospel. Here then are two channels through which to trace the apostolical succession; one, it is true, only slightly presumptive;

but the other, that by St. Augustine, who derives his commission through the Bishop of Rome, of whose succession there is no question, indisputable."

"Go on, dear Bel, that is exactly as I understand it; but this accounts for only six centuries."

"From the time of England's conversion by St. Augustine, the two channels, if the first be admitted to have been direct, unite and flow on together until the reign of Henry VIII., about the middle of the sixteenth century, by whose energy and zeal the English branch of the church Catholic was purified of the numberless corruptions, which had been so long accumulating throughout the whole Christian world, to the serious detriment not only of morals but of faith itself."

"I do not wish to interrupt you, dear Bel, in this most interesting account, but that last remark seems to me to be directly contradictory to Sacred Scripture. Christ himself declared that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church. He promised to be with it for ever; and, as if that were not enough to insure the continuance and purity of true faith, gave his Holy Spirit ever to be with it, expressly to lead it and keep it in the way of truth. Now I can easily conceive that morals should become corrupt; I can imagine the world buried in sin; but I cannot for one moment admit that God having established his church, and having promised that it should never fail; and, moreover, pledging the direct superintendence of himself and the Holy Ghost; I say I cannot for one moment admit that *faith* was, as you say, in jeopardy. If I could believe that, then should I be forced to doubt the truth of God himself; and if God be not true, then must I be content to die as I have lived, without a thought of the future, and without one de-

sire to live or to act for any other than mere human motives. But excuse me for this interruption, I long to hear the remainder of your account."

"You are no doubt as familiar with the historical account of the consecration of Archbishop Parker as I am ; I need, therefore, only state the fact that Queen Elizabeth issued the commission for his consecration on the 9th of September, 1559, and that on the 17th of December of the same year, he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. This point being established, it is easy to follow down the succession through this line of Anglican prelates to our own venerable Bishop White."

"But, dear Bel, this is precisely the point that is not established ; on the contrary, after the most patient and persevering search I can discover no evidence that Mathew Parker, 'the Queen's favourite,' as he is called, was ever consecrated. Permit me, in a few words as possible, to give you the result of my investigation on this subject. Queen Elizabeth, on the 9th of September, 1559, issued a commission to the Reverend Fathers in Christ, Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham ; Gilbert, Bishop of Bath ; David, Bishop of Peterborough ; Anthony, Bishop of Landaff ; William Barlow and John Scory, to confirm and consecrate Mathew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, which see was made vacant by the death of the Roman Catholic archbishop and cardinal, Reginald Pole. The first four were Roman Catholic bishops ; all of whom, very naturally, refused to consecrate a man who was, at least in their estimation, a heretic, and were in consequence, with the exception of the Bishop of Landaff, deprived of their sees. The last two, Barlow and Scory, not being bishops, but, according

to the testimony of Stowe, merely styled such, as being Bishops *elect*, had no authority to consecrate, even if the commission had authorized a portion of the prelates named to act. Thus, then, was the first commission to consecrate rendered abortive. Nor can I discover that any other commission was more successful; while, on the other hand, there is much to prove that he never obtained consecration; but that he entered upon the duties of the see of Canterbury with no better commission than a vote of Parliament and the order of Queen Elizabeth. And this seems to be fully confirmed by two or three remarkable circumstances; the first of which is, that although it is not pretended that he was consecrated until the 17th of December, 1559, we find him named, in a commission of the queen issued on the 20th October, nearly two months before his alleged consecration, as ‘the most Reverend Father in Christ, Mathew, Archbishop of Canterbury.’”

“Although I have been endeavouring to satisfy you, Pauline, that the apostolical succession is truly to be found in our church, I do not myself place much stress upon the fact, nor consider it of much importance.”

“Your remark, Bel, does not surprise me; and I was just then about to give, as another evidence that Mathew Parker *assumed* the office and duties of archbishop, that an impression very extensively prevailed at that time that it was not important to have episcopal consecration, that the commission of the queen and an act of Parliament were all-sufficient for the purpose; or, indeed, that the commission of the queen as supreme head of the church was of itself sufficient. So at least have the advocates of Anglican ordination, themselves, admitted. They tell us of six

lawyers, whose opinion of the validity of the queen's commission being equivalent to the act of consecration, was demanded and subsequently given, as follows: "We, whose names that are hereunder subscribed, think in our judgments, that by this commission (referring to the queen's commission issued the 6th December, 1559) in this form penned, as well as the queen's majesty may lawfully authorize the persons within named to the effect specified, as that the said persons may exercise the act of confirming and consecrating in the same to them committed." Signed, William Hay, Robert Weston, and four others. This looseness of opinion, coupled with the fact that no positive evidence exists of the consecration of Parker, and also, that he is named Archbishop of Canterbury and is called upon to perform episcopal acts two months before he is alleged to have been consecrated, is, to say the least, strongly presumptive that he never was consecrated. If Parker had really been consecrated, Bel, is it reasonable that there should exist no proof of it? I think not; and yet the very champions of your church and of the Anglican succession, from first to last, have failed to prove it. Why, it was but yesterday I commenced the study of this new work entitled, "Essays to prove the validity of Anglican ordinations," by a Layman; and almost the first passage that arrested my attention was the following, which occurs on the second page of the preface. "They (the Roman Catholic bishops) denied the title of the Anglican bishops, and called on them to prove it.—The rule of requiring proof of every thing being adopted and uniformly acted upon, *it became impossible for the Anglicans to prove any thing.*" Now is not this most absurd? The Anglicans say, Mathew Parker was consecrated

Archbishop of Canterbury, and that through him the apostolical succession is continued in the Episcopal Church. "Prove it," says the Roman Catholic. "If you had not demanded the proof, we would;" says the champion of Anglican ordinations; "but because you demand the proof, it is impossible for the Anglicans to prove any thing!"

"You are very severe, Pauline."

"It is this champion of Anglican ordinations that is severe; not I, Bel. The words I have used are his; not mine. But there is another point, which I have learned from the books which you have been so kind as to furnish me; and I confess that while it has thrown some light on my mind, it has also caused me considerable anxiety to ascertain how far it may be true: since if it is true, then must I admit another imperative claim to seek the knowledge I desire in the Roman Catholic church. I refer to an observation with which I met, to the effect, that, 'even if the apostolical succession were known to be retained unbroken in any particular case, which is true of the Greek church, yet so long as *charity and the unity of Faith* were violated, the mere succession would not avail in the great work of salvation.' You know, Bel, that my search is not particularly directed, merely to the one point of genuine ordination, but that I am in search of that identical church which Christ himself planted, and which retains and will always retain those identical characteristics and attributes, with which he has endowed it; not one of them simply, but all of them."

"I acknowledge their importance, Pauline, but I have thus far been so unsuccessful that I cannot hope to be of much assistance to you."

"Dear Bel, say not so: you are my only, my best friend. It is to you that I am indebted for all the

knowledge that I possess on the subject, and if you should desert me, I shall be lonely and sad indeed."

"I would do any thing in my power, Pauline, to make you happy; but I am no theologian, and while I seek to benefit you, I may be only the means of leading you farther into error."

"I am no theologian, either, dear Bel. In that we are perfectly equal. I am seeking to learn what you have been taught all your life, with the firm resolve if it satisfy the cravings of this restless heart, to embrace it at every cost."

"It is true I have been taught from my infancy to believe as I do, but I do not know that I have ever particularly examined the grounds of that belief. I believe what I have said, because I have been taught to believe it: not because I have proved it. I do not think I am capable of proving it; or indeed that the majority of persons are capable of doing so."

"Then, after all, Bel, your faith may be a mere chimaera, and not contain one true article."

"Not quite so bad as that, Pauline; I believe as the majority of Christians believe."

"Then you must be Roman Catholic, Bel; all Protestants, with the Greek Church united, form but eighty millions, while the Catholics number two hundred millions, or nearly three times that amount."

"You are becoming facetious, Pauline; you would hardly suspect me of meaning other than a Protestant Christian?"

"There are so many varieties and changes among Protestant Christians, Bel, that I find it very difficult to ascertain what they believe."

"I suppose, Pauline, after all I have heard to-day, that I may not expect you to fulfil your engagement and

accompany me to hear our worthy doctor preach to-morrow?"

"You well know, dear Bel, that I attach too much importance to the fulfilment of engagements, to permit me to break one, unless under the most absolute necessity; and I shall be truly disappointed if any thing occur to deprive me of the pleasure I anticipate in listening to that learned and eloquent man."

CHAPTER VI.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.

He pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.—MILTON

PRECISELY at quarter past ten, next morning, the carriage of Miss Crawford stopped before Mordant Hall. A few moments afterwards, our heroine was seated beside her amiable friend, and on her way towards the church, of which Miss Crawford was an exemplary member. It was a fine, bracing morning in January. The music of a thousand bells danced merrily through the air, inspiring a corresponding feeling of sacred joy to the multitudes who thronged every avenue, great or small, of so populous a city. The deep and dignified tones of the cathedral bell were heard at regular intervals over all the others. Pauline thought there seemed to be a shade of mournfulness in the sound, and yet, perhaps, it was only the peculiar state of her own temperament that caused the impression, for at that very moment she was making effort to suppress a sigh, which struggled to escape, as she inwardly wished that the cathedral might have been her destination for the morning, instead of the church which she was now fast approaching. But the miniature world, through which she now moved, decked in all its brightest hues, was happy; and smiles, and bows of recognition greeted her on every side; and

“why should I be otherwise than happy?” thought she, as with a strong effort she subdued the feeling that had almost overpowered her. At that moment the carriage turned into the avenue that immediately led to the church of the Rev. Dr. Bogus, when Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and Miss Clara Stephens, were brought into full view. They had just stepped from the sidewalk to cross over to Mr. Spring’s church, which they usually attended, because it was one of the most fashionable churches of the Presbyterian denomination, indeed almost rivalling that of Dr. Bogus. The recognition was simultaneous. Miss Clara and the two young ladies exchanged polite and cordial bows, while those of Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were so slight and stiff as to be scarcely perceptible.

“The reports we have heard must be correct,” my dear, said Mrs. Templeton to her husband; “there go those two semi-papists to hear that Jesuit in disguise, the Rev. Dr. Bogus. Let us walk slowly and see if the carriage does not stop before his church. I wonder that Mr. Seward don’t keep a better watch over his pet; she will certainly give him the slip one of these days, and then, poor man, his eyes will be opened. I almost think it a duty to go and tell him; he certainly cannot be aware of the danger in which his daughter is at present placed, from her connection with Miss Crawford. Yes, just as I expected: the carriage has stopped, and there they are entering the church door!”

The church edifice was a noble specimen of its kind. It was built of stone; of the old English style of architecture, with walls of massive thickness, and huge windows and doors, rounded at the tops. The aisles were paved with brick; the pews were of that peculiar old-fashioned and uncomfortable, square high-backed genus, so common at that date. The interior walls of the church

had been recently painted, which gave to the otherwise dingy temple a comparatively cheerful aspect. The congregation was now rapidly filling the church. Wealth, fashion, and beauty crowded the aisles, and pressed forward with bustling consequence to their respective seats.

Pauline felt extremely annoyed to find herself so much an object of attraction. The Templetons had not been idle in spreading their reports, and, turn which way she would, opera and quizzing glasses were levelled at her; nor could she avoid overhearing the whispering of some of her nearer and more ill-bred fashionable neighbours.

“Can it be true, my dear, think you, that she really has changed her mind, and intends to content herself with going no farther on her way to Rome, and stop at the delightful medium of the Episcopal Church?”

“One would be led to think so, certainly,” was the reply, “or why should she have left her own church to-day?”

“Rumour says strange things respecting it,” said another: “would you believe that I heard only yesterday, that she is engaged to Mr. La Zourk, and that they have taken a pew at the Cathedral?”

“I could believe almost any thing now-a-days, if”—

But the organist just at that moment commenced a celebrated overture, and relieved Miss Seward from a continuance of the vulgar annoyance. A few minutes elapsed, when the reverend pastor, the celebrated Dr. Bogus, ascended to the reading desk, and addressed himself to the solemn duties of the morning. He was a man of a highly intellectual and prepossessing appearance; altogether such as to predispose a beholder to give him full credit for all the eloquence and talent

which fame accorded him. As soon as the organ ceased to sound, he, with a calm, deliberate and dignified tone of voice, which penetrated to the remotest parts of the church, commenced to read the service. The words were, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." The silence that prevailed was impressive: the whole congregation seemed deeply absorbed in the words as they fell from their pastor's lips: and Pauline, lost to herself and to all around her, was utterly unconscious how firmly her attention was riveted to the words she heard, until she found the congregation kneeling around her, and she yet standing in the inclined attitude of an intense listener. Slightly starting at her own absence of mind, she coloured and turned to kneel, when she observed the lingering traces of a smile near the mouth of her worthy friend; but as this was no time for remark, she quietly joined in the responses and the other prayers customary to be said in that form of worship. She was deeply interested in the whole service, and much pleased with the music, the principal parts of both of which, as she some time afterwards discovered, being borrowed from the Catholic church. But as she came for instruction, she very naturally felt more particularly anxious to receive the information which she did not doubt, whatever might be the subject, would be communicated by so distinguished a man. The prayers being now over, and the last hymn sung, the Rev. gentleman ascended the pulpit, and opening the Bible, read the words of his text. Could Pauline, herself, have had the selection of them, she could not have chosen words more consonant with her feelings, or a subject better adapted to that particular stage of her inquiries. The words were: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, bap-

tizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20, 21.

"This, my brethren," commenced the Rev. Dr., "is that glorious commission, which our divine Redeemer gave to his apostles after his resurrection from the dead, and when he was about to withdraw from them his visible presence. He had fulfilled the work, which his Father had sent him to perform, and he must now resume the ineffable glory, that he had had from all eternity ; but his love for the helpless and fallen creatures whom he came to save, and his divine intentions, required that he should leave in the world visible representatives of himself, who should possess certain delegated powers for the continuance of his visible church. These representatives were his apostles, and their lawful successors ; those powers, the administration of the sacraments, and generally all that appertains to the government of the Church militant. I would further remark in the premises, that this commission embraces 'all nations,' and all time ; 'alway,' says the Redeemer, 'even unto the end of the world.'

"Two subjects therefore logically force themselves upon our attention : namely, the apostolic succession of the ministry ; and the catholicity of the Church of Christ.

"When Episcopalians maintain the apostolic commission of their ministers, they are sometimes met with the objection, that they cannot prove it without tracing their orders back to the Church of Rome ; a position, indeed, which in a certain sense is true. And hence

it is argued, that they are reduced to the dilemma, either of acknowledging they had no right to separate from the Pope, or, on the other hand, of giving up the ministerial succession altogether, and resting the claims of their pastors on some other ground: in other words, that they are inconsistent in reprobating Popery, while they draw a line between their own ministers and those of dissenting communions.

“Our reply to this is, a flat denial of the alleged facts on which it rests. The Episcopal Church did not revolt from those, who in that day had authority by succession from the apostles. On the contrary, it is certain that the bishops and clergy in England remained the same as before the separation, and it was these, with the aid of the civil power, who delivered the church from the yoke of papal tyranny and usurpation. Neither does it in the least prejudice the cause, that the civil arm of the state was needed and did actually bring all its power to the aid of the establishment; for I will go further, and state that it may become the duty of even *private* individuals to take upon themselves the office of protesting against and abjuring the heresies of a corrupt church. Though such an extreme case it is unpleasant and unhealthy to contemplate.”

Having thus opened his discourse upon the certainty of an apostolical succession, the Rev. gentleman dilated more particularly upon that branch of his subject relating to the succession in the Anglican church. He spoke of it as flowing onward in an uninterrupted stream in connection with the Church of Rome, about whose succession, he observed, there was no dispute; and, that upon the separation of the English and Roman branches the succession was continued through Archbishop Parker, and was thence conveyed to the Anglo-

American church through the venerable Bishop White. In all of which he advanced nothing, with which Pauline was not already familiar. She was somewhat astonished, however, to hear him quote the following passage of one of Bishop Heber's sermons, and with much vehemence of style maintain it, as a mode of supplying the defect of episcopal ordination, which certain circumstances might make necessary.

"Even," said he, in the words of Bishop Heber, "if the Scriptures had given us no information as to the persons by whom this authority was to be exercised, the validity of our ordinations would still be sufficiently plain, and the danger of separation from, or rebellion against our church, would be sufficiently great and alarming; inasmuch as, where no distinct religious officer was instituted by God, the appointment of such officers must necessarily have devolved on the collective Christian church, *and on those supreme magistrates, who, in every Christian country, are the recognised organs of the public will and wisdom.*"

Pauline was surprised at this avowal of so singular a mode of supplying a defect in the apostolical succession, not because it was new to her, for she had repeatedly met with it in her investigation of the Anglican succession; but she thought that it had at that late day of the discussion been exploded, and was no more advanced in support of a cause, which, even she could perceive, needed too much argument, and too much subterfuge to secure belief in it. But the reverend preacher had now concluded this branch of his discourse, and had commenced his argument on the second division of the subject suggested by the text, the catholicity of the Episcopal Church: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Pauline was aware that this was urged by theologians,

not only as a very important feature, but as a test whereby to ascertain the true church. She had not, however, carried her investigations so far as to satisfy herself of its applicability to any particular church; but especially had she never thought of it as being applicable to the English or American branch of the Episcopal Church, or, indeed, to both united. The subject, however, was particularly interesting to her, and prompted a train of reflections which will appear in the sequel, but which, with all respect to our heroine, must be waived from deference to the learned doctor.

“Bear with me,” said he, “while I express my fear that we do not, as much as we ought, consider the force of that article of our belief, ‘The One Catholic and Apostolic Church.’”

“Now, concerning this universality of the Episcopal Church, the question is not, whether, at this present time, or in any former age for these thousand years past, there are, or have been, more who profess the Romish religion established in the Church of Rome, than the religion established in the reformed churches since the separation was made. If we should come to calculate voices after this manner, ‘whether will you be a Roman Catholic, or a Protestant?’ they might, perhaps, have three voices which would be ready to cry, ‘for the Roman Catholics will I be,’ to one that would exclaim, ‘I am for the Protestant.’ But it is far from our meaning, that universality should be measured after this fashion. The multitude of voices thus taken for them, may prove their faction to be greater and stronger than our church, but it cannot prove their Faith to be so universal as our Faith is.”

The learned doctor then proceeded to show in what the universality of the Protestant Episcopal Church con-

sists, and how, numbering only some six or seven millions, it is universal ; while the Roman Church with her two hundred millions is not so to be accounted at all ; but on the contrary, is, as he terms it, a mere "faction," that must shrink before Protestant Episcopacy, and surrender her claim to the name Catholic. On what authority, however, he made his assertions, Pauline never could discover. It was also perfectly problematical on what authority he based the following :

"For the universality of our Faith, we have every member of the Roman Church a suffragant, or witness for us. Nothing is held as a point of Faith in our church, but the Romish Church doth hold the same, and confess the same to have been held by all orthodoxal antiquity. Now, although the present visible Romish Church be much greater than the Church of England, yet, seeing the Romish Church, how great soever, doth hold all the points of Faith which our church doth, for catholic and orthodoxal : our consent and their consent, our confession and their confession, is more universal than their consent without ours."

Pauline's active mind was intensely excited to hear what was to be the conclusion of this novel mode of argument. She had heard the preacher make use of the Roman Catholic Church to make out a case in favour of Protestant Episcopal universality ; and she expected, for once, to hear the generous avowal made, that the "Roman Church" had at least one argument by which it could support its claim to be considered catholic ; namely, the converse of the above. But, after a short pause, Dr. Bogus continued :

"But if their consent unto the points of Faith believed by us, prove our Faith to be universal, and our church by consequence to be catholic ; should not our consent

unto the points of Faith believed by them, prove their Faith to be universal, or their church to be catholic? By no means; since it is not enough to hold all points of Catholic Faith, unless the same points be kept holy and undefiled. And this is the fundamental and radical difference between our church and the Romish Church, which admitteth such an illimited increase or growth of Faith as is in heaps or congests of heterogeneals.”*

Though Pauline was deeply absorbed in listening to the learned doctor, and had employed herself in making notes of the most important admissions and statements advanced, yet was she quite pleased to find that this grand flourish of “congests and heterogeneals” closed the morning effort.

On resuming their seats in the carriage, Miss Crawford was the first to speak, and inquire how her friend was impressed with what she had seen and heard.

“Oh! do not ask me just now,” dear Bel, she replied, “my poor distracted head is so confused with—what shall I call it?—mysticism and high-sounding words, that I know not yet what to think: when my thoughts are more collected, I will tell you. In the mean time I must compare what I already know, with what I have just heard. But I was thinking, when you spoke, if Dr. Bogus might not explain himself better, or at least better adapted to my comprehension.”

“I have no doubt, Pauline, that he would render you any information or explanation that you desire.”

“I did not refer to his making the explanation to me, Bel; I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and,

* The above sketch of a sermon, attributed to Dr. Bogus, is copied verbatim et literatim from the Oxford Tracts.

under the circumstances, should question the propriety of consulting him."

"You would find him a perfect gentleman, Pauline, and I see no reason why you should hesitate for a moment, to take that, or any other course, to satisfy your mind. You would find him," she added, smiling, "a very different specimen of a theologian from your present spiritual instructor, as you are pleased to term me."

"Oh! I never could endure it, Bel; I do not regard the opinions of others, but it certainly is very annoying to be the subject of such whisperings as those to which I was compelled to listen this morning, in church."

"Who could possibly speak of it, or even know it, Pauline? It might be effected in perfect secrecy."

"I know not how, but it seems to me reports fly just in advance of the actions contemplated. People suppose what will happen, and speak of it as actually having taken place."

"Leave the conduct of this matter to me; you know I have already proved my generalship, and so you may expect very soon to receive general order number two."

"I fear the order will be disobeyed, Bel; it certainly will, unless I can approve of all the conditions that accompany it."

"The subordinate never questions the conditions of his officer, and you will beware of the penalties that may ensue from disobedience. There is one thing I must tell you beforehand, however. I do not agree with Dr. Bogus on all points; indeed, I feel quite disposed to dispute with him, on the very first opportunity, many of his positions of this morning."

"Your remark surprises me, Bel; I thought the Epis-

copal Church, at least, was undivided in its faith and mode of worship."

"Very far from it, Pauline ; you must know that before the Rev. Dr. Bogus came amongst us, our congregation was what Episcopalians denominate 'low church ;' but now that the older members are dropping off, the younger and more active portion of the congregation have the control in their own hands, and being for the most part tainted with the Puseyite doctrines, they have united in calling Dr. Bogus to the pastorship of the church, and we are obliged to submit, every week, more or less, to such sermons as those to which we have listened this morning."

"What are the doctrines, Bel, to which you particularly object ;—are they of vital importance ?"

"So much so, Pauline, that many of our wisest and best church members think that the peace of the church, if not its union, is seriously assailed. But you will form a more correct judgment of the true state of the question, when I relate to you the points of difference. You know that Episcopalians hold, in common with other denominations, that there are two sacraments ordained by Christ himself, as generally necessary to salvation—the sacrament of Baptism and that of the Lord's Supper. It might be supposed that belief in these is simple and uniform. But this is not the case ; the church is divided, and nearly equally so, upon both these doctrines. One party holds, that by baptism a person is regenerated, born again, and actually made a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven ; while the other party holds no such thing, but maintains that it is simply a *sign* of regeneration, or perhaps not even according it so high a character as that ; regarding it merely as an initiative rite, whereby a person is known to be a Christian. Dr.

Bogus is of the former school ; our previous pastor, with whom I nearly agreed, of the latter. So also the sacrament of the Lord's Supper has its strenuous partisans : the high church party maintaining that the elements of bread and wine become, after consecration, ' verily and truly,' the body and blood of our Lord : while the low church party just as strenuously maintain that they become no such thing ; but that the consecration operates merely as a blessing, converting the elements from a common to a sacred use, without any direct reference to the body and blood of Christ, except as a remembrance of it. Besides these, there are many other points of difference, as well of doctrine as of mere discipline : and it would be well for the church if the number of these was stationary ; but every year swells the catalogue. Especially have the Oxford Tract writers much to answer for in this particular ; since, within the last few years, they have re-opened, and, indeed, re-advanced every Popish doctrine which was rejected at the time of the Reformation. These have been so successfully discussed, that at the present time there are many of our most learned bishops, and multitudes of their clergy and of the laity, who greedily devour all that is said, and thus make themselves parties to perpetuate ' the novelties,' as one of our worthy prelates styles them, ' that destroy our peace.' But it would weary you to speak of half the things that might be said, and I shall only add, to put you on your guard, that Dr. Bogus himself holds some of these dangerous doctrines."

" Dear Bel, I shall never be able to submit to that interview ; my head is already so filled with crude ideas, and I am so bewildered by conflicting doctrines and opinions, that it will be a hopeless task even to attempt to extricate me. I had hoped that the farther I ad-

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vanced the more easy would every thing become ; but instead of that, confusion seems worse confused, and I have no hope that it will ever be any better."

"It is precisely on account of this confusion that I desire you to converse with the Rev. doctor ; for though he will not instruct you on all points as I could wish, yet his great learning will enable him to bring order out of the confusion which now perplexes you."

The ladies had now reached Mordant Hall, and Miss Seward being really worn out, as well as perplexed with all she had passed through that morning, resisted all the urgent entreaties of Miss Crawford to accompany her home ; and the friends parted for the day.

CHAPTER VII.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy ;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with little lips of cherry,
Lisp'd the words she could not master,
Vex'd that she might speak no faster—
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Innocence her joys enhancing—
Full of mirthfulness and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet Little Nell!

KATE CLEVELAND.

“WHAT a sprightly, little elfin it is!” exclaimed Pauline one morning, as she listened to the merry shouts and laughter of her now happy Marie. She has, however, been a sad sufferer since last we saw her. Her fragile form had sustained to its utmost limit of endurance the fearful hardships of exposure and want ; and the fever, that followed upon her providential rescue, now threatened utterly to destroy the slender tenure by which she still held on to life. Day after day she lay parched up with heat, and almost constantly delirious ; and when the crisis of her disease approached, it was often thought by those who ever watched by her side, that she had ceased to breathe, and her pure spirit had taken its happy flight to the God who gave it. But then again her deep blue eyes would open upon her kind-hearted friends, and an ineffable smile of gratitude and calm resignation would tremble upon her thin lips. There she reposed ; oh !

what a perfect model of submission to the will of God ! without one sigh, one sad complaint. Almost the only words she breathed, during her lucid intervals, were in low, soft accents: "Sweet Jesus ;" Holy Mary ;" "Dear, sweet friends."

Her meekness and amiability as well as her history, as far as it was known to the inmates of Mordant Hall, had excited in the attending physicians the most lively interest on her behalf; and during this trying period of her disease, one or other of them was constantly near her, watching the changing symptoms, ready to seize the proper moment so to apply the means of her recovery as to insure success, if that were possible in such an extreme case. It may be easily imagined, then, where such intense interest was excited, with what delight the announcement, "She has passed the crisis of her disease and is now out of danger," was received by them all. Five weeks of pain were, however, still to be added to the brimming cup of sorrow of that sinless child; (how mysterious are the ways of God!) and five weeks of careful, weary watching on the part of her benefactress; but they are now past, and the rainbow of promised health and happiness once more beams upon the orphan's hapless lot.

Trust it not too fondly, sweet Marie; it is a transient ray, and the dark gloom of affliction's night may yet lower upon thy gentle head.

Those were happy hours that Pauline now spent at the bedside of Marie's recovery, listening to her innocent prattle; and, as she could bear it, eliciting from her whatever she knew of her past history. But whenever reference was made to the poor child's "dear mother," it seemed that her beating heart would burst, so lively was her grief when "dear mother" was the

theme ; and Pauline ever found it necessary to quickly soothe her feelings and win her attention to something else. All that she could learn was in detached sentences and nearly to the following effect, that, "Father went away ; little Marie did not know when or how ; but he never came back again ; and dear mother was very sad ; she often cried, and little Marie cried because dear mother did." It was very cold when they came to the city of P——, and after searching for a great while, her mother found a comparatively comfortable lodging, which she had occupied but for a few weeks, when her small means demanded that she should seek a more humble abode ; and accordingly she rented a miserable garret ; soon after which she was taken sick and obliged to keep her bed, from which indeed she never arose but once, and that was in an effort to prepare some food for her helpless daughter. Too much exhausted by sickness, she had scarcely put her foot on the floor when she fell heavily and senseless. The noise of her fall and the cries of Marie brought a charitable neighbour, who occupied the room below, to her aid. A few days after this she died, blessing her child and committing her to the care of Him, in whom she had ever placed her trust.

"But what did little Marie do when 'dear mother' died?" soothingly inquired Pauline.

"They put her where there were a great many children ; but they beat her, and used her bad ; and one warm day little Marie found herself in the street ; she don't know how she got there, or why, but she walked on, and when night came she couldn't find the way back, so she crept into some place and slept. Then summer came, and she walked about every day begging, and slept wherever she could find a place ; and

at last cold weather came, and poor Marie must have died, if it had not been for sweet Miss."

"Can little Marie read?"

"No, sweet Miss, only a little; but she can learn; and she will do any thing sweet Miss wishes her to do."

"Did not 'dear mother' teach little Marie?" But that name, "dear mother," prompted anew sobs and a flood of tears; so after a pause, she replied:

"Oh, yes, dear mother taught little Marie many things."

"Well, what does she know then?"

"She knows 'I believe,' and 'Our Father,' and 'Hail Mary.'"

"What is 'I believe,' and 'Hail Mary?'" inquired Pauline. But the child looked incredulous, that any one should not know what was meant by those expressions, and she with perfect simplicity asked:

"Why, don't sweet Miss know them?"

"I wish to hear you repeat them, love;" said Pauline, waiving a direct reply. And she commenced and repeated that simple but most replete and comprehensive code of faith, the Apostle's Creed; and those two inimitable models of devotion, the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation; only the latter of which it is here deemed necessary to repeat. "Hail Mary, full of grace; our Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Miss Seward recognised in it the words which the child had so often repeated during her illness, and which excited the animadversions of her friend; and she said:

"I do not know whether I love little Marie to say that." The child looked still more astonished, and not yet fully realizing that anybody could really be kind to her since her fond heart had been so long desolate, she regarded this as the commencement of new rebukes and buffetings. Her gentle bosom heaved, and her heart beat almost to bursting; and it was some time before Pauline could make out, between her sobbings and efforts to be calm, the words of her reply.

"Sweet Miss won't be angry with Marie: dear mother loved to say it, and poor Marie would die if she could not say it too."

"Well, then, my sweet child, you shall say it; and I will love you to say it as much as you please; and little Marie will let me help her say it. Will she not?"

"Oh yes, sweet Miss, every time the bell rings."

"What bell, child?" asked Pauline, with some astonishment in her tone; for it was now her turn to express surprise.

"The church-bell, sweet Miss; that's the time to say it with the other prayers." And a faint recollection crossed the mind of Pauline, that in all the Catholic countries through which she had travelled in Europe, the church bells were rung regularly three times a day; at morning, noon, and evening. And she also remembered that all devout Catholics, and even those that were not so, whether in their houses or in the streets, would instantly, at the sound of the church-bells, fall upon their knees, in obedience to this universal and pious practice; and she was now, for the first time, learning, from the lips of this innocent child, not merely that the object was worship, but that it was the devout act of hundreds of millions of Christians, scattered throughout the world, prostrate in one

faith and one form of words adoring God in the sublime mystery of the incarnation of our blessed Lord. Her heart beat with an undefinable emotion of surprise and joy, as she also remembered the regularity and constancy with which the church-bell in her own neighbourhood tolled, at those same hours. And it was with more deep and breathless attention than she had ever given to orator, or divine, that she now hung upon the words of little Marie, as she breathed the whole of that beautiful devotion into her listening ear.

“The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost.”

“Hail, Mary, full of grace; our Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.”

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word.”

“Hail, Mary, full of grace,” &c.

“And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.”

“Hail, Mary, full of grace,” &c.

“V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.”

“R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.”

“Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ, thy Son, was made known by the message of an angel, may, by his Passion and Cross, be brought to the glory of his resurrection, through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen.”

“May the divine assistance always remain with us; and may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.”

"And that is what you say when the bell rings?" observed Pauline.

"Yes, sweet Miss, isn't it beautiful?" But Pauline's thoughts were wandering at that moment over the Catholic world, a little startled, it is true, at what she had but just now learned, yet full of eager curiosity to learn more; and catching at every little reminiscence, in hopes of recovering something that she thought might throw light on the subject of her thoughts, but which had passed from her memory: and, instead of answering the child's question, she simply asked:

"Is not little Marie tired?"

"No, sweet Miss, little Marie never gets tired of talking about Holy Mary," was the naïve reply.

In such simple and unaffected conversation with the interesting object of her care, would Pauline pass hours during her protracted recovery; but she had for several weeks been perfectly well, and we must now conclude this long parenthesis, and explain the cause of the exclamation with which the chapter commenced.

It was now the depth of winter. The clouds which the evening before portended a storm, had not deceived the weather-wise; and the citizens next morning had arisen to find themselves barricaded in their own dwellings by huge banks of snow, which defied, if not positively all egress or ingress, at least all pedestrian and equestrian locomotion for that day. Let not the gentle reader suppose, however, that we are going to deplore its effects upon the business community at large, mercantile pursuits suspended, and rich speculations foiled. No such thing. We are simply going to speak about snow-birds, and robin red-breasts: and there they are in flocks, pecking with all their little might at Marie's window. She had been so long a prisoner in

her comfortable little chamber, that she had taught the pretty parasites to come there for their breakfasts. But this morning of unusual scarcity for them, they had flown there for their repast in greater numbers than usual ; and little Marie, full of glee, had just raised the window to throw them some crumbs ; but it was scarcely up, when wooed by the gush of warm air, and fearless of their tender mistress, in flew the hungry chirpers, flock after flock. She shouted with joy, and clapped her hands in ecstasy of delight. Pauline happened to be passing through the lower hall, and heard her : half alarmed and half wondering at what could be the cause of it, she ran up stairs and entered the room. What an unexpected sight met her delighted gaze ! There, upon a low stool, sat sweet little Marie, dressed in pure white and blue ; her flowing ringlets scattered in every direction ; her breakfast beside her ; and little birds, some on her shoulder, some on her head, some by her side, some on her taper fingers, eating the crumbs as she broke them in the palm of her hand, while others, that seemed to have had enough for the moment, hopped about the room, making all sorts of efforts to say ; “ We thank you, sweet, pretty miss.”

Just as Pauline opened the door, she had gently tapped one on the head with her finger, saying : “ Ah ! naughty jack-robin ; why did you take that nice crumb from Miss Molly : there, take that piece for your pains and be off.” But the noise of opening the door had already startled them all, and away they whirled out of the still open window : and as she sprang forward in vain to detain some of them, she turned, sorrowfully exclaiming : “ There, now, sweet Miss Pauline, all the pets have gone !”

“ No they have not,” exclaimed our heroine, “ here

is the prettiest and sweetest of them all !” and catching the sweet child in her arms, she covered her no longer pale, but rosy lips and cheeks with kisses.

Though restored to health, the tender devotion of Pauline would not for some time suffer her innocent charge to leave her room, lest a too hasty exposure should cause a relapse, which her delicate frame could not support. Little Marie, however, was capable of receiving the visits of an instructress, who had been engaged for the pleasing task of developing her mind. And a pleasing task indeed it was ; for though sorrow and want must, in some degree, have stunted her intellectual activity, yet she possessed a quickness of perception and liveliness of memory, that rendered her tuition a task of singular delight. Day after day, as her bodily health and strength increased, the faculties of her mind unfolded ; and she gave many evidences of the possession of abilities that irresistibly won the admiration of her friends. The mere rudiments of knowledge were soon acquired, and she pressed on to higher themes of study and even accomplishments, with an energy and perseverance truly astonishing. At first she studied for the smiles and approbation of her friends ; and to evince how desirous she was to perform any task, or fulfil any wish, intimated by them ; and repay them for the benefits, which her grateful heart caused her cheerfully to acknowledge, by living and acting, not for herself, but entirely for those who were making her so perfectly happy. Pauline’s smiles were to her as bright beams of love from heaven ; her approbation all the earthly reward she craved. With such a heart, and such a will, as those of little Marie ; and with such a benefactress as Pauline, it is easy to imagine what perpetual showers

of those love-beams and sweet approbation were poured into her gentle bosom ; and how ravishing must have been the happiness of the innocent orphan.

Early one fine morning in the month of May, if the reader will permit this sudden advance in point of time, an incident occurred, which caused the inmates of Mordant Hall considerable alarm ; and threw an ominous shade over the minds of little Marie's friends. Accompanied by a servant, she was making her usual walk before breakfast. The clock was on the stroke of six, just as they reached the cathedral square. The bell of St. Helen's had pealed the Angelus, and was now ringing to call the devout to early mass. At the same time, an acquaintance of the servant coming up, she let go of Marie's hand, and in the laughter and gossip of the moment entirely forgot the strict orders of her mistress respecting her charge.

In the mean time, Marie, crossing herself from the force of habit at the sound of the bell, and impelled by curiosity to ascertain if that were the kind of church which she had been accustomed to frequent, wandered from the side of the servant and approached the church door. Peeping in, she beheld the well-known sign of redemption, and other symbols of the faith. Her gentle bosom heaved, and her heart beat with joy at the discovery ; while with a timid and subdued air she silently moved up the aisle towards the altar. When she arrived at the upper end, she sank upon her knees and buried her face in her hands. The length of time that had elapsed since she had last bowed before the altars, which, from her earliest infancy, she had been taught to love, prompted, with peculiar force, mingled feelings of sorrow, joy, and devotion. She remembered " dear mother," who had first led her

to those altars : all the sorrow which she had experienced, and her loneliness in the world, rushed tumultuously through her mind : then she thought of the happy circumstances in which she was now placed by the devoted friends whom God had raised up for her ; and as she meditated and prayed, warm tears of gratitude and love—silent but irrepressible—gushed from their fountains, and, oozing between her fingers, moistened the pavement where she knelt.

The servant, having finished her gossip, turned to resume her charge ; but to her dismay Marie was nowhere to be seen. Not thinking of the church, or perhaps, judging by her own prejudices that it were not possible she could have entered there, and terrified beyond measure at her own culpable neglect, she ran to and fro, up and down the street, crossing and re-crossing, inquiring of all whom she met, if they had seen a sweet little child pass that way. But no one had seen any child that answered the description she gave ; and after an hour's fruitless search she turned her slow and fearful steps towards the Hall, to announce the sad tidings to her mistress. The distress of Pauline may be easily imagined ; but wasting no time in useless upbraidings on her faithless servant, she summoned her household and sent them in every direction to search for the lost Marie. It was an hour of dreadful suspense to Pauline. So closely had her affections begun to cling to the child, so fondly did she love her, that she found it impossible to curb the agitation of her feelings, and, rising she paced the room with agitated and irregular steps. A suffocating oppressiveness came over her ; and partly with the hope of herself succeeding in the search, and also to relieve the oppression which was fast overpowering her, she threw on her bonnet and

shawl, determined to leave no effort untried of recovering the child. She had reached the hall door, and had just opened it, when she beheld the dear object of her anxiety, almost exhausted, running towards the house. The sight of the open door re-animated her, and rushing up the steps, she faintly exclaimed: "Dear, sweet Miss, that dreadful man!" and fell fainting in the arms of Miss Seward. The next moment an ill-looking wretch, with a fiendish scowl, passed rapidly by the house. Pauline, terrified, hastily closed the door and bore the senseless child to her chamber.

After many fruitless efforts Pauline was rewarded with Marie's returning consciousness. Her languishing lids once more disclosed those calm, blue eyes, and though she still trembled from her recent fright, her extended arms, and the sweet smile that played about her mouth, showed that now at least she felt secure, and was in the presence of one who loved her and would shield her from harm. As Pauline pressed her to her bosom and kissed her pale lips, she gently asked her to tell what had frightened her, and how it had all happened. But the bare recollection of the scenes of the past hour caused a convulsive shudder to agitate her tender frame; and closing her eyes, she hid her face in her hands as if to shut out from her mind images so frightful as still to deprive her of the power of speech.

She had remained, as we last left her before the altar of God; equally unconscious of time and of events passing around her. Holy Mass was finished, and the people were dismissed, yet there she knelt absorbed in deep devotion; her heart as well as her body humbly bowed before the mercy-seat. There she poured out her mournful plaint; there she breathed her warm

thanksgiving; and there she begged for the constant protection of those cherub spirits, who minister to the good, and ever behold the face of their Father in heaven. "Sweet Jesus" trembled on her lips. She prayed, that she might be like him, a sweet, good child. And as her pure heart warmed more and more in devotion to "sweet Jesus," so did her love for His pious Mother. "Holy Mary," how soft and musically it sounded on her tongue! And though she may be supposed almost never to have sinned, yet would she ever lisp: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Having finished her devotions, she arose, unconscious of what length of time had expired, and found herself alone. She hastened to the door of the church and once more breathed the fresh air of the morning; but on regaining the street she became alarmed at not finding the servant. She looked in every direction; and ran, and called; but no one answered save now and then some kind passenger, who asked if she were lost. "No, dear sir, or sweet ma'am," was her reply; "little Marie is not lost, but nurse has gone away and left her." But now that she had made several vain efforts to retrace her steps, the bewildering sensation which overwhelms a wanderer crept over her. Her limbs grew too weak for her support, and sinking upon a step she remained for some time confused and almost unconscious; then suddenly springing up, pressed forward in a desperate effort to go somewhere. She passed one street, and came to another, from the corner of which she with a cry of delight beheld Mor-dant Hall, which in reality was no great distance from the spot where the nurse had lost her. But she had scarcely started onward with a joyful countenance, when

an ill-looking man, whom she just passed, exclaimed "Ah! you miserable little wretch. I've got you at last, have I?" She turned, and seeing his threatening look and extended hand, shrank back; and as if animated with more than her natural strength, ran towards the Hall.

For reasons of his own, the man seemed desirous not to attract public attention; so instead of running after her, he pursued her with rapid strides in a walking pace, and must have soon overtaken her; when to his surprise and evident disappointment she darted up the steps of the house, where he saw her fall into the arms of a lady. He passed on with the fierce look and air of one who had been foiled in some criminal design, and for the present was no more seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls—the world.—CHILDE HAROLD.

THE library of Mordant Hall had now for more than four months been the scene of Miss Seward's almost daily theological researches. There did she repair, secluded from the jarring strife of wrangling denominations, to seek in solitude, with humble prayer, peace for her troubled soul. Many a dark shade of gloom obstructed her mental vision, as with untiring patience she pored over the mysterious pages, which unwavering faith impelled her to believe contained the hidden treasure of the knowledge of God. Him to find, the way, the truth, and the life, was the priceless boon for which she toiled ; and though overwrought exertion might for a time cause her to desist, yet the pause was but momentary, and served only to increase the burning ardor that fired her soul to overcome every obstacle which impeded the consummation of her toil. It is true, she felt the insufficiency of all mere human energy ; and especially was she often forced to confess and mourn her own weakness and want of knowledge. But then, that never-failing source was near, that everlasting gate ever stood before her ; the source, the gate of prayer. There did she hourly kneel, until the waters of divine grace were moved in her behalf ; and loudly knock, until the golden gates of heaven swung open at her cry, and bless-

ings showered on her head. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you ; seek, and you shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," was the divine maxim which animated her in every step she took. And though tear-drops often trembled on her cheeks, and deep emotion quivered on the lip, yet her confidence in her Redeemer God was such as to fill her soul with calmness and resignation to his will. The language of her favourite psalm was at once the true expression of her confidence and warm desire : "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ? My tears have been my meat, day and night. Why art thou cast down, O my soul ! and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

It is such, and only such ardent, prayerful seekers after truth, to whom that God ever deigns to reveal his adorable will.

"There," exclaimed Pauline, one morning, after a diligent and thorough study for several weeks, of a work entitled 'The Primacy of the Apostolic See vindicated : ' "thanks be to the spirit that guides me, I can now connect link after link of an unbroken chain that unites at least one Christian church of the nineteenth century to the church of the apostles. I can now look through the long vista of eighteen centuries, and, though it be but as through 'a glass, darkly,' I can see a long ancestral line reaching back to the founders of that Faith revealed by the Son of God. But, how shall I ascertain if these be not degenerate sons ? How shall I satisfy myself that these certainly teach the same doctrines, exemplify the same faith, and practise the same rites as did those to

whom I have now happily traced their origin? May they not have added to, and corrupted the religion which eighteen hundred years ago was taught in purity and truth by its divine Founder and his apostles? Could I but be perfectly satisfied that none of these evils have happened, and that the same eternal truths are held and taught now, as then, my anxious heart would then indeed be once more happy and at rest."

Apostolicity is one of the four marks upon which theologians insist as necessary to designate the true church. The mental operation, which forced its consideration upon Pauline, and contrary to every thing she had been taught, to insist upon its necessity, demands a more extended reference than has yet been given to it. She first considered, as has been before observed, the positive fact of the establishment of Christianity: and guided by the plain and positive declarations of Christ, recorded in sacred Scripture, that it should last to the end of time; that it should never fail; that though then like a grain of mustard seed, very small, it should increase and overspread the whole earth; that it should be perpetually endued with his Holy Spirit, to lead it in the way of all truth, and that he himself would abide with it for ever; she naturally and firmly believed, if the Christian religion were true, and not a mere fable, that just as certainly as it was founded, it existed now; and if existing, and meant for the salvation of the human race, it was discoverable; and if discoverable, that it was so by certain plain, visible marks; and finally, that one of those marks must consist in its being able to trace back its history to the period of its foundation, and prove beyond a doubt, that it was founded thus and so, and by such and such persons; namely, Christ and his apostles.

It was very natural, and, under the circumstances, a

bounden duty, when her mind first became deeply exercised upon the subject of religion, to critically examine the history of that denomination, which, from the example of both parents, she had been taught to respect ; and thus to remove some doubts which rested upon her mind as to its alleged origin in the sixteenth century. She had no difficulty in procuring the necessary works for this object. A large portion of her father's library consisted of volumes on Presbyterian church history, theology, and controversial subjects. These, she spared neither time nor pains to study ; but, after a long and laborious investigation, the only conclusion to which she could arrive was, that Presbyterianism, either the name or the thing, could not be discovered to have existed before the sixteenth century ; a date, full fifteen hundred years after Presbyterianism ought to have had its beginning, if it be the religion of Christ.

She was told that "the tyranny of Rome had kept it concealed during that long period, but if she would again refer to church history, she would discover it peering through the moral darkness of the middle ages, under the names of Wickliffites, Lollards, Waldensians, and Albigensians."

She did again refer to church history ; and though she was familiar with those names, she patiently re-examined every thing that was known respecting them, and whatever other sects were mentioned to her as so many links to the chain that connected Lutheranism and Calvinism with the church of the apostles. She searched : but all that she could discover was, that they were, each, so many distinct sects, having little or no similarity in church polity ; no unity in doctrine ; no connection in reality ; and indeed no one bond of union, except, perhaps, that the leaders of the respective sects were all, not apostles, but

apostates from the Church of Rome. That one was not a successor of the other, but that each was distinct and independent, and in no sense holding such a relative position as to entitle them to be considered members of the same body. She searched; and was forced to the conclusion, that the idea of arriving at the church of the apostles through such a medium was purely imaginative.

Miss Seward relinquished her investigations in that quarter, almost in despair. To her, the religious world was now a blank; and so remained, until a work on Anglican ordinations was incidentally thrown in her way. The plausible theories there propounded, and the author's subtle reasoning, at first captivated her. She fairly devoured the work; her eagerness being proportioned to the hopelessness of the despair she had before experienced. Keeping steadily in view the main question, she followed out every collateral point; then with carefulness and patience, reviewed the whole subject, until she had completely mastered it. Then it was, and not till then, she drew her deliberate conclusions; namely: that the validity of Anglican ordinations could not be proved; that no reliable proof could be adduced to show that Mathew Parker, through whom alone Anglican orders are alleged to be derived, was himself consecrated; and that, one link being broken, the chain must be irrevocably sundered, the succession lost, and the Spirit of God departed from the temples, once holy, but now converted by unhallowed hands to purposes that have not his divine sanction.

But in the course of her investigations, new and unexpected light burst upon her mind. She had been so accustomed to hear the Church of Rome evil spoken of, that, as is the case with many others, it had not

once entered into her thoughts that any good could be derived from a source so unholy. What then was her astonishment to learn, that while the validity of Anglican ordinations was constantly and positively denied; the Anglicans themselves and the Anglo-Americans admitted without reserve the validity of the orders of the Roman Catholic Church! The more she considered this admission, the more remarkable did it appear, and the more did she long to possess the means of exploring the field now open to her view. These, after many disappointments and much delay, were, in due course of divine Providence, furnished by her amiable and devoted friend, Miss Crawford. Among the Catholic and Episcopalian works thus obtained was the volume already mentioned, "Primacy of the Apostolic See."

With trembling anxiety, and a heart buoyant with hope, she chose that book above all the rest; and she slackened not her eager pace, nor suffered her eye to fail, or her frame to grow weary, until the sublime theme of her studies was unfolded to her delighted and astonished mind, in all its immortal perfection and grandeur. Step by step she moved along the course of time, through eighteen hundred years; examined every change; searched every seeming flaw; traced and and re-traced her way, cavilling and suspicious, lest what she read might simply be a snare to catch the unwary, or a delusion to beguile the weak minded. But no; she is convinced; and with swimming eye and throbbing bosom she sinks upon her knees, and raising her heart in love and veneration to God, thanks him for his mercy and goodness to one, whose forlorn hope had almost taught her to despair. She blessed him; she blessed the author of that book, whoever it might be;

she blessed her friend for the possession of it ; and she now implored more grace and light to crown her investigations with success.

“I desire, O my God,” was her humble and contrite prayer, “to love thee with my whole heart, to praise thee, to bless thee in all time, in all places, with thy saints, who without ceasing glorify thy holy name. Thou art my light and my hope, my strength, my patience, and my glory ; my God thou art my wisdom, my prudence, my beauty and my joy ; thou art my God ; lead me in the way I should go. Thou art my defence, my buckler, and my sword ; defend me from error and from wrong. Teach me thy way. Thou art all my riches and all my treasure ; endow me with the priceless wealth of heavenly wisdom. Thou art my fortress, my refuge, and the protector of my life. Open my heart to learn, to understand, and to practise thy holy law ; and give me resolution and strength to walk in the way of thy commandments, whithersoever they lead me. Fortify me by thy holy word ; for thou alone canst aid me ; there is no other that can save me and conduct me to eternal life, because thou alone art my God. Lead me to seek, teach me to find, and cause me to embrace thee wheresoever thou art. Unite me to the body of thy faithful servants, whether despised or esteemed, to live and to suffer with them below, if haply I may have the unspeakable joy of reigning with them in thy glory hereafter. Amen.”

Of all the privileges granted by a beneficent Creator to his fallen creatures, that of prayer may be said to be the greatest. The first favour that the disciples besought our Lord to grant was, “Lord, teach us to pray.” And if there be one exhortation more frequently made and insisted on in sacred Scripture than

another, it is exhortation to pray. "Pray always," "Pray without ceasing," are the divine admonitions reiterated in the sacred text. It is by prayer that we are permitted to invoke the blessings that are needful for ourselves, and all for whom love or duty makes it incumbent upon us to approach the throne of grace. In prayer we approach as it were the ineffable majesty of Jehovah, talk with him as with a familiar friend ; or, over-awed by the sublime perfection of his nature, adore him in the abasement of our souls. In prayer we confess to him ; while he, bending from the unapproachable glory that encircles his throne, stoops and lends a listening ear to the confession of our imperfections, infirmities, and deviations from the path of rectitude ; and, as we plead with him, through the merits of the atoning blood of the Cross, he graciously pardons all our backslidings, heals all our infirmities, and remembers no more our sins that were against us. In prayer do we dedicate ourselves to him, and thank, and bless his holy name for the innumerable blessings that he graciously vouchsafes to bestow.

Prayer ! how simple, yet how sublime !

———"the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.—
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high ;
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer."

Pauline well knew its value, and often experienced its efficacy. She had just felt its refreshing power, and, rising from her devotions with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, who had vouchsafed to her increased light, she resigned herself to the train of pleasing reflections that this fresh accession of knowledge inspired.

She had utterly banished from her mind, as a mere sophistry, the idea that Christ's church consisted, not of a *visible* body, but simply a spiritual, invisible church, the good of all creeds. No; the church which she sought, must, in her favourite scripture language, be "a city set upon a hill;" "a candle set in a candlestick, that it may give light to all." It must be so plain that "he that runs may read," and that the "wayfaring men though fools may not err therein." Intimately blended with this train of thought came the subject of her recent study. The glories of the church of the city of the seven hills arose before her mental vision; the splendour, the endless variety, and yet simplicity of its worship; its long line of illustrious pontiffs; its boundless extent, embracing the whole or a part of every nation and tribe under the whole heavens. "Is not this," she would ask herself, "the grain of mustard seed that was to have grown a great tree, whose branches should spread over the whole earth, and give shelter to the birds of every clime? Could any other than this be that rock hewn out of the mountain without hands, which grew and filled the whole world? Yes!" she would then exclaim, in the excess of her delight, "I have at last found a church, whose history is inscribed on every age and nation of the world. A church of which none can say 'I have never heard of it.' A church, whose fame, its heroic

followers, with unflinching courage, have spread before all people. I see them penetrate the burning regions of Africa; I see them unfurl their triumphant standard in the heart of Asia; and gathering strength by zeal, I see them subdue to the yoke of Faith all Europe; I see them penetrate the icy North, the burning South, the Islands of the seas, and raise their voice until 'their sound hath gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth.' For the love of this faith, I see kings throw aside their jewelled crowns, princes desert their thrones, the rich man scatter his wealth among the poor, and clad in the humble habiliments of religion, devote their lives to works of charity and faith. Surely this, and none other than this, can be the fulfilment of that wonderful prophecy of Isaiah:— 'I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles; and set up my standard to the people, and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers.' And then, what a glorious line of pontiffs! What a chain of illustrious prelates, uninterruptedly extending through the entire space of eighteen hundred years! I see Gregory XVI. seated upon the pontifical throne; I see his predecessor, Pius VIII., and his predecessor; and so on through each preceding generation until in the second century, I see the succession retrospectively continued through Alexander, Evaristus, Anacletus, St. Clement, St. Cletus, St. Linus, to St. Peter, who was commissioned by our Lord himself: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Matt. xvi. 18. Yes, this is indeed the church which has the first claim to my attention!"

Pauline had become so perfectly absorbed in the meditations and studies of the morning, as to have entirely forgotten the flight of time : and she was taken completely by surprise, at the sudden interruption, as it seemed to her, of the servant, who entered the library to announce that dinner was ready, and at the same time to hand his mistress a note.

“ Ah !” she exclaimed, pressing the seal to her lips ; “ that well-known, familiar hand. Dear Bel, why have you so long neglected your forlorn friend ?”

She broke the seal, and read that Miss Crawford had obtained the promise of a visit from the Rev. Dr. Bogus : and that he had sent her a message, stating that it would give him great pleasure to redeem his promise to-morrow morning. The note continued :

“ No reference was made to you, dear Pauline, in my invitation ; but, nevertheless, you understand how particularly I shall expect your company. You will not, however, regard this simply as an invitation, but, recalling to your mind our last conversation, consider it as I then said, ‘ order number two.’ I think I can assure you that there will be no interruption to our tête-à-tête. Come early, that you may be certain of being here before the doctor, and believe me

Ever your affectionate

BEL.”

“ I fear that I have not the courage to admit of this interview,” musingly said Pauline ; and she passed out of the library to make her toilet for dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm. YOUNG.

It was a severe struggle that now transpired in the secret chambers of Pauline's breast. She ardently desired the information which she hoped to derive from an interview with Dr. Bogus: but her native delicacy shrank, both from the communication of her doubts and fears to a stranger, and from the notoriety that, despite precaution, would defy all attempts at secrecy. On the other hand, the consideration of duty, which made it incumbent upon her to permit no opportunity of discovering truth to pass unimproved, and the fear lest she should have cause to reproach herself, should she do so, impelled her forward to the interview.

Such was the contest that invaded her mind. It raged violently and long; but at last, duty, religion triumphed over human respect, and ten o'clock next morning found her at the house of her friend, Miss Crawford.

Isabel had heard the voice of Pauline in the hall, and she ran forward to embrace and welcome her. Sweet and cordial was the greeting of the amiable and devoted friends. But Isabel saw at a glance that her guest was determined to be sad, and she resolved, on her part, to spare no effort to divert her to a more cheerful train of thoughts. Her first effort verged a little upon the ludicrous.

"Pauline, only see in what a dilemma I am placed," she exclaimed, with mock gravity, as she led Pauline to the scene of her charitable operations of the morning. "No doubt you have been especially sent to rescue me from despair. You perceive that I have been arranging some work for the ladies of our 'Dorcas' society, and having made use of all the stuff, have no alternative than to put green and red sleeves to yellow gowns. Am I not in a sad plight?"

Pauline tried to preserve her gravity, but the ludicrous exhibition her friend had made to her, provoked the smile, that the amiable girl longed so ardently to see brighten the beautiful features of her friend, and which formerly needed no incentive to call it forth. The pleasant turn, however, which Isabel hoped to have given to Pauline's temperament, did not long continue; for after a short desultory conversation, she relapsed into her former pensive mood.

"Well, Pauline," continued Isabel, "if you are not going to laugh, you must sing. There is all your favourite music, besides some new pieces, that have just been sent home; and the instrument is open for your especial use."

"Dear Bel, ask me not to do any thing," she replied; "I so dread the arrival of Dr. Bogus that I feel more like deserting you altogether."

"But you must please to bear in mind that you are under orders this morning," playfully observed Isabel; "and, therefore, have to consult, not your pleasure but obedience; and that I may have no cause to suspect you of a wish to be otherwise than obedient, you will immediately comply with my demand."

Pauline really felt more like weeping than singing: but, partly willing to try what effect music might have

upon her feelings, and, hoping in some measure at least to forget her sadness, she turned to the instrument near which she sat, and carelessly ran her fingers over its keys: she then for an instant paused. It was only an instant, but enough to complete the wonderful change that had been gradually passing over her. Her countenance was flushed; her eye glowed with unaccustomed fire; her position was erect and firm, and seemingly unconscious of the presence, or even the existence of any other human being, her melodious voice burst forth in the following strain. Such was the deep solemnity of her tones, such their fervour and pathos, that it might have been said she prayed, rather than sang, the beautiful words that had inspired and absorbed her soul.

"I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

"I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears."

"I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me ——."

Her voice, which had become more and more tremulous as she proceeded, at this point, utterly failed. Her emotion was too deep for utterance. Her tearless eye was still upturned, as if she were in momentary expectation of the messenger of death in answer to her prayer. But now, leaning forward her head, nature,

which had been resisted to its utmost limit, gave her relief in a copious flood of tears. Isabel stood beside her friend, and though deeply affected herself, threw her arm around her neck and breathed to her sweet words of comfort.

A half hour afterwards, the servant presented to his mistress the card of the Rev. Dr. Bogus. "At last!" said Miss Crawford; "courage now, Pauline, and you yourself will be surprised at the *belles manières* by which he will cause you to forget that this is the first time you have met. I must again caution you, however, that on many points I differ from him, and I should be very sorry to see you either believe or practise much that he feels it to be his duty to inculcate."

Pauline made no reply; and, after a few moments hesitation, suffered herself to be conducted to the parlour, when she was indeed truly surprised to find the prediction of her friend perfectly verified. Instead of the cold and dogmatical theologian she had expected to meet, she saw before her a person of easy and graceful carriage; and in conversation, energetic, and beyond expression winning. As far as this world is concerned, he was a perfect gentleman, whatever he may have been as to the citizenship of the next. Many minutes had not elapsed before she found herself not only at home, but deeply absorbed in listening to his observations upon the subject that had so completely filled her mind for several weeks past.

"You are of opinion, then, Dr. Bogus," Pauline ventured to remark, when he had finished his observations on one part of his subject, "that the three orders of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon are absolutely necessary to the existence of the true church; and that the church which does not possess them, and cannot

trace its succession back to the days of the apostles, wants two of the essential marks of the church of Christ."

"I most certainly am of that opinion, Miss Seward ;" was his reply. "With me, it is emphatically, 'no bishop, no church.' And, as to the essentiality of the apostolical succession, I think, if there be any point of sacred Scripture plain and intelligible, it is this very one, of the handing down, so to speak, of the sacred deposit of the divine ordinances from one generation to another ; or, in other words, their perpetually unbroken transmission by duly authorized persons, namely, first the apostles, then their successors, the bishops. And I never could see, nor can I admit, that those perpetually arising and never-ending divisions and subdivisions, by which the Christian church is, fortunately as some good Protestants esteem it, but most unfortunately as I hold, broken, have the most remote title to be considered as lawfully constituted ; and by consequence are not to be accounted churches at all."

Miss Crawford closely watched the countenance of Pauline, to catch from its expression the probable effect of this strongly marked specimen of high church theology ; for this was one of those very points which she so warmly contested with the Rev. Doctor. Her comprehensive charity was unwilling thus uncere- moniously to exclude from the pale of Christ's church four-fifths of the Protestant world : and her low church principles forbade her to admit, that Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, &c., were not members of Christ, equally with Episcopalians, and that they did not bid as fair successfully to run the Christian race and finally attain heaven. She, moreover, in her meditations on this subject, had come to the very plain and natural conclu-

sion, that, if this high church notion were correct and the true statement of the question, the whole host of reformers, excepting this one little faction of prelatists, had started wrong; that they had placed the Protestant church upon a wrong basis, and thus proved themselves to have been commissioned, not by heaven, but by some other power not pronounceable in ears polite: and, while her simplicity refused to admit the first, her piety recoiled with horror from the latter conclusion. The Rev. Doctor would, perhaps, have shrunk from this plain and unmythified exposition of the opinions he had been expressing; but that Miss Crawford's thoughts literally defined the position he had taken, needs no great depth of theological knowledge to perceive.

Pauline's thoughts, however, had taken a different, and perhaps not less interesting direction; and she observed:

"If your position be a correct one, Dr. Bogus, it must be of the most essential consequence to the church claiming the three orders, to be able to show incontestibly, and so as to place it beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it really does possess the inestimable treasure of the apostolical succession. For if that had either by accident or design become vitiated or broken, the aspirants to the episcopal character must possess a mere phantom, instead of the reality; and in such a case, the advocates of episcopacy would be in as hopeless a condition as those who not only do not claim, but totally reject it. Would they not?"

"Undoubtedly they would," replied Dr. Bogus, "and I could name those, whom charity compels us to regard, in some sense at least, as brethren, who are precisely in such circumstances."

Miss Crawford shuddered.

“Without pretending to be versed in theology, it is not difficult for me to see the conclusion to which that position must force its advocates,” observed Pauline; “but would Dr. Bogus consider it impertinent to inquire if no doubt is cast upon the legal succession of bishops in the Episcopal Church?”

“Not at all, Miss Seward; on the contrary I should be most happy to have the privilege of proving to you, that not only is there no doubt of the episcopal succession in the church whose ministry I esteem it an honour to exercise, but that it is the purest system of church polity in existence.”

“I should be too much indebted to Dr. Bogus, for the first favour,” said Pauline, “to task him so extensively. But with some degree of zeal and patience I have searched the history of the Anglican succession, and I confess my inability satisfactorily to decide the question in their favour.”

“I deeply regret to hear Miss Seward make such an observation,” said the Rev. Doctor, “for if Miss Seward’s mind is at all biassed against the fact of the Anglican succession, perhaps nothing that I can say would carry much weight with it.”

“Does Doctor Bogus mean to say then, that the apostolical succession in the Anglican church is not susceptible of positive proof?”

“No; not exactly that, Miss Seward; but the evidence of it depends upon so many collateral questions, and events that preceded and followed the consecration of Mathew Parker, that unless the mind is at least unprejudiced upon the subject, it would be very difficult to offer an argument, in a mere conversation such as this must necessarily be, that would be con-

sidered conclusive ; and yet I am as morally certain of the fact as I am of any other fact which depends upon human testimony."

"Dr. Bogus," said Pauline, with deep solemnity, "I am not pursuing this conversation from mere whim, or for the want of a subject upon which to converse ; but it is intimately connected with questions, the correct answers to which have become as precious to me as the salvation of my soul ; and I therefore ask, with all the earnestness of an inquirer who feels its grave importance, can you prove to me, by undeniable evidence, that Mathew Parker did receive episcopal consecration ?"

"That is precisely to what I referred," replied the Doctor. "Undeniable evidence should not be so much insisted on ; for the Romanists deny every thing ; but there is evidence, which at least ought to satisfy every reasonable inquirer."

"I am no logician," rejoined Pauline, "but if Doctor Bogus will take the trouble to instruct me, at least he will not find me an inattentive listener, or an unreasonable inquirer."

"No trouble, I assure you, Miss Seward," politely rejoined the Doctor ; "on the contrary, I shall esteem myself but too happy, if I can so divest the subject of all technicalities as to remove the objections of Miss Seward, and prove to her beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the apostolical succession is unbroken and unvitiated in the Episcopal Church. The first record which I shall adduce in the series of evidence, concerning the consecration of Mathew Parker, is a commission for his consecration, from Queen Elizabeth, directed to the bishops of Durham, Bath, Peterborough, and Landaff, and to William Barlow, bishop,

and John Scory, bishop. Though candour requires me to say of this commission that it has been alleged to have been forged : yet, I desire to remark, that it proves three things. First, that a consecration of Parker was really intended. Second; that all the necessary steps had been taken, previous to the issuing the commission to consecrate. Third, that it was from the first intended, that Barlow and Scory should have a part in the ceremony of consecration.”*

“But, if you will excuse the interruption, Doctor Bogus,” said his attentive listener, “I do not perceive how a forged document can prove any thing.”

“We are willing to surrender that document altogether, Miss Seward,” replied the learned theologian; “since we have another, the authenticity of which has never been disputed. A second commission was afterwards issued, directed to Anthony, bishop of Landaff; William Barlow, formerly bishop of Bath and Wells, now elect of Chichester; John Scory, formerly bishop of Chichester, now of Hereford; Miles Coverdale, formerly bishop of Exeter; Richard and John, suffragan bishops of Bedford and Thetford, and to John Bale, bishop of Ossory. In other respects this was a repetition of the former commission, with the addition of a clause for supplying defects.† When I say that the authenticity of this commission, was never disputed, I mean to be understood as saying that it has never been disputed by persons whose dissent carries much weight with it.”

“The persons to whom you refer are, I suppose, the Romanists, Dr. Bogus; but without wishing to be

* See a recent work entitled *Essays on Anglican Ordinations* by a Layman, pages 39 and 40.

† *Idem*, page 41.

troublesome, what necessity was there for issuing two commissions to perform the same act? I should have thought that the first mandate of the queen, and such a queen, would have been all-sufficient to have insured the performance of the required duty."

"We must make some allowance for the troublous times in which she lived. When we consider the waywardness of the creatures of her court, it is not to be wondered at, that some of those whom she commanded should shrink from the performance of her wishes."

"But why do we find the names of the intended consecrators substituted by others?" inquired Pauline.

"Simply because the former persons refused to consecrate."

"This surprises me, Doctor Bogus. It seems to me incredible that men, bishops of God, who alone possess the mysterious power of legally perpetuating the church of Christ, should find an important section of that church without a spiritual head, and yet refuse to make use of that power to consecrate such a head! Why should they withhold the exercise of their delegated power?"

"Miss Seward, the answer to that question would involve the whole subject of the controversy that separates us from Rome. It is too extensive a subject to discuss here."

"Doctor Bogus, it is that whole controversy which I am struggling to understand; and I shall never rest until I have explored it in its full extent."

"I should be most happy, at the proper time and place, to assist Miss Seward to understand it."

"But, Dr. Bogus, there are some questions which impress me so deeply at the present moment, that it

seems to me impossible to pass them by. Was not the Roman Catholic religion the religion of England for at least one thousand years before the time of Queen Elizabeth?"

"It was so," replied Doctor Bogus.

"Were not all the sees filled by Roman Catholic bishops? and was not the late archbishop, Reginald Pole, to whom it was intended Mathew Parker should succeed, a Roman Catholic?"

"I cannot deny positive facts of history, Miss Seward."

"Were Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Mathew Parker, Roman Catholics?" pursued Pauline.

"They were not," replied the Doctor.

"Were the commissions to consecrate Mathew Parker issued to men who held the same religious opinions that he and the queen held, or were they issued to Roman Catholic bishops?"

"It cannot be denied, but that they were issued to Roman Catholic bishops."

"Did they perform the queen's commission, and consecrate Mathew Parker?"

"It cannot be denied that they refused to consecrate him: though they were deposed from their sees, and punished for their disobedience."

"Am I correct in supposing that Doctor Bogus recognises the principle of church *authority*? In other words, that God has endowed His church with power to rule and govern and order its members in all things that pertain to its welfare and the glory of God?"

"I most certainly recognise and maintain all those points, Miss Seward; for, of those who offend, our divine Lord himself hath said: 'Tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee

as a heathen man and a publican. Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven ; and, whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.'—Matt. xviii. 17, 18. But may I ask Miss Seward, in what manner she would apply the principle of *authority* to the subject of our conversation?"

"Unskilful as I must necessarily be, Dr. Bogus, in theological disputation, I may, perhaps, be chargeable with passing over much that is important, and of too soon applying a test, by which the actions of the principal performers in this most extraordinary drama may be tried. All my reading upon this subject has forced me to conclusions directly opposite to those which the advocates of Anglican succession desire should be drawn. I needed but to converse with some learned divine of the present day, as Dr. Bogus, (the doctor made a profound bow,) to enable me to feel certain that I fully understood what I had or thought I had discovered. This conversation has fully confirmed me in the impressions which my investigations had first made. I regard the *dramatis personæ* in the whole series. I see a long succession, running through hundreds of years, of Roman Catholic prelates and kings. Suddenly, I see a sovereign arise, who, whether from good or from bad motives, dissents from that ancient Faith. I see a prelate, Cardinal Reginald Pole, a Roman Catholic ; he dies. I see that sovereign, who loves not his Faith, raise up a favourite, who also loves not his Faith, to sit in his chair. I see that sovereign command the Roman Catholic prelates, who confessedly occupied those sees, to consecrate that creature of her choice. Now, I apply the principle of *authority*. Those Roman Catholic prelates, faithful to the trust reposed in them, and by the authority vested in them, to

rule, and govern, and order that branch of the Roman Catholic Church, in all things that pertain to its welfare, refuse to place a man at the head of it, who, in their minds at least, (for I do not yet understand the doctrinal differences of the parties,) would have been to them a wolf in sheep's clothing. These are the conclusions to which my reading in general, and this conversation particularly, have forced me."

"Miss Seward's words distress me beyond expression," fervently responded the Reverend Doctor. "She may well observe that she does not understand the doctrinal differences that separate us from the Papists; otherwise she might have applied the figure of the wolf to the opposite party."

"I beg Dr. Bogus not to misunderstand me," rejoined our heroine. I acknowledge myself incapable of applying it absolutely, or at all, to either of the parties. I simply spoke of, how they, the Roman Catholic bishops, must have regarded Mathew Parker. But I find that I have interrupted Dr. Bogus, in what, to me, is the most interesting part of his observations. I think he was on the point of furnishing me with the undeniable proof of the actual consecration of Mathew Parker."

"I was on the point, simply to observe, Miss Seward, that the commission to confirm and consecrate having been issued, the next step is to confirm the election. Now, if this can be shown to have been done, it is obviously an important link in the chain of evidence; for it confirms the authenticity of the commission, under the authority of which it was done, and increases the probability of the consecration, towards which it is the last preliminary step. The act of the confirmation of Parker's election remains, and has often been printed; the first by Archbishop Bramhall, in 1674. And it has there-

fore been long enough before the world for the Romish controversialists to make their objections.”*

“Have objections never been made?” inquired Pauline.

“Yes ;” replied the doctor : “but they are too trivial to merit notice.”

“I should deem nothing too trivial, in a matter of such grave importance,” answered Pauline.

“I will pass them by, at present,” rejoined the doctor ; “and with Miss Seward’s permission, will send to her the volumes in which the whole subject is discussed.”

“Doctor Bogus places me under too great obligations to him ; but I can assure him, I have so much confidence in his candour, that I need nothing more than his word to convince me of the truth of his testimony ; and I am now only anxious to hear him speak upon the last, and most important point, that of the actual consecration, in order to have my mind perfectly satisfied and at rest upon the whole subject.”

Throughout this conversation Miss Crawford had been a most interested and attentive, though silent, listener. She more than once exhibited marked uneasiness ; when, as she thought the Reverend Doctor had perhaps admitted too much, and thus given his intelligent inquirer some advantage over him. But this she was content to set down as the diplomatic skill of the learned theologian ; but as the argument progressed, she could not conceal occasional and more marked evidences of surprise. We will not venture to surmise that some faint foreshades of doubt had crossed the mind of Miss Crawford, as to whether the Anglican succession could be fully and plainly proved ; this would be expecting too much from one, who, up to this time,

* Essays on Anglican Ordinations, pages 50 and 51
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had never given the subject an hour's serious study. She was, as has been already observed, of the low-church party ; and though, in a general way, she supposed the apostolical succession might have been, or, stronger still, was preserved in the Episcopal Church, it was sufficient for her to believe the church apostolical, because it was *like* the church of the apostles ; and not so absolutely necessary to prove an unbroken succession. The Methodists have their bishops, without being able, or thinking it necessary to prove the unbroken apostolical succession ; and why not Episcopalians the same ? She saw no satisfactory reason against forming such a conclusion ; but at the same time she was intensely anxious that her friend should be convinced, and thus be induced to give up the horrid idea of becoming a Papist. It was, therefore, with a clouded and anxious brow, that she saw Pauline so skilfully wield the Reverend Doctor's own weapons, and completely corner him on the queen's commissions and church authority. But at her concluding observation, that she wanted but one more link in the chain to make her perfectly convinced, a bright though somewhat puzzled smile once more illumined her sweet face, and she inwardly rejoiced that she should have been the means of quieting her apprehensions, and of restoring her in ever so small a degree to her accustomed cheerfulness. The Reverend Doctor himself, if we may judge from his reply, must also have been deceived.

"I can assure Miss Seward, that nothing gives me more pleasure than to unwind the web which Popery has thrown around this whole subject, and, stripping it of its sophistries, exhibit it in all its glory and purity, as we have it in 'the Catholic Episcopal Church, Protestant.' As to the last point, however, of which I shall now speak—that of the actual consecration of Mathew Par-

ker—I have little more to say than simply to assert the fact; as it is a point the evidence of which rests upon the ‘authentic act’ itself. The authentic act of his consecration is to be found in Parker’s register, entitled: ‘*Rituum atque cæremoniarum ordo in consecrando, &c.*’ The order of rites and ceremonies in consecrating the Right Rev. Father in Christ, Mathew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, Dec. 17th, 1559. This act is distinctly admitted by the Romanists themselves to exist, and to have existed in the beginning of the seventeenth century.”*

“Pardon the interruption, Dr. Bogus,” said Pauline: “but you said, if I mistake not, that Mathew Parker was consecrated on the 17th of December, 1559; and then you further say, that the existence of this important document, ‘the order of the rites and ceremonies of the consecration,’ is not admitted to have had existence earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century, or a half century after the consecration is stated to have taken place. Am I to understand that the document did not exist until a half century after the consecration?”

“By no means,” replied Dr. Bogus: “it existed, at least so we believe, from the time of the consecration itself; but the whole history of it is so complicated that Miss Seward would perhaps hardly have the courage to attempt to evolve it.”

“Then I suppose this also is a point which has been constantly denied?” inquiringly observed Miss Seward.

“It certainly has been involved in a great deal of controversy,” was the Doctor’s reply: “but I doubt not

* Essays on Anglican Ordinations, page 51.

that this, as well as all other difficulties, will vanish before so intellectual an inquirer as Miss Seward ; and if I can continue to be of service to her, I shall esteem those hours passed in the investigation with her, among the happiest of my life."

Pauline felt her cheek burning with, she knew not what emotion, as the Reverend Doctor delivered himself of his compliments, and scarcely knowing what she said in reply, the doctor arose, and relieved her from further embarrassment, by wishing the ladies a very good morning.

But Pauline was now doomed to a most unexpected mortification. While Dr. Bogus was still saying the last words with Isabel, the servant threw open the parlour door, and announced, "Mr. La Zourk." She felt as if she could have sunk through the floor, or fled from the room. But there was now no election ; and biting her lips with vexation, she resigned herself to what she could not but consider her fatality, always to be seen doing what she had wished should remain a secret, until she had fully satisfied her mind, and made her final decision. Isabel deeply felt for her mortified friend ; yet she had no alternative but to entertain her fashionable visitor.

"Had I not some acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Bogus, and therefore know his profession," smilingly observed Mr. La Zourk, after the doctor had withdrawn, "I should certainly mistake him for a beau, if not indeed, a fashionable groom in his wedding suit ; but," he playfully added, "if I were questioned as to which of the fair ladies before me had attracted him, I confess it would require the utmost penetration of even a divine to decide ; much more one of my inexperience."

"The facetiousness of Mr. La Zourk is only surpassed

by his excessive politeness ;” quietly observed Miss Seward

“I confess, Miss Seward,” he still continued, “that the look and gesture with which the doctor left the room was such as to impress me with the conviction, that the—what shall I call it?—morning call, was very agreeable, to at least one individual ; namely, himself.”

Pauline smiled, but made no observation. Isabel looked grave, and said :

“Dr. Bogus is a man of such elegant manners, and agreeable conversation, that it would be almost impossible not to feel impressed in his presence.”

“Am I to consider this as Miss Crawford’s confession?” inquired Mr. La Zourk.

“I leave confession to the Romanists ;” she evasively replied.

“And I also, Miss Crawford ;” said Mr. La Zourk.

This last remark gave a sudden and unexpected turn to the conversation. Both ladies looked surprised ; and Miss Seward observed :

“I had thought, Mr. La Zourk, that confession was an obligation in the Catholic church, and that all Catholics were accustomed regularly to observe it?”

“Confession is a sacrament, in the Catholic church, and of course of obligation, Miss Seward,” said he ; “but, I have never taken the trouble to ascertain how generally it may be observed.”

“I believe that Mr. La Zourk is a Catholic?”

“That is the Faith, Miss Seward, in which I have been educated ; but I have never particularly felt it incumbent upon me to pay much attention to its duties. Our good old priest faithfully instructed me, and, as long as he was able, kept me in the path in which he thought I ought to walk ; and I remember to have gone several

times to confession, during my youth, and also to have been confirmed ; but after that, I took the authority in my own hands, and escaped the burdensome task. In fact, Miss Seward, to tell the whole truth, though I consider the Catholic Church the oldest, and, indeed, the only one which can prove its title ; and though I should be very sorry to die in any other, yet it cannot be denied, that it is the hardest for flesh and blood to live in, and practise all its duties. When I get old, and have lost my relish for the world, I shall then begin to think seriously of the solemn duties of my religion."

It is truly lamentable that the case of Mr. La Zourk is not a solitary one ; and it is perhaps equally so that such should have been the sad specimen of Catholicity that was first presented to our heroine's notice. Had she been less intelligent than she was, or less determined to examine the whole subject for herself, this one interview might have proved fatal to the salvation of her soul. As it was, she had the discernment to separate the chaff from the wheat, and place the subject before her in his true position. She replied :

" You surprise me, Mr. La Zourk, and do not consider how injurious your coldness and indifference might be to an inquirer after Catholic truth."

Miss Crawford's presence, just at that moment, was needed in another room, and, excusing herself, she withdrew. Mr. La Zourk took that opportunity so to word his reply, that Miss Seward could not fail to perceive its full meaning. He said :

" Could I suppose that the profession of my religion interested, and would be of any benefit to Miss Seward, or that my non-profession could cause her the slightest injury, I would this day commence the practice of its sacred duties."

“Pardon me, Mr. La Zourk, if I speak too pointedly,” said Pauline, rising to leave the parlour; “but, if Mr. La Zourk would do that for a creature, who has no authority to command, which he refuses to do for God, who has authority, and who, he believes, does command, but little confidence could be placed in any of his professions or protestations.”

“Miss Seward will be pardoned any observation she may be pleased to make; it matters not, however severe;” was Mr. La Zourk’s reply.

Pauline excused herself, and left the parlour, at the same moment that Miss Crawford re-entered. Mr. La Zourk soon after made his adieu.

CHAPTER X.

'Why shouldst thou linger, Horatio?
One brief hour may close the book of fate.'

GENTLE reader, art thou practically acquainted with the confessional? If not, hasten with all thy speed to learn what it is. It may be that thine everlasting life or death depends on instant action. Hast thou grievously offended thy God by doubting his love, his promise, his goodness to thee? hast thou defied his mercy, his long-suffering, his patience? hast thou murmured against his providence, resisted his holy inspirations, and refused charity to thy suffering fellow? hast thou sinned against faith, by omitting the duties of holy religion, and by turning thy feet away from the sanctuary of thy God? hast thou sinned in thought, and word, and deed? hast thou sinned by omitting to perform what thou knowest to have been thy bounden duty to do? Is thy poor soul agitated and alarmed lest God should visit thee in his wrath and chastise thee in his anger, and wouldst thou escape the awful storm that is gathering about thy devoted head? Then fly; fly to the confessional; and there on bended knees, before thy God confess, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee; and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Cry, "Holy Spirit, source of light, deign to shed one bright ray into the sin-darkened chambers

of my soul, and expose to me the depth of my ingratitude, the heinousness of my guilt, the blackness of my crimes." Say, "O my God, glory, justice, and mercy appertain to thee. I merit naught but shame, confusion, and chastisement. I believe, O God, help thou my unbelief. I know that I am unworthy to obtain thy mercy, but I implore it, though I tremble while I pray. Thou art just, and cannot permit sin to go unpunished. Just Judge, terrible and Almighty God, be just, yet justify the sinner, who hopes in thee. Spurn me not; cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed, thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow." Thus approach the sacred tribunal; thus enter it; thus cry aloud for mercy and forgiveness, and thou shalt find it, and shalt return with a countenance beaming with love and gratitude; thy heart shall bound with joy, and thy soul shall magnify the Lord thy Saviour.

Hesitate not, because thou art to breathe thy sins into the ear of a poor sinful mortal like thyself. It is the ordinance of God. Thy Redeemer hath commanded it; hesitate not to obey. "Confess your sins one to another." "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." Doubt not with the proud Pharisee, and the unbelieving Jew, whether the son of man can on earth forgive sins. So he taught, and rebuked their infidelity with a miracle.

But it is not only the repentant sinner that shall there

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find peace. The mournful sighing of the sad is there exchanged for exulting shouts of joy. There are the tears of affliction dried up from sorrow's cheek. The care-worn there lay their heavy burdens at the feet of divine mercy. Hast thou crosses to bear—heavy, afflictive crosses—that cause thy steps to falter on the rough and thorny path of life? So had thy Lord; and go thou to the tribunal of penance, and thou shalt learn of him how to bear them with beams of happiness illumining thy countenance, and with blessings upon him, who provides them for thee. Art thou bereaved? Go to the confessional, and thou shalt find thy treasure, Jesus, thy dear Lord; and having him, thou shalt wish no other good. Art thou sick? Jesus will heal thee. Art thou weary of life? Sweet Jesus will teach thee uncomplainingly to bear its weary burdens for the sake of his dear name. Is thy heart bowed down? Sweet Jesus will raise thee up, strengthen thee, and lead thee on thy way. Is thy fond and trusting heart wounded, lacerated, bleeding, on account of those whom thou lovest? Jesus will pour into it the balm of Gilead, and sweetly soothe and heal its sores. Art thou at the point of death—earth's last and greatest trial? Confession will aid thee to wing thy heavenward flight with an angel's speed. Then haste thee to the confessional, and there practically learn what it is. There shall the bad become good; the good, better. The saints went daily. Go thou, and do in like manner.

Pauline did not return from the house of her friend until late next day. As she entered the Hall, little Marie ran forward to meet and welcome her. Her eyes were red and swollen, evidently with weeping; and her voice was faltering and broken.

"Oh! sweet Miss Pauline," she sorrowfully exclaimed: "I have been so naughty!"

"So naughty, love!" said Pauline, touched by the melancholy tone of her voice, "how could you be naughty?"

"I don't know, sweet Miss; but you stayed away so long."

"But, my dear, it could not make you naughty, that I stayed away so long."

"Oh! yes it did, sweet Miss."

"I do not understand you, sweet babe," said Pauline, taking her in her arms: "tell me how that could make you naughty. You never did any thing naughty in your life."

"I cried, sweet Miss, all the time you were away; and when they told me not to cry, I couldn't help it, but just cried on more; and the more they told me, the more it made me cry. But, indeed, I couldn't help it. I didn't want to cry, but something made me do so. I thought of dear mother, and when I was left alone, and had nobody to care for me, and I had to sleep under the steps; and I thought, when sweet Miss goes, what shall I do."

"But, love, it was not naughty to cry when you tried not to do so, and could not help it; besides, I am your mother now, and you must not think that I would leave you. You are always going to live here."

"Are you my mother, sweet Miss? because I often think how you look like her; and you speak to me just as dear mother did."

"Yes, sweet pet, I will be your mother."

"Well then, sweet Miss, I won't be afraid to ask you something; will I?"

"No, dear, why should you?"

“I don’t know; but I was afraid.”

“Tell me now, dear.”

“I didn’t tell you all how naughty I was. I did a very bad sin. I was impatient; that’s the reason I cried; and that’s what makes me feel so bad now; and I want sweet Miss, to let me tell the good Priest.”

Pauline started; the colour deepened in her cheeks; and the sensitive child, mistaking the effect of her request, hastily continued:

“There, now, sweet Miss Pauline, don’t be displeased with Marie, she was afraid to ask you, but you looked so kind and said you would be my mother, and dear mother always took me when I was naughty.”

Pauline did not wish to tell the child that she knew nothing about what she desired; yet, willing to satisfy her tender conscience, she promised to take her tomorrow. Her beautiful countenance brightened in view of the promised favour, and the last trace of sadness vanished like mist before the morning sun.

From the earliest dawn of reason she had been led by her pious and afflicted parent to practise the duties of religion; and, when in the mysterious providence of God, that parent, her only earthly friend, was removed to another world, the rich legacy of the seeds of piety, which the unknown woman left her desolate child, was fostered in her pure heart. Often as she roamed the streets in quest of bread, would she move meekly and quietly along the aisles of some open church, and wait her turn with the kneeling crowds who throng the ever open doors of the tribunal of penance: and, at night, (O wonderful and mysterious Providence, that ordereth all things aright!) while thousands of sin-polluted beings, pampered with

wealth, would lay their guilty heads on pillows of down, that sinless child laid her defenceless form upon the cold, damp ground! It was only since her sojourn with her new friends that these oft-repeated visits to the church and its sacraments were interrupted. The interruption, however, was not caused by any obstacle intended to be thrown in her way in the discharge of her duty; it was rather the result of not knowing how to administer to her spiritual necessities.

Pauline, however, found herself not a little puzzled to devise means to fulfil a promise made to the child rather with the desire to quiet her anxiety about an imaginary sin, than upon consideration as to what she must do to accomplish that promise. The more she reflected, the more did she feel the difficulty of her position and the necessity of precaution. The nobleness and dignity of her nature forbade her to act secretly and as if by stealth; and, on the other hand, a laudable caution was demanded in order to avoid the animadversions which must certainly follow, should it become known that Miss Seward had visited a Catholic priest. Oh! thou vainglorious, boasting land of freedom! when shall it be that thy devoted children shall enjoy untrammelled liberty of conscience? It must not be concealed, however, that the progress of our heroine in the investigation of divine truth and her state of mind were such as to prompt her ardently to desire such an interview, did she know how to effect it. There were questions which she felt must be answered; points of church history, requiring a more extended knowledge than she possessed, that needed elucidation, before she could proceed with entire satisfaction; but she had shrunk from the idea of thrusting herself into the presence of

a class of men, of which she had no knowledge, except such as was derived through the tongue of slander; yet had she secretly longed, and even prayed for an open path to the consummation of the wish of her heart, a fair and thorough investigation of Catholic dogmas. She seriously asked herself, therefore, whether the innocent being that had now learned to live upon her smiles and seek her love, may not have been sent to her, as an angel from heaven, to win her to pursue the lonely way upon which she had so resolutely entered; and whether this particular incident was not intended as the medium of encouragement to seek the coveted interview. So, at last, she interpreted it; and resolved to act accordingly.

On the morrow, she arose somewhat earlier than usual, and habited herself for a walk; at the same time telling her waiting-maid, that she believed she would take little Marie with her, and to have her prepared. Though winter had not yet taken leave of the North temperate zone, he gave occasional evidences that he was packing up for his journey, by short spells of the balmy temperature which characterizes the coquette that follows him, now beaming with smiles, then drowned in tears. It was a spring-like morning, and Pauline, as she sallied forth, felt her drooping spirits invigorated by its genial influence. Her reflections, however, were not unalloyed; doubts disturbed the confidence which she had wished to preserve as to the propriety of her course; a multitude of thoughts bewildered her usually clear and collected mind, and for a time she could not even define the object of her intended visit: she moved mechanically, musingly onward. Little Marie skipped gayly along, occasionally looking up to ascertain why "sweet Miss Pauline"

was so silent, and then moved on, humming some simple tune ; but Pauline had even forgotten her : in fact she had forgotten herself, she had forgotten place, circumstance, and time ; when just as she passed the public square the deep-toned city bell sounded the knell of another hour. This re-called her to herself, and as consciousness returned, she started, as if just aroused from sleep, to find herself in the streets ; and taking little Marie's hand, she hurriedly passed into the less frequented avenues, and directed her way towards the cathedral. It was not distant, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the street in which it was situated. She turned the last corner, and there it stood in full view. At the sight of it her courage again failed, and her heart throbbed violently. Still she moved onward : she came to it ; the gate stood wide open, but she had not the resolution to enter. She passed on ; when little Marie, whose hopes had been brightening at every step, anxiously exclaimed :

“ There, sweet Miss Pauline ; there's the church ; see, we've passed it.”

Whether the child's voice encouraged her or not ; she replied, “ So it is ;” hurriedly turned, and scarcely knowing what she did, entered the gate, which led to the clergyman's residence. She ascended the steps and paused ; still hesitating whether to proceed. Little Marie not being able to divine the meaning of all this, looked up in her face inquiringly ; and thus driven to extremities, she raised her trembling hand and rang. The moments that elapsed she wished might have been hours. But they have passed, and without knowing how, or by what species of magic, she finds herself in the hall, deeply confused, and in the presence of the aged and venerable Bishop of

P——. He perceived her embarrassment, and with a peculiar gentleness and delicacy observed :

“ You are fatigued with your walk, madam, will you not enter the parlour and rest yourself ? ”

Pauline, now somewhat reassured, suffered herself to be conducted by the bishop, as she said :

“ Being a perfect stranger to you, sir, I am somewhat doubtful whether this intrusion may not be considered impertinent. If so, I must beg pardon in advance. ”

“ Not at all, madam, I do assure you ; on the contrary, it will give me great pleasure if I can in any way assist you, in the object of your visit. ”

The blandness of the bishop's manner encouraged her, and as a further excuse for the visit, she said :

“ This child, who calls herself Marie, thinks she has committed ‘ a very bad sin, ’ and has insisted that I should bring her here that she may tell it. ”

Though little Marie had often spoken to the priests, she had never approached a bishop ; and now that she found herself in the parlour, in the presence of one, she became so much overawed that she was at a loss how to act. But the words of her benefactress restored her confidence, as well as her recollection of the important duty she had to perform, and moving timidly forward, she threw herself upon her knees before the venerable man, and concealing her face in her hands, said :

“ Oh yes, father ; little Marie has been very naughty. ”

“ Well, my good child, tell me what it is that troubles you. ”

“ I have been very naughty father, ” she said, still kneeling : “ sweet Miss Pauline went away and left little Marie alone, and little Marie cried ; she cried all day, she did, and wouldn't be still. The more they told her

to be still, the more she cried, though she tried to stop, and couldn't."

"Well, my good child, if you tried to stop crying, you was not naughty."

"That's what sweet Miss said ; but I did a very bad sin besides. I was very impatient, and that was naughty."

"And did you try not to be impatient?"

"No, father ; I was naughty."

"Well, my good child, I forgive you, in the name of the Holy Trinity ; and may God, our heavenly Father, without whom we can do no good thing, also forgive you. Now rise, and do not be impatient again."

"Yes, father, but what must I do?"

"Say 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' &c., once ; and a little prayer for Miss."

The innocent child was then pacified, and kissing the symbol on his right hand, she arose with a cheerful countenance, wiping away the moisture that had silently bedewed her cheeks, and once more perfectly happy, took her place beside Pauline. The bishop's curiosity, however, had become somewhat excited, with respect both to the young child, whom he had just absolved, and the stranger before him, and he observed :

"I have seen that child before."

Pauline had been both amused and impressed with the simplicity of the scene which had just transpired ; and all feeling of embarrassment having passed away, she recounted the whole of little Marie's history, from the night of her rescue. And when she described the scene in the church, on the morning she was lost, it was instantly recalled to the worthy man's mind, as the occasion upon which he had seen her.

The greater part of this conversation was continued

by Pauline, rather as an excuse for prolonging her stay, and enabling her to acquire sufficient confidence to speak respecting her own anxieties. She had, in the course of the interview, distantly referred to her own want of knowledge of divine truth, and said something of the happiness it would afford her, if she possessed the simplicity and faith of even the little child beside her, and, making an effort to rise, concluded her observations in the universal language of polite society :

“ Mais je n’ aimerais pas à en parler devant même cette petite fille.”

“ Asseyez vous, mademoiselle, si’l vous plait : j’ aurai du plaisir à continuer la conversation avec vous de cette manière.”

Pauline, having now no excuse, was fain to resume her seat, when she gave him a detailed account of all that had transpired since she had become so deeply interested in the search after Christ’s church.

“ I should be much pleased to hear you explain, Right Rev. Sir,” she continued, in the same beautiful language, under which she concealed, even from little Marie, the nature of the subject that occupied her mind, “ the origin and practice of the consoling authority, the interesting exercise of which I have been so delighted to witness this morning ; but I must confess that my investigations, in every respect imperfect, have not yet been extended to the doctrines of any creed. It is true, I have been educated a Presbyterian, but were I able to define my present position with respect to the religious world, it would, perhaps, be best done by saying, that I stand self-isolated from every form of Christianity, challenging each one to show me the credentials of its claim to being the church of Christ. I believe with the apostle that Christ is not

divided; that his church is one; and, therefore, that but one of the many forms of faith which I see around me can be his. That one I wish to discover. That one I will embrace at every cost. I have already carefully examined the history of every form of Christianity that seems to me worthy of the name; Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, &c. &c., but, as I recede with them along the course of past ages, I lose them. One by one they drop off; and I do not find so much as their name mentioned for long and weary ages that intervene between the point of time at which I lose them, and that in which even they acknowledge our divine Lord founded his church. Out of their own mouths, therefore, I condemn them; and, as I said before, have isolated myself from them, and earnestly implore that church which alone is Christ's, to show me that it is such, and aid me to embrace it. But I must crave your indulgence, Right Rev. Sir, while I add one more word, which will explain why I now appear to be knocking at the door of the Roman Catholic Church. I might say much, but I will simply say, that it is the only one which I can trace in the history of the past, extending all the way through eighteen hundred years up to the time of Christ and his apostles, that has not by any act of its own cut itself off from the rest of Christendom. I will not disguise, that all I have ever heard of this church is hostile to it: that its doctrines have ever been represented to me as loathsome and superstitious; its sacraments as idolatrous; and its votaries as oppressed and degraded. Neither will I conceal, that while my heart craves more and more to investigate the truth of all this, yet there are times when the force of education alone, causes me to shrink with horror from the very idea of regarding it possible

that it is the church which Christ has established for the salvation of mankind. It is not so much the doctrines of the church that I wish now to have explained to me: I must first feel confidence in the church whose instructions I seek, before I can listen to her doctrines; but it is aid to discover the great leading features of the true church; and, my dear sir," Pauline, unconsciously to herself, becoming more excited as she concluded, "if you can assist me, you may be the means of restoring peace to a heart, that now for years has known nothing but anxiety and suspense."

"I can do nothing for you, my child, at present;" was his only reply.

Pauline was speechless with astonishment. She had by a most extraordinary effort summoned the resolution to reveal to a total stranger the entire history of her religious trials; she had fairly exhausted herself in the effort to say all at once, lest she should never have the courage or the opportunity of again doing so; she remembered the volubility of the Rev. Doctor Bogus, and the manner in which he essayed to prove to her satisfaction, nay, almost force her to believe, the integrity of the apostolical succession in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and the least she had expected from one of the prelates of that church, which she knew to be undeniably the most ancient, in whatever other respect it might be peccable, was, that he would take some pains to argue the point with her, and show her wherein it was right and all others wrong. But no such thing; "I can do nothing for you, my child, at present," was the sole response he gave to her very pathetic appeal.

"What then shall I do?" she at last found words to say.

"Return home, my child, and pray God to give

you his grace to enlighten you, and patience and humility to bear whatever crosses his providence may be pleased to require you to sustain."

If Pauline were surprised at the first reply, she was much more so at this; and the impression, that she had been very imprudent, if indeed not exceedingly bold, in revealing what she had for long and weary years concealed from her most intimate friends, gaining strength, she was beyond expression distressed; and wished herself, she knew not where, so she were but out of the presence of the bishop; but endeavouring to compose herself, she asked:

"But will you not, Right Rev. Sir, give me some instruction now? It may be that I shall never have the fortitude, perhaps I should say boldness, to repeat this."

"No, my child, you are agitated now; and, therefore, not in a proper state of mind to hear instruction. Calm yourself, and commit your future course to God. You must take time, and reflect and pray much, and God will reveal to you your duty. Here is a book, which you may read with advantage in your calmer moments. It is called the "Faith of Catholics on certain points of Controversy, confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the first five centuries." Read it; and may Almighty God bless you."

Pauline had now no alternative, and with indescribable emotions of disappointment she took the book and bowed a silent adieu. "*C'est la première fois que cette chose est arrivée; ce sera la dernière;*" she muttered half aloud in the same language in which the conversation had transpired; then, as if just recollecting that she was not addressing any one, continued in her own tongue: "How could I have been

so bold as to have spoken as I did ; the bishop must have thought it some hoiden that came simply to intrude herself upon his notice ? Oh ! what would dear pa think if he knew that his daughter could have been guilty of such conduct ;” so absorbed had she again become that she was altogether unconscious of the tears that bedewed her cheeks, till little Marie, whom she had for the time forgotten, with deep sympathy in her tone, asked :

“ What makes sweet Miss Pauline cry ?”

“ The wind blows very keenly, sweet child ; come let us hasten home.” Thus she waived, but did not answer the question ; and taking her hand they soon after reached the hall. Just as they entered, the clock struck the quarter to ten ; and Mr. Seward, who was on the stairs descending to the breakfast-room, smilingly greeted his daughter :

“ Good morning, my love, your early walk has caused white instead of red roses to mantle your cheeks. Are you ill, Pauline ?”

“ No, dear pa, but quite exhausted.”

“ Our little pet lamb looks as happy and blooming as a cherub.”

“ Little Marie is very happy, dear sir, but she fears sweet Miss Pauline is not ; she looks so sad.”

“ Fie, fie, my pet,” said Pauline with one of her merriest, though we must confess somewhat forced, laughs ; “ how can you speak so about Miss Pauline ;” and, taking her father’s proffered arm, she moved merrily forward and took her seat at the breakfast-table.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.—BYRON.

It was some days after the circumstances related in the previous chapter, before our heroine could recover the equilibrium of her usually calm and well-balanced mind. She endeavoured to excuse the boldness with which she constantly charged herself, by dwelling upon the necessity which had impelled her to take the step, and which she felt made it in some sort a duty. But as the excitement gradually wore off, and as she again sank into her former loneliness, she became still more deeply impressed with the hopelessness of her condition. A horror of great darkness obscured her mental vision ; deep melancholy settled upon her mind ; she seemed to have lost her way ; to have become bewildered ; and for the first time since her investigations had been commenced, she sat down totally discouraged. For a time she had not one single desire to proceed. Her books lay before her, but unopened ; and the hours that she usually devoted to study, rolled tardily and gloomily on. Her reflections were just beginning to assume a more reasonable tone, when her innocent ward entering, unconsciously gave a most happy direction to them.

“Sweet Miss Pauline,” she joyfully exclaimed : “I have learned the catechism that the bishop gave me ; won’t you please to hear me say it ?”

Her merrily ringing voice roused Pauline by its very contrast to her own, and strikingly reminded her of what her own once was ; and while she wondered that she could have become so changed, she with some degree of pleasantness, replied :

“ Certainly, my love ; I shall be much pleased to hear you say it : and if you answer the questions correctly, I will make you a pretty present.”

“ Thank you, sweet Miss Pauline, but I want to say it because I love to say it. Here it is.”

Pauline took the catechism and asked the questions. She proceeded for some time without any thing occurring that particularly attracted her : but, still advancing, she arrives at a series of questions that instantly absorb her attention.

Ques.—“ What are the marks of the true church ?”

Ans.—“ The true church is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic.”

“ Yes,” she soliloquized, before proceeding ; “ that is the church after which I sigh. It must be one, and holy, as its Lord is one, holy, and undefiled. Those words are ever sounding in my ear. And it must be Catholic, universal, everywhere ; it must be like the tree mentioned in the Gospel, that spreads its branches over all the world, that all nations may sit under the shadow of it. That certainly cannot be the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, nor any other of the Protestant churches. It is not true of any one of them, nor, indeed, of all combined. I know of none of which it is so likely to be true as that of which this little book now speaks. Besides, the Protestant churches are not ONE. They are rather ten thousand fragments ; and even those fragments, ever dividing and subdividing. This church must also be, ‘ apostolical.’ Could any thing more perfectly cor-

respond with the result of my laborious search after that church, which can most clearly trace its history up to the time of the apostles? Courage, my soul! perhaps I shall now survive this dark hour."

"You answer very well, my love; now tell me, how is the church one?"

"In being one body and one fold, animated by one spirit, under one head, and one shepherd, Jesus Christ, who is over all the church."—Ephes. i. and iv.

"In what else is the church one?"

"In all its members believing the same truths, having the same sacraments and sacrifice, and being under one visible head on earth."

"Sacrifice!" mused Pauline; "I did not know there was a sacrifice in the Christian church. Christ offered himself up a sacrifice, and Christians sometimes make voluntary sacrifices, but this must refer to something else;—who will inform my darkened understanding?"

"How is the church holy, my dear?"

"In its founder, Jesus Christ; in its doctrines and sacraments; and in numbers of its children, who have been eminent for holiness in all ages."

"How is the church Catholic, or universal?"

"Because it has subsisted in every age, and is to last to the end of time, and is spread through all nations."

"How is the church apostolical?"

"Because it was founded by Christ on his apostles, and was governed by them and their lawful successors; and because it never ceased, and never will cease to teach their doctrines."—Ephes. ii. 20. Matt. xxviii. 20.

All these Pauline joyfully recognised as the impressions which she had received from her study of sacred Scripture, as attributes necessarily belonging to that one church after which she so ardently sighed. She had

never till now found a church that had taught them. All the Protestant denominations with which she was acquainted, not even excepting the great mass of Episcopalians, boasted of their being cut loose from the primitive church and the fathers. None of them insisted upon the necessity of having one household of Faith; they were not only content to be separated into many, but, on the foolish principle that the parties served to hold each other in check, deemed it a blessing. It is true they professed the desire to have their churches holy, but there were so many standards of holiness, that it was bewildering and unsatisfactory in the extreme; and as to being styled Catholic, they abhorred the very idea."

Pauline thus for awhile mused; then praising Marie for saying her lesson so prettily, bade her go play; and as the happy child left the room, our heroine once more extended her hand towards her mute friends:

"Come here," she said, "my silent counsellors, who teach me without fear or flattery; come, tell me all you have to say on the catholicity of the church. Which of you will instruct me?"

After carefully searching her little stock of theological works, she finally selected three volumes that seemed best suited to elucidate the points she desired to establish. The "Sincere Christian;" "Pastorini's General History of the Church," and "The Faith of Catholics." The first, which she had obtained by the kindness of her friend, Isabella Crawford, gave her the full scripture authority for the catholicity of the church. This was favourite ground with her. She felt perfect confidence when supported by the Word of God. Her difficulty was not, however, so much as to the fact or necessity of this mark, as to her inability to prove it,

and to follow it out with respect to some one particular branch of the Christian church. She had tried, but utterly despaired of finding it applicable to the Protestant Churches; and she knew not enough of the history of the Roman Catholic Church, or of its doctrines, to discover if it might be applicable to that. Now she has discovered the means that she desired, and she pursues her investigations with renewed zeal; her eager mind becoming, as she proceeds, as elated as it was at first depressed. Pastorini's General History supplied what Bishop Hay's work had not embraced, while the "Faith of Catholics" filled up the hiatus of both, with the universal testimony of the ancient Fathers. Pauline's studies occupied her for several days. But at last she completes them. She triumphs; and closing her books with a thankful heart, she exclaims:

"I know not what terrible doctrines the Catholic Church may teach; but one thing I know, she has pre-eminently proved her claim to the title Catholic, or universal. If any one shall ask of me, how it appears that the church called Roman is Catholic? I will answer in the words of Bishop Hay:

"The word Catholic signifies universal, and means that the church of Christ is not confined to one corner of the world, or to one nation, as the Jewish church was, but is made for all nations and for all countries, so as to embrace the whole world. This church was instituted by Jesus Christ, to be diffused through all nations, and propagated to the utmost bounds of the earth. Thus he gave the pastors of the church express commission to carry the light of the gospel everywhere; 'Going therefore,' says he, 'teach ye all nations;' Matt. xxviii. 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature;' Mark xvi. 'And you

shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth ;' Acts i. 8. Yea, Christ himself assures us, that he suffered for this very end ; ' Thus it behooved Christ to suffer,' said he to the eleven, ' and to rise again from the dead the third day : and that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem ;' Luke xxiv. 46, 47. The church being intended for this purpose, and being of this diffusive nature, must possess in herself those means and qualifications, which are necessary for propagating the faith of Christ among all nations, and for converting all mankind to Christianity. These in the beginning were apostolic men ; men burning with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls ; who, leaving all for Christ, cheerfully sacrificed their own ease, and their life itself, and underwent all dangers and difficulties in order to convert souls to Christ : men eminent for their holiness of life, and on whom God bestowed the gift of miracles, as proof of their commission, and to confirm the truth of what they taught. In consequence of this, the church must, from the beginning, be propagating the faith of Christ, and, from time to time, be converting nations, till at last she be spread over the whole universe ; thus ' From the rising of the sun even to the going down my name is great among the Gentiles ;' Mal. i. 11. ' All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord : and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight. For the kingdom is the Lord's ; and he shall have dominion over the nations.' Psalm xxi. 28, 29. ' Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' Psalm ii. 8.

And concerning the kingdom of Christ according to the Protestant translation, Isaiah says, 'Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth, even for ever;' Is. ix. 7. And, in the New Testament, to omit many others, St. Paul says to the Colossians, 'The truth of the gospel is come to you, as also it is in the whole world, and bringeth forth fruit and groweth;' Col. i. 5, 6. From all this it is evident that to be catholic or universal is an essential quality of the church of Christ; that she is not, and cannot be confined to one corner or nation, but is more or less spread over all the known world, and is the church of all nations. Oh! Bel," she continued to say half aloud, "why are you not here to listen at least to this scriptural proof of the catholicity of the church!"

"Dear Pauline."

And Pauline started to hear the gentle voice of her friend. Isabel *was* there: she had entered almost at the commencement of Pauline's soliloquy, and unobserved had approached her chair and stood behind her till she heard her own name pronounced by the abstracted inquirer.

"Oh! Bel, how you have frightened me!"

"I beg pardon, Pauline, but allow me to say, 'how you have delighted me!' All that you have said applies so beautifully to my own dear church."

"Nay, Isabel; now you jest."

"I am perfectly serious, Pauline; I was never more so."

"Do you mean to say that the Episcopal Church is catholic or universal, Bel?"

“Even so, Pauline : have you forgotten Dr. Bogus’ sermon?”

“No, Bel ; nor the absurdity of what he then advanced. He even admitted that the Roman Catholic Church far outnumbered his own.”

“Yes ; but he also said, that catholicity does not depend upon numbers.”

“Upon what then does it depend?”

“It depends upon true doctrine.”

“You do not perceive, Bel, that you are confounding two distinct things : but that which you have now advanced on the part of Dr. Bogus, and which I have since found he extracted from the Oxford Tracts, is merely an evasion. Prove to me that even the doctrines of the Episcopal Church are catholic or universal, in any sense. Who believes them besides your own church? If they are universal, then must they always have been believed, and all the Christian world must be episcopalian : a discovery, which, could it be made, would perhaps astonish a great majority of even the Protestant world, to say nothing of the surprise it might occasion the hundreds of millions of Roman Catholics.”

This was an argumentum ad hominem, to which Miss Crawford had no reply, and Pauline continued : “But follow me, dear Bel, while I give you a brief sketch of the subject, which has so inspired me with the hope that I am pursuing the right course, and in the right quarter ; and which, in a still small voice, whispers that I shall yet be happy. In ‘Pastorini’s History of the Church,’ which you placed in my hands, I have watched the growth of that little grain of mustard seed mentioned in the Gospel ; first I see the twelve disciples, then the seventy, then the hundreds whom they converted ; by and by they number thousands, and

so its branches increase, until before the first century closes I see them luxuriantly overspread Syria, Arabia, Greece, Gaul, and Spain. In the second and third, Retia, Germany, Scandia, Gothland, and Armenia repose under its pleasant shadow. In the fourth and fifth centuries, Iberia, Abyssinia, Ethiopia, Austria, Ireland, and Scotland seek its shelter. It spread over England in the sixth century, and also about the same time enticed back to its refreshing cover the Arian heretics and the Saracens. It would weary you, too much to carry you with me all over the world, naming the nations converted during each succeeding century. I have marked the places, and you can read them at your leisure ; but, wherever I turn my eyes I see the fertile tree still spreading its branches. It suits all climates ; the burning zone, the frozen poles. On every spot of earth accessible to mortal footsteps do I behold the busy husbandmen at work. In the language of sacred Scripture, I behold the valleys exalted, the mountains and hills laid low : the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain. They penetrate the islands of the sea ; no spot of earth escapes their vigilance ; ‘yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.’ A hemisphere sat under the shade of the tree ; a hemisphere was watered in the same laver of regeneration ; a hemisphere believed the same doctrines ; and professed the same faith. But more than this, I find, dear Bel. When by the enterprise of two Roman Catholic sovereigns the western hemisphere was disclosed to Christian Europe, I find these same husbandmen among the foremost of those who leap upon its shores, with the emblem of our redemption in their hands : and here I see them labour in the same cause until millions of souls in the New World em-

brace the same faith thus conveyed to them, which millions of their brethren in the Old World hold dearer than life. Bel, I may be an enthusiast ; but I have history to support my enthusiasm. Here are the books, read for yourself ; it has cost me days and weeks of study, and I could talk for days and weeks upon the one theme. I see millions of beings in two hemispheres, for hundreds of years holding the same doctrines, worshipping in the same household of Faith. Judge for yourself then, Bel, whether the presumption is not altogether in favour of such an august body being the Catholic, the Universal Church ; and whether I can be justly censured for searching after divine truth there. Observe, however, Bel, I do not say it is the church : that still must be proved by its doctrines : I merely have examined two grand leading features ; its continued succession, upon which rests its pre-eminent claim to be considered apostolical, and its universality. Of whatsoever crimes it may be guilty, or whatever bad doctrines it may teach, I know nothing ; all I have yet discovered is, that it pre-eminently merits the titles of catholicity and apostolicity. And these two are sufficient to encourage me to persevere until I have examined the whole."

"And when you have examined it, Pauline, you will find that it is a fallen, fallen church. But why do you claim the apostolical labours of the first centuries for the Papists ? There are others who lay some claim to them."

"I was going on to tell you, Bel, of a delightful book I have got, called 'Faith of Catholics.'"

Pauline was speaking under the impulse of new and powerful convictions, and she forgot discretion, until the fatal name had escaped her lips ; then the crimson of her neck and face told more than words.

“Faith of Catholics ! Pauline ? I have never seen that book before. Where did you get it ?”

“That is of no moment, whatever, Isabel,” said Pauline, quickly recovering from her embarrassment ; “only listen to what it says, and how it proves that the Roman Catholic Church and no other can be justly mentioned in connection with those historical records. First, let me say, Bel, that you yourself know very well that were you to go into any place in Christendom and ask for the Catholic church, you would be directed, not to your own denomination, not to the Presbyterian nor to any other Protestant place of worship, but to the Roman Catholic Church. Do you not ?”

“Well, what then ?”

“Why, I am going to show you from this book, that it was precisely so in the first ages of the church. The author quotes the Fathers.”

“I have not much confidence in the Fathers.”

“Unconsciously, Bel, you strengthen my faith. If the Fathers supported the Protestant side of the question, they would not be defamed or discarded.”

“I do not defame or discard them, Pauline ; I simply prefer to search the Scriptures, for in them I think I have the words of eternal life, and I know them to be infallible.”

“Yes ; they infallible and we fallible, and therefore just as likely individually to err. But for myself, I do place great confidence in what those holy men said. They were taught by the apostles themselves, and they must therefore have well understood the Christian faith. And I find that whenever the Fathers speak of the Christian church, in contradistinction or opposition to every separate society, they invariably denominate it *Catholic* ; as it is called in the creed ascribed to the

apostles. The church of Smyrna says, that St. Polycarp, who lived in the first century and was a disciple of St. John, ‘offered up his prayers for the members of the whole Catholic church.’* St. Clement, also, of the first century, uses the same distinguishing name; and St. Clement of Alexandria says, ‘the ancient and Catholic church alone is one in essence, in opinion, in origin, and in excellence, one in faith.’† St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian also speak of the Catholic church; and the latter says of it, that ‘Sacerdotal Unity took its rise from the church of Rome,’ ‘the chair of Peter.’‡ But hear what St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who lived in the fourth century, says: ‘If you should ever arrive as a stranger in any city, do not ask merely where is the church? the heretics dare to give themselves this name; but ask where is the CATHOLIC church, for that is its particular name; that is the essential title of this holy mother of *all* the faithful; of this glorious spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God.’§

“Now, Bel, is not that exactly as we find it at the present day? and when we consider that in the first ages the word Catholic, and afterwards the expression Roman Catholic, designated the same universal body of Christians, as they do now, is it not, to say the least, truly remarkable? Just listen to this striking language of St. Augustin of the fifth century: ‘The heretics do not communicate with us; but wherever they are, there is also the Catholic church; they, however, or any other heresy, are not wherever this church

* From this letter of the Church of Smyrna, it is clear that the surname of *Catholic* was given to the Church of Christ, even in those times which immediately followed the age of the Apostles. Dr. Bull, *Jud. Eccl. Cathol.* p. 53. See *Faith of Catholics*, p. 110.

† *Strom. lib. vii.* pp. 899, 900. ‡ *Ep. lv.* p. 86. § *Catech. xviii.*

is.* Again, ‘It is our duty to hold the Christian Religion, and the communion of that church which is Catholic, *and is so called*, not by us only, but by all its adversaries. For whether they be so disposed or not, in conversing with others, they must use the word Catholic, or they will not be understood.’† Again : ‘Among the many considerations that bind me to the church, is the name of Catholic, which not without reason, in the midst of so many heresies, this church has alone so retained, that, although all heretics wish to acquire the name, should a stranger ask where the Catholics assemble, the heretics themselves will not dare to point out their own places of meeting.’‡ Bel, I have taken these two or three remarkable passages at random. You must read the whole book yourself to get any thing like a just idea of the beautiful, and, as far as I can learn, universal, consent of these early bishops and martyrs to this designation ; and its applicability to the Roman Catholic Church. It is not more notorious now than it seems to have been then.

“I will mention only one more ; and I wish to do so particularly, because it contains the idea of the apostolical succession, the search after which caused me so much anxiety. Here it is clothed in the elegant and forcible diction of St. Augustin. He is speaking of the ties that should make us cling to the Catholic, or, as he sometimes calls it, Roman Church. He says, ‘Her authority is first established by miracles, cherished by hope, extended by charity, strengthened by the lapse of years ; the succession of pastors from the chair of Peter, to whom the Lord committed the care

* Contra. Creson. tom. ix. p. 251.

† De vera Religione, tom. i. p. 752.

‡ Contra. Ep. Fund. tom. viii. p. 153.

of feeding his flock, down to the present bishop, (when I was in Rome, Bel, Gregory XVI. was sitting in that chair, the two hundred and fifty-fifth incumbent, in regular succession from St. Peter,) and ‘lastly,’ St. Augustin goes on to say: ‘the name itself of Catholic. These, so many and so great ties, bind the believing man to the Catholic Church.’* How all this may affect you, Bel, I know not; but, for myself, I am perfectly satisfied, and have nothing to do but to examine the grounds of separation between the church here spoken of, and those of the Protestants. This will necessarily lead to an investigation of the doctrinal points. What will be the result I know not; but if my success should at all correspond with what I have already accomplished, the path of duty is plain, and whatever be the sacrifice, or however severe the trial, I shall at once thankfully enter upon it.”

“Would you not first consult your father, Pauline?”

“Dear Bel, I love, honour, venerate my devoted father; but what you ask, it would be useless to do upon this subject. I know him well. He forbids me even to intimate it to him, or gladly would I speak of it, even though I know he would spurn me from him the moment after. But oh! Bel, talk no more of this.”

“Much that you have said this morning, Pauline, is perfectly new to me; if you have finished reading these books I should be glad to examine what you have said.”

“Yes, take them, dear Bel, and may God enable you to read with an unprejudiced mind. I cannot entirely resign them, however, for they must still be my counsellors in the continuation of my studies.”

* Contra. Ep. Fund. tom. ii. p. 120.

"Pauline, tell me where you obtained this one ;
'The Faith of Catholics.'"

"Bel, you know I keep no secrets from you, but the manner in which I obtained it has since been so distressing to my feelings, that I beg you to excuse me."

"I will, certainly, Pauline, if you wish not to tell me ; but at the same time, I must acknowledge, that you have still more excited my curiosity."

"Isabel, I would not upon any consideration it were known ; yet to you I may confide it in the strictest confidence." She then told the particulars of her morning walk to the Cathedral. Miss Crawford looked, and really felt distressed, that her friend should have taken such a step, and thus probably subject herself to severe animadversions. She however made no remark as to its propriety or impropriety ; for her own sense of delicacy, and the consideration she had for her friend's feelings, made her almost as desirous as Pauline could have been to forget the whole matter. Yet she could not forbear some remarks.

"How did the bishop receive you?" she asked.

"In the most courteous and dignified manner. I thought I had never seen a gentleman act more so."

"He was of course delighted to receive application from so illustrious an inquirer."

"He might have been so, Bel, but he did nothing to evince it ; on the contrary, he seemed very grave."

"But you might have judged from his words. I suppose he flattered and soothed you ; skipped over one difficulty ; obscured another ; and thus, by a multiplicity of words, tried to confound rather than convince you."

"Just the reverse, Isabel ; and it was that which so confused me, and impressed me with an idea that he

must have thought me some crazy girl. I had almost exhausted myself in relating the particulars of my difficulties; and when I had paused, rather from fatigue than because I had finished, he simply said: "I can do nothing for you, my child, at present;" and when I still insisted, he told me, "You are not in a proper state of mind to receive instruction;" and then it was he gave me this book to read, as he said, in my calmer moments, and told me to pray to God to enlighten me."

Isabel had come to spend the day with her friend, but the joyfulness and vivacity which usually characterized her seemed to have given way to thoughtfulness and occasional fits of musing. Pauline more than once playfully bantered her, but she made no satisfactory excuse, and her innate delicacy taught her to seem not to notice what certainly was a striking peculiarity in Isabel's conduct.

CHAPTER XII.

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon:—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
'Tu—who! tu—whit!'
They cry and flit,
Tu—whit!—tu—who!' like the solemn owl!—A. S. W.

DURING the afternoon of the previous day, the portentous clouds that overhung the city burst in one continued and furious storm. Winter, now encroaching upon the empire of spring, ought to have been gone; but, loath to resign his icy and tyrannical reign, he wildly struggles with his gay successor, and for a time seems triumphant, burying under deep banks of snow every precocious bud and sign of reviving nature that obtruded itself, as if in derision upon the retreating storm-king. Loosed were his howling war-hounds; fierce and terrific was the strife of his lawless crew. Night soon closed upon the scene, and shrouded the raging elements in its gloom. Isabella Crawford had deemed it useless to attempt to contend with such terrible and merciless foes; and, yielding to the wishes of her friend to remain, she, with the inmates of Mordant Hall, had sunk into sweet forgetfulness of the uproar without, long before the exhausted furies had ceased

to war. But after every storm, a calm; and when the eye of morn came peeping up the eastern sky, it beamed upon a day of transcendent brightness.

Our long forgotten friend, Betty, was prime minister of the morning; and not a little provoked that her twice repeated summons to a most delightful *déjeuné à la fourchette* had received no attention, she was just making a formidable effort to repeat her tintinnabulary invitation, when Mr. Seward himself appeared at the head of the stairs.

"There, there, my good Betty," said he, "I doubt not but we shall do full honour to your breakfast, unless you should frighten us away by the noise of your invitations."

"La me! bless you, sir!—I thought I had not rung loud enough. I hope the breakfast isn't cold, sir."

The young ladies soon followed. Pauline first approached her father and received his affectionate salutation.

"You look feverish, my love," said he, as he embraced her, and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"I slept heavily last night, dear pa," she replied, "but this bright day will soon dispel the effects of it."

"And you, my laughing Bella, wear quite a dejected countenance to-day: have you risen too early?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure you, sir," replied Isabel; and smiling, she added, "I had a sad dream."

"Ho! ho! Dr. Bogus, I suppose, in full sail after some other bright-eyed damsel!"

"Oh! Mr. Seward, how provoking you are," said Isabel, blushing; "I was about to tell you my dream, but now I shall take revenge by keeping silence."

"Dear pa," said Pauline, "you must cease to tease

Isabel about Dr. Bogus. I have heard her dispute with him too often upon church matters to believe that she is chargeable with any sentiment deeper than common respect."

Mr. Seward dreaded the very name of church, and affecting inattention, he raised little Marie in his arms and kissed her, as he asked :

"How is my sweet pet lamb, this morning?"

"Little Marie is very happy," was her gentle reply.

The parties were now seated at breakfast, and soon absorbed in the discussion of hot muffins and coffee, together with the customary etcæteras, agreeably interrupted by the mirthfulness and sprightly badinage which so distinguished the conversation of Mr. Seward, and made him the centre of attraction in every circle. Just before rising from the breakfast-table he inquired :

"How do my children propose spending the morning?"

"We have no plan, dear pa," said Pauline, "that might not be laid aside for any other that would contribute to your happiness."

Looking at Marie, but speaking to Pauline, he said :

"I propose, then, that we each get a bow and some arrows, and shoot the snow birds and robin red-breasts."

Little Marie intently regarded first, Mr. Seward, and then Pauline, to ascertain if it were meant seriously, or in jest. A lurking smile, which Mr. Seward could not altogether suppress, encouraged her to say :

"Marie cannot let the little birds be hurt."

"Why, they will break my windows: see how they peck at the panes."

"They are Marie's birds, she will give them some

breakfast, but nobody must hurt them ;” and slipping down from her chair, she devoted herself to her innocent and familiar task, leaving Mr. Seward and the ladies to plan their own mode of passing the morning.

“Then you have decided that sleighing shall be the order of the day, my daughter,—is it so?”

“Yes, pa, if it be agreeable to yourself,” Pauline replied.

“Certainly, my love: I must first despatch two or three letters, and I shall then be entirely at your service. Let me see,—quarter to ten,—you have one hour to prepare. Betty, tell Sam to have the sleigh ready at quarter to eleven:” and Mr. Seward left the breakfast room to spend the intervening hour in the study.

Sam is a personage whose importance on the present occasion entitles him to something more than the mere mention of his name. He had been for forty years the faithful and devoted slave of Augustus Neville, of the West Indies; known to the reader as Mr. Seward’s bosom friend, and the father of the young gentleman whose name could not be mentioned in the presence of at least one individual, without invoking the tell-tale crimson. In an insurrection of the blacks on the Island of Tobago, Sam had saved his master’s life at the imminent risk of his own. This act of devotion, together with the fondness which he had ever displayed for Mr. Neville, induced him to give him his freedom. It was long before Sam could be prevailed upon to accept it. But on the occasion of a visit to P——, he consented to be left as a servant in the house of Mr. Seward. The day of his master’s departure was the last on which Sam was known to smile. “No massa like massa Guss: Sam no happy

here ; want to go back to massa Guss." And so deep was his melancholy that it was soon found necessary to send him back to Tobago. A few years afterwards, Mr. Neville died ; since which event, Sam felt willing to accept the boon for which thousands sigh in hopeless bondage, and found a comfortable home in Mr. Seward's mansion, where he had been duly installed as coachman. At the moment he received the message from the lips of the eloquent Betty, he was sitting before the fire with a large bowl of piping hot coffee upon his knees ; large draughts of which, from time to time, as he could obtain leisure from the not less agreeable task of stowing away huge chunks of smoking muffins and meat, he swallowed, with the perfect gusto of a most approved epicure. On hearing the words : "horses," "sleigh," "your master," and "mistress,"—for his intellect took no note of the conjunctives that connected them,—he turned his head on one side, and rolling his huge orbs, moved them slowly and incredulously until they were fixed full upon the speaker ; then, after a pause :

"What for you poke fun at black Sam, Mistress Betty?"

"You had better take it in earnest," said the dignified Betty ; and she swept out of the kitchen with an offended air, leaving Sam to draw his own conclusions.

Sam's incredulity arose from the fact, that he had been endeavouring all the winter, without success, to display his qualities in the way they were now likely to be called into requisition. After due cogitation, and receiving no counter orders, he worked out his problem, and concluded that he, and the horses and sleigh were really wanted.

"He, he, he, someting's gwine for to hap'en, sure

'nuf. Dis nigger warn't a bon fool for noting ; mind I tell you ; dat's true as preachin', someting is gwine for to hap'en. I don't know what he am, and I won't tell nobody ; dat's sartin. He, he, he, snake bake e hoe-cake, 'im set a frog to watch 'im, de frog go to sleep, an e lizzard come for stole 'im. He, he, he ;" and rising from his seat, under the excitement of what he believed to be in his own words, "as true as preaching," he danced, as he sang the choice selection, with which he had closed his meditations. Betty returned in the midst of one of his favourite steps, and exclaimed :

"I do believe the fellow's gone stark mad ! Sam, what's got into you ?"

"Snake bake e hoe-cake," was the only notice he deigned to take of her.

After displaying his gracefulness for some time, the monosyllable, "Whew !" uttered with a peculiar rough breathing, and accompanied by a sudden stamp, was the sign that his furor had exhausted its energy : and re-seating himself upon the stool, he wiped the perspiration from his shiny face, preparatory to executing the order of his master.

At the appointed hour, the noble steeds of Mr. Seward were champing their bits and restlessly pawing the snow in front of Mordant Hall, impatient of the restraint imposed upon them by delay. The party, consisting of Mr. Seward, his daughter, Isabella and little Marie, was soon seated, enveloped in their furs. Sam, comfortably clad, perched upon the front seat, displayed his ivories in ill-suppressed mirthfulness ; there being now no mistake about the order. Crack went the whip, and off went the steeds with the swiftness of the wind. Houses, streets, passengers, and vehicles were passed with lightning speed. The

circuit of the principal streets was completed, and the horses' heads were now turned from the city. The bracing air roused the spirits of the blooded animals, and increased rather than exhausted their energy. The city was left far behind, while the fences and trees seemed no longer separate and distinct, but joined in continuous rows. The keen wind blew the ripe buds on Marie's cheeks into big round roses; her eyes sparkled with delight; while Mr. Seward and the ladies were also in the full enjoyment of their ride. They were now far from the city, and in a part of the country rather broken and hilly, with here and there pointed rocks jutting on the road side.

It soon became evident to Mr. Seward's practised eye, that the animals were not under the command of their driver. Sam firmly kept his seat and held them in with all his might, but to no purpose; they knew their strength, and seemed bent on exercising it. They no longer obeyed the rein. Mr. Seward cried, "Keep firmly in your seats, my children," and seized the reigns; but they were already at their utmost tension, and the faithless thongs snapped at his touch. Onward, at the top of their speed, dashed the noble but now frightened and uncontrollable animals, threatening each moment to dash every thing to atoms against the projecting rocks, bounding the left side of that part of the road which they had now reached; when a gentleman, who having for some moments observed the approach of the furious beasts, and having alighted from his horse, and concealed himself behind a projection, suddenly threw his cloak at the horses' heads as they neared the place where he stood. The effort was skilfully and well directed. The cloak completely covered the heads of both horses. They

instantly stopped ; and though their plunging was fearful and must still have proved fatal under less skilful management, yet by the assistance of Mr. Seward, who had sprung from the sleigh the instant it stopped, the ladies were safely rescued from their perilous situation. The gentlemen then gave their entire attention to the horses, which were still plunging and chaffing, defying all black Sam's skill and coaxing to restore them to good behaviour.

"Gosh! Massa, don't 'em cut up? Ol' Sam hab seed hoses afore now, but him neber hab seed 'em in sich a golly flumsyfication as dis am, no how."

"Never mind preaching, Sam ; but pat them, and speak gently to them."

"Goody golly, massa, dey am deaf; dere am no use to speak gently to 'em ; 'case I's been holler'n at 'em dis hour, and dey gits worser an' worser." But by this time our young hero had secured them by the head, and having dislodged the cloak, soon succeeded in restoring them to comparative quiet ; when Mr. Seward approached and cordially extending his hand, asked to whom they were indebted for so timely and courageous a deliverance.

"Is it possible, Mr. Seward," he asked, "that seven years' absence should have so entirely obliterated all recollection of the son of your bosom friend?"

"Bless my soul, Eugene! can I credit my senses?" And the same moment found Eugene Neville, for he it was, clasped in the warm embrace of one, who had ever loved him as a son. The overjoyed and kind-hearted man released him, and turning towards his daughter, exclaimed :

"Pauline, have you no word of thanks for our noble deliverer? I am sure your heart will not beat less ra-

pidly when you recognise him, or your tongue be less eloquent than mine."

But Pauline had already seen and heard more than enough, vividly to recall to her mind one, for whom her thoughts had often been truant, since, when a boy of thirteen and she a girl of nine, they had romped together through wood and vale, and the deep crimson, that had already mantled the fair girl's temples, was not in the least diminished, either by the manner of her father's introduction, or by finding her hand gently pressed in that of Eugene Neville.

"Pauline,— pardon; Miss Seward," said he, "whatever be the emotion which pervades your breast, permit me to assure you, that I esteem this the happiest moment I have enjoyed since last we parted."

"I am so agitated, Mr. Neville," she replied, "by the excitement of this accident, that at present I can do no more than express my deepest, heartfelt thanks, that you should have been the means of so timely a rescue from the almost certain destruction of my dear father, and all of us."

How much of that agitation was caused by the presence of the person whom that identical pronoun *you*, designated, or whether an undue emphasis was laid upon the enunciation of that little word in her reply, need not just yet be disclosed; but certain it is, the whole party was startled by her sudden transition of colour. Her lips and cheeks had become of an ashy paleness. The truth is, a severe struggle had been going on within her breast from the first moment of the recognition; and while the sleighing party resume their seats, and Mr. Neville his saddle on their homeward drive, an immediate explanation of what

has just been developed in the deportment of our heroine may be indulged.

Eugene Neville had, from the earliest recollection of Pauline, been her constant companion and playmate. The warm friendship that had existed between their parents had, as before observed, induced them most ardently to hope that at some future time the two children might become so attached to each other, as to make not only themselves, but their parents supremely happy, by their being united in marriage. This was the only earthly desire that heaven had not yet granted them: though every indication had made it evident that in the proper time even this wish would be gratified. The children were seldom separated; and seemed most happy when in each other's company. Did Pauline repair to Eglenton, the rural seat of Mr. Seward, to spend the summer months? Eglenton would have been desolate had Eugene been absent: for she had even then loved him with all her girlish heart's pure devotion. Nor would the flowers have been fragrant, if other hands than his had culled them: nor would the valleys have been verdant, nor the foliage beautiful, nor the mountains grand, had another hand and another voice directed her to gaze upon them. It was these delightful recollections, coupled with that of their long rambles and merry sports, without restraint enjoyed in all the guileless innocence of youth, which had called up the tell-tale blushes that so profusely overspread her fair face.

It was the memory of one lonely little incident, that dispelled them with such talismanic speed, and blanched her lovely cheek with such startling paleness. It happened during those days of juvenile mirth; and perhaps had never before, since the date of its occur-

rence, been recalled to her mind ; certainly, never as being worthy of a serious thought. Yet, just at that moment, when she felt the warm pressure of his hand, and when the well-remembered tones of his voice penetrated her heart, it burst upon her recollection with such marked effects in her external appearance as justly to excite the astonishment of those present ; though no one spoke.

One bright summer day, while Eugene and Pauline were at Eglenton, they had extended their matin ramble as far as the village church ; and our heroine complaining of weariness, the giddy boy led her to a seat upon a style, saying : " Sit there, Pauline, a minute, and rest yourself, while I run and peep into the church, and see what the old priest is about."

The priest was Father Janvier ; a venerable old man, who had spent the greater part of fourscore years in the service of God. His many virtues justly endeared him to all the villagers. Although age had crept gently over him, yet had it not come unattended by its usual infirmities. Among these, that which he most felt was loss of voice. The minute had scarcely elapsed before the thoughtless youth came running back, exclaiming, " Dear Pauline, do come and see, they have put a calf up before the altar, and such a ba-a-ing and blating you never heard : " he then repeated with a strong nasal twang, in mockery, a few words of the *pater noster*, which the holy man, in the deep fervour of devotion, was just then singing.

All Pauline's impressions, at that date, were of course against the faith, which was at that moment the object of thoughtless ridicule, but her sense of propriety would, under no circumstances, suffer her to join in any act, which could cause pain to another ; but

especially so, when that act had for its object persons engaged in religious worship ; so appearing not to notice his remark, she simply said : " I am quite rested now, Eugene, and as we are some distance from home, we had better hasten, lest pa should become uneasy at our absence from the breakfast table : " and bounding from the style, she turned towards home.

This incident had entirely passed away from her mind ; or if it may have suddenly flashed before her in the review of by-gone events, it just as suddenly passed away and was forgotten : but under her present impression of the obligations which his return was calculated to awaken, it assumed an importance of which she never could have thought it worthy. Instead of the giddy youth, she now saw standing before her the graceful, manly form of Eugene Neville, and, as he pressed her hand to his lips, she could not but feel that the same secret influence which had united them in early friendship, had lost nothing in intensity either by absence or by the lapse of time ; and while her gentle heart throbbed with joy to find it so, yet, fear beat in painful discord, as she asked herself : " Will he now deride that faith, which is beginning to unfold its irresistible attractions to my longing soul, and which, though but half explored, seems dearer to me than life itself ? Will its ministers, whom I begin to esteem as the only true ambassadors of heaven, still be the objects of his thoughtless, or perhaps bitter satire ? " If so, then she felt that it would become her duty to add another pang to that, which she well knew was now lacerating the heart of her beloved father. " Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth, but a sword : " were the ominous words of our divine Master, that were ever present to her mind : and although she

prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet she also added the conclusion of the Saviour's brief petition, and begged for courage to do the will of God.

No additional accident occurred to mar the pleasure of their ride home ; but no effort could rouse Pauline from the painful silence into which she had sunk, nor chase the shadows from her brow. Mr. Seward and Isabella both endeavoured to banter her upon the effects produced by the return of Eugene, but they, not comprehending all that had been passing in her mind, failed in every effort : even little Marie tried her ever-welcome and innocent mirth, yet they were but transient smiles her artlessness evoked.

At last they arrived, and once more found themselves safely lodged at the Hall, with a most unexpected addition to their number, in the person of Mr. Neville. Black Sam, who, pending these momentous events, had been ill at ease under the restraint imposed upon his mode of expressing joy, by the presence of his master, and almost bursting with the steam of excitement, produced by the developments of the morning, had no sooner found himself alone than the overcharged explosive mixture began to "go off," in sundry "he, he, he's;" and "ha, ha, ha's," and finally the accustomed "snake bake e hoe-cake," the ever present vehicle with which to express his joy, and the solace of all his cares.

"Gosh! Golly! didn't ol' Sam say someting gwine for t'cur. Ol' Sam am true as preachin'; dat am fact. Dis ar' circumdic'lar globe am gwine for to come on end one ob dese days; now min' I tell you. 'Im sot a frog for watch 'im. Den dar's master Gene come; he make Miss Pauline be'ave 'ersef, I guess: den he guve

ol' Sam a dollar. He, he, he, Mistress Betty, what ol' Sam tell you? Why someting gwine for t'cur. Frog go to sleep. He, he, he. Whew!" and the accustomed stamp of the foot wound up his soliloquy, brought him once more to the kitchen, and into the presence of the august Betty.

She had seen the new guest, and observing by the rolling of Sam's black orbs, as he approached her, that he would want a strait-jacket before night, thought an immediate trimming might prove beneficial. She seized the broom for a purpose which Sam well understood, but, unable to restrain his mirthful "he, he, he; what ol' Sam tell mistress Betty? someting gwine for to hap'n," he instantly disappeared; and thus avoided a concussion which he knew from sad experience to be irresistible.

CHAPTER XIII.

I long to be beloved. My bosom yearns
Towards all that's pure and beautiful ; and fain
Would find a recompense of love again.
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love.—T. MACMILLAN.

CLEAR, cold, beautiful day once more smiled upon the world, awakening some to conscious blessings, and others but to gnash their teeth in the bitterness of want. A noble pile of hickory logs crisped and crackled in the spacious fire-place of the library of Mordant Hall. A solid mass of coals brightly glowed beneath ; long tapering flames wrapped themselves around the wood, peeped through each chink or crevice, and met in one tall spire, reaching far up the chimney, with a loud roaring noise as they found their way through its crooked flue. In front of this comfortable prospect for a cold morning, stood a large arm-chair, richly cushioned, and covered with crimson velvet. There, in a fit of profound abstraction, or rather reverie, sat Mr. Calvin Seward. The course of a long and busy life had passed before his mind, in loose and irregular trains of thought. Upon the floor beside him, as if it had unconsciously dropped from his hand, lay the morning newspaper. An advertisement, containing an imperative call upon the "American Protestant Association," of which he was a member, "to meet

without fail that night on business of the utmost importance," had, strange as it may seem, been the cause of his present reflections. The day on which he had led to the altar his beautiful and blooming bride, the mother of Pauline, formed the starting point of his meditations. Then the happiness derived from his incomparable possession; the ten thousand nameless charms, which she threw around his home of affluence, and his irreparable loss when an untimely death had ruthlessly snatched away his jewel of priceless value; leaving his prattling Pauline, the living image of herself, as evidence that it was not all a bright dream, a creation of the fancy; but that there really did exist, and that he really had possessed, the lovely being, who seldom slumbered in his thoughts. Heaving a deep drawn sigh, as the review passed on, he saw that sweet bud of promise, no longer a lisping babe, but grown up to the rich ripe period and bloom of maidenhood. He reflected that the time must ere long arrive, when he should be called by a fiat, from which there is no appeal, to leave her without a father's protecting care. He knew the object which the son of his friend had in view, in his return. That object was the dearest wish of his heart; and, at least as far as he and Eugene could decide upon it, the present spring was to have witnessed their nuptials. "Poor boy," he mused, "would that I could present her to you in the perfect innocence and guilelessness that adorned her when you last parted." Just at that moment the library door was opened, and Eugene Neville, presenting himself with a modest bow, observed:

"I beg pardon, sir, if this is an untimely interruption."

"Come in, my boy;" for so Mr. Seward had ever called him; "my thoughts were just then of you."

“ You were ever kind to me, sir ; I hope that I shall prove not altogether unworthy of your partiality.”

“ What are your plans for future life, Eugene ?”

“ It is with reference to them, my dear sir, that I have now sought your presence. I hope the cloud that seems to hover over me may not burst upon my head.”

Mr. Seward looked for an explanation, not knowing but that he may have already spoken to his daughter ; and Mr. Neville continued :

“ I have but little inclination for the life of a southern planter, and it was my intention to consult you upon the propriety of disposing of the estates left me by my venerated parent in the islands, in order to make a permanent residence in the north. Here are my friends ; and here it is, that she resides, for whom alone I live, and whom yourself, as well as my devoted parents, have ever taught me to regard as the richest possession that earth had for me in store. When we parted, we were young ; yet, through all my weary days of absence, she has been the guiding star that still pointed out the path of my return ; but now that I have come, though I find her all that heart could wish, more perfect than my imagination ever painted her, yet do I find in her an undefinable seriousness that becomes not her years ; and instead of the joyous welcome, which all my waking dreams so fondly pictured, I see but a sad and downcast eye. Oh ! my dear sir, if aught has happened to defeat the sweet hopes I have ever been taught to nourish, I pray you to disclose it and let me know the worst.”

Mr. Seward kindly pressed his hand, and sighing, replied :

“ Be comforted, my boy ; all may yet be well. It

was my intention to tell you a tale, that has caused me much bitter regret. I need your co-operation, and, with judicious management, I doubt not that all will terminate as we would have it. I purposely forbore writing to you upon the subject, lest your fears should be unnecessarily alarmed, and because I deemed it most prudent, for other reasons, to see and speak with you. Pauline is in every thing her former self, save one. That one thing is religion. To this change I should not object, if it were a rational faith, to which her inquiries tended ; but when she should so far forget what she owes to her family, to me, and to society, for I consider it to a certain extent involved, as to entertain predilections for that most abominable, detestable, and degrading Faith, ycleped Roman Catholic, then my patience and charity are exhausted."

Though Mr. Neville gave an involuntary start at the disclosure that had now for the first time been made to him, of the cause of Pauline's changed deportment, yet he did not regard it in so serious a light as Mr. Seward intended he should. His inexperience and ardour, as much as his detestation of a religion of which he really knew nothing, led him to scout at the idea of a sensible and intellectual woman, such as he knew Pauline to be, seriously thinking to profess it. With him it was absurd, impossible ; and he replied :

"My dear sir, if that be the only cause of the changed manner of Pauline, my fears are at once dispelled, and the heavy load that oppressed me quite removed."

"Treat it not so lightly, my boy," said Mr. Seward ; "I have observed her with an anxiety and concern that none but a parent can feel. I have watched the effect upon her, as I led her from city to city in those

unhappy lands, where the abomination rides rampant in all its hideous deformity. Still she clings to the hope, as she herself expresses it, 'that God may yet there be found.' I have, day after day, observed her poring over the dusty lumber of the dark ages, with which she has filled my library, and have refrained from interdicting it, only because of the hope which still inspires me, that when a mind like hers has satisfied itself by the examination of the entire nonsense, she will throw it by in disgust, and wonder that she could have been so silly as to have taken so much pains for nothing. But Eugene, when I reflect that the farther she proceeds, and the more she learns, the more devoted to it she seems to become; when I reflect that even her father's love and devotion are set aside, I might almost say disregarded, in her pursuit of this chimerical idea, I confess that I have too much reason to anticipate the most serious inroads upon my peace; and too much cause to fear, that what, in this case alone, I must regard as her perverseness, will lead to consequences the most unhappy. The daughter of Calvin Seward shall never be a Papist!"

"Let me induce you to hope, my dear sir, that such a result is utterly impossible."

"God grant it may be so!" fervently responded Mr. Seward; "but, in the mean time, use all your exertions to avert the event which I so much dread."

"My heart will work too willingly in such a cause, to need much exhortation to enforce it, especially as the time has arrived when I had thought to have consummated long-deferred hopes by joyful possession."

Mr. Seward understood the allusion of his expected son-in-law, and said:

"I know it, my dear boy,—I know it ; but tact and caution are now particularly necessary ; and though no one will be more happy than myself in the advancement of your views, and in their happy consummation, yet, my duty to both of you, as well as your own individual happiness, demand delay."

Mr. Neville struggled to suppress his deep emotion, as he asked :

"Do you, then, my dear sir, fear for the success of my proposals?"

"Fear! did you say, my boy? No ; I have no fears. Pauline must not, dare not oppose any thing to my wishes in this respect ; but, prudence, and as I before said, your own tact and caution to win her into forgetfulness, if not disgust, of her present folly, require that some time should elapse before any decisive steps can be taken."

"I must obey you, my kind and generous friend, though it is with difficulty that I can bear the sadness and disappointment which even now weigh down my spirits," replied Mr. Neville, as he arose to exchange the presence of the parent for that of the beautiful, but sorrowful daughter.

"Courage! my boy ; courage is the word : a brighter day is in store for you," said Mr. Seward, as Eugene left the library ; adding, as he was about to close the door : "remember to-night, Eugene ; I shall expect your company at the Association."

"I shall be punctual, sir ;" and the dejected youth closed the door.

Pauline was sitting in her boudoir, or private parlour, busily engaged at a piece of embroidery. Sadness brooded over her countenance ; and a very attentive observer might have noticed faint traces of recent

moisture, which grief had summoned from its fountains. She blushed, as she heard the familiar footsteps approaching her door; and to the gentle tap given the next instant, faintly articulated, "Come in;" and Eugene immediately stood in the presence of the peerless idol of his heart. Surely, all his fears of the failure of his suit were but the idle phantoms of a dream, sent to test his constancy. If external appearance be a just criterion, there never were two beings more certainly created for each other. She almost equalled him in height, and scarcely surpassed him in beauty of form and feature. Hers were softened by every touch of loveliness and feminine grace; his, chiselled in the perfection of nobleness and manly beauty. She sweetly welcomed his approach; and as he pressed her not unwilling hand to his lips, he said:

"I trust, Pauline, that you have entirely recovered from your fright of yesterday."

"Perfectly so, Eugene; and accord heartfelt thanks to our providential deliverer: ten paces more, and we must inevitably have been dashed to pieces."

"Would that I could as easily chase away those gloomy shadows from your brow, Pauline," said he, regarding her with a look of intense devotion; "and save you from a danger inconceivably more terrible."

She for an instant raised her timid eyes, as if to read in his countenance how much he knew; but dropped them in confusion as she met his ardent look.

"Confide in me, Pauline, and tell me the whole of this sad tale."

"You now know all, Eugene; and far more than I could wish. Ask me not to speak of it."

“What is your greatest, and most valued earthly treasure, Pauline ?”

“The sacred Scriptures ; God’s holy Word.”

“Know you not, Pauline, that, were you to realize your devoted father’s fears, and mine, they would be wrested from your hand by a ruthless spiritual despotism ?”

“I know of no such thing, Eugene ; but, Oh ! spare me,—spare me this, Eugene ; it is a subject which must be interdicted between you and me.”

“Did I not love you, Pauline, with ——”

“Indeed, this must not be, Eugene : you will compel me to retire, if you persist ——”

“Hear me but this once, Pauline, and then I will bow to your painful decree. Did I not love you with a love that blossomed in our youth, and ripened as we reached maturity ; with a love that death itself can but transplant in a holier, happier, and more perfect world, then could I keep silence, and, perhaps, forget ; but, now, never.”

“I must not, cannot hear more just now, Eugene, and if you repeat this offence, I shall be forced to visit you with my serious displeasure ——”

“Well, be it so, Pauline ; I wish not to offend, but serve you : yet, permit me to say what I have to utter respecting a book, on which you justly place so high a value. Without it, the world would have been to this day all that it was in the dark ages of Popery.”

“I will listen to you, Eugene ; but at present I fear you impose upon yourself a useless task.”

“But you are open to reason, Pauline, and I scorn to use weaker weapons. I shall not go back to those gloomy periods for proof that what I advance is true ;

there is enough daily occurring in this country, yes, in this city, to sustain all the charge."

"You take me at a disadvantage, Eugene ; I have not yet fully studied the history of the Bible, and the manner in which it has been handed down to us ; and, therefore, cannot reply to you ; nor perhaps, shall I prove any better acquainted with what you are now about to advance."

"It needs no previous acquaintance, Pauline ; you require but to hear it to decide. There not only always has been a steady and uniform opposition to the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures on the part of those of whom I speak, but there are now in daily progress, the most virulent, and deadly, open and secret efforts made by the myrmidons of the papal court, to wrest the Word of God from the American people. Nay, more ; precisely as was done in the days of Luther, Calvin, and Huss ; so, now, upon this American Protestant continent, the ashes of this sheet anchor of our liberties, as well as of our salvation, are scattered to the four winds of heaven. The first acquaintance whom I met on my recent return, was your worthy pastor, Mr. Spring ; and from him it was that I received the first piece of news ; and what think you it was, Pauline ? Why, that the Papists of Champlain, N—— Y——, had openly, and without disguise, burned a large number of Bibles, and ——"

"There must be some mistake, Eugene."

"You may well express doubt, Pauline ; I was forced to do so myself ; but here is more than enough to convince you. Let me read this :

"A committee of Protestants and Catholics, having investigated the case of the burning of the Bibles at Champlain, N—— Y——, at the request of Bishop

H——, report, that some forty bibles were burnt; that it was done by M. T——, a missionary from Canada, and recently from France, in opposition to the express wishes of the resident priest; and that the bishop of M—— promptly condemned the act within five days. The bibles were distributed by Protestants, against the declared wishes of the Catholics with whom they were left.'

"Now, here is enough, in all reason, to alarm the whole continent. and I, for one, say, that if these scenes are to be enacted on our shores, more blood shall flow than has moistened the earth since the Reformation."

"Oh! Eugene, have mercy on my feelings; this is too, too dreadful——"

"Dear Pauline, I would not needlessly inflict upon your gentle nature one pang; but these things it is necessary you should know, that you may be saved from delusion before it be too late."

"But I cannot admit that this testimony is against the Catholics. It seems that they have condemned the alleged act equally with the Protestants. Some ignorant enthusiast, with more zeal than knowledge, and I suppose there must be some such even among Catholics, seems to have wandered to Champlain, and '*in opposition to the express wishes of the resident priest*' was guilty of the outrage; and I further see the names of two bishops mentioned; one, 'the bishop of M——, promptly condemning the act,' and the other, 'the bishop of N—— Y——' urging with his accustomed candor and fearlessness the joint investigation of Protestants and Catholics. And then, too, I learn that some Protestants, equally fanatic, had been the first aggressors, by doing what they knew to

be a violation of the religious liberty of those people. These facts surely do not look as if the act of one rash man should be chargeable upon a whole community."

"I grant it, Pauline ; if it were but a solitary instance ; but it is not ; on the contrary, it is part of a system, steadily pursued. In proof of this, I need but point to the efforts now made to exclude the Bible from the public schools."

"They do not stand alone in that particular. I too, Eugene, very much question the propriety of its being thrust there, and forced into the hands of careless children, to be torn and abused as is mostly the case with school-books ; and you must not forget what a great favourite of yours among the philosophers says respecting it. Locke, your famous Protestant philosopher, was no friend to,—shall I not call it?—desecration of the sacred volume. Here is his book ; listen while I read : 'As for the Bible, which children are usually employed in, to exercise and improve their talent in reading, I think the promiscuous reading of it, though by chapters, as they may lie in order, is so far from being of any advantage to children, either for the perfecting their reading, or principling their religion, that perhaps a worse could not be found. For what pleasure or encouragement can it be to a child, to exercise himself in reading those parts of a book where he understands nothing ? And how little are the Law of Moses, the Song of Solomon, the Prophecies in the Old, and the Epistles and Apocalypse in the New Testament, suited to a child's capacity ? And though the history of the Evangelists, and the Acts have something easier, yet all taken together, it is very disproportional to the understanding of childhood.' Farther on he adds : 'And what an odd jumble of thoughts

must a child have in his head, if he have any at all, such as he should have, concerning religion, who in his tender age reads all the parts of the Bible indifferently, as the word of God, without any other distinction! I am apt to think, that this, in some men, has been the very reason why they never had clear and distinct thoughts of it all their lifetime.* There, Eugene, what do you now think upon the subject?"

"Pretty much the same as I did before, Pauline. I was not discussing the merits of the question; but simply offering you the evidence of the fact of papal opposition to the Sacred Scriptures."

"Quite a skilful evasion, Eugene; but I will meet you upon that point. I am not so certain that the Catholics wish to have the Bible excluded from the public schools."

"You astonish me, Pauline. Why, is not the whole city in an uproar and excitement on account of the recent attempt, by the Romanists, to effect their exclusion? Has not the bishop of N—— Y—— been lately using all his influence with the people and legislature of that state to corrupt them to sanction the nefarious design? And is not the same question agitated here, though seemingly in a more modest manner? And finally, is it not the cause of the anticipated meeting to-night of the American Protestant Association?"

"Your questions may to yourself seem formidable, Eugene, but to me, before whom these events have been transpiring, and upon whom their notice has been daily forced, they seem to depend altogether upon the presumption of a fact, which really has no existence, if they are not founded upon something worse."

* Locke's Thoughts concerning Education, page 192.

“Please explain, Pauline.”

“You are aware, Eugene, that the constitution not only sanctions but guaranties the rights of conscience to all the citizens of the commonwealth.”

“Certainly; it is the most glorious feature of this republic.”

“Notwithstanding, then, that you join in reiterating that the Catholics do not desire the dissemination of the Sacred Scriptures, you will permit me to say that you yourself can vindicate them from the slander in ten minutes’ search. You know that there are at least three (and if we include that of the Baptists, four) versions purporting to be Sacred Scriptures, now circulating in this community; the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish versions; all of which essentially differ from each other. So important are the points of difference, in the view of each denomination, that the Jew will not admit the Catholic version to be genuine Scriptures, no more than the Catholic admits the Protestant versions; or the latter those of either of the former. These are not mere dissents to abstract truths; they are points of conscience, on the strength of which each denomination (right or wrong) claims the privileges of citizenship. They are points of conscience, which the constitutions of the States and that of the United States recognise and guaranty to protect. All persons, by those instruments, possess the right to have and to hold whatever faith or symbols of faith they may please. Has the legislature decided that one of these versions shall take precedence of the others in our public schools? It has not; it cannot. It views them all with an equal eye, and yet the Protestants seem to have determined

that theirs, and theirs alone, shall be used for public instruction."

"But that does not refute my assertion that the Papists are now making strenuous efforts to exclude the Bible from the schools."

"The refutation follows. It is found in a letter of the Catholic bishop addressed to the citizens. I clipped it from the paper at the time it appeared. Listen, Eugene :

" ' Catholics have not asked that the Bible be excluded from the public schools. They have merely desired for their children the liberty of using the Catholic version, in case the reading of the Bible be prescribed by the Controllers or Directors of the schools. They only desire to enjoy the benefit of the constitution of the state, which guaranties the rights of conscience and precludes any preference of sectarian modes of worship.' That is the refutation, Eugene."

"And is it possible, Pauline, that you rely upon the ipse dixit of a man, whose religion teaches him it is lawful to lie, when occasion serves?"

"There again you are at fault, Eugene. I could prove to you that his religion teaches, 'Anathema to him who believes it lawful to lie, or to swear falsely;' and also that in saying so you expose yourself to the condemnation of that commandment, which says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

"Well, since you adduce documents to support your position, permit me to do the same, and by comparing authorities ascertain where truth is most likely to exist. One of the most respectable bodies of men known to the community is that of the Grand Jury.

Listen to this extract from their recent grand inquest, solemnly and authoritatively pronounced :

“ ‘ To the efforts of a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from our public schools—The Jury are of opinion, that these efforts in some measure gave rise to the formation of a new party.’* Now, Pauline, whose document deserves the most confidence—that of one doubtful character, or this of twelve respectable men ?”

“ I have seen both the ‘ doubtful character’ of whom you speak and also the twelve respectable men ; and if I might judge from external appearance, I, without hesitation, say that of the ‘ doubtful character.’ But that which I have advanced rests upon something stronger than the evidence of either. It is a testimony that cannot be denied. In the 26th Annual Report of the Controllers of the Public Schools, the following resolution stands recorded against respectable Grand Juries and all other persons whatsoever :

“ ‘ No attempt has ever been made by any one in this Board, nor have the Controllers ever been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the public schools.’ ”

“ Well, a truce to controversy, Pauline. It pleases me not. Let me rather do something to restore you to your former self.”

“ That can only be by a thorough and complete investigation of the subject that so entirely occupies my thoughts, Eugene. Truth is immortal, and must finally triumph ; and, even if I did not feel that it was daily unfolding its intricate wards before my continued application, yet, must I persevere to the end before I can

* See Presentment of the Grand Jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions of May term, 1844.

lay it aside and be happy. But I do feel, and am at every step more certain, that the hidden treasure does lie in the direction which my mind has taken."

"If you should persevere in this course, Pauline, I can forewarn you,—and oh! that you might regard it as the prediction of certain truth, by one who can never cease to adore you,—I can forewarn you of a bitterer draught of sorrow's cup than you ever dreamed it would be your unhappy lot to drink."

"Eugene, whatever it may be, and however bitter," rejoined Pauline with solemn emphasis, "the Redeemer of mankind drank one more dreadful; and I humbly trust that He will give me grace not to shrink from any trials and crosses He may deem it needful for my salvation that I should bear. I regard the divine Author of our being as a merciful Father, who wills the happiness of His creatures: and viewing him thus, I must believe that He has somewhere provided us with a medium through which to attain that happiness; and that that medium is His church, the channel through which He makes known to us His will, communicates to us His graces, and finally leads us to be participants in a more glorious state of being ——"

"I can agree with you, Pauline, and derive happiness from such a contemplation; and am the more surprised that you should be otherwise than happy."

"Eugene, listen to me one moment longer. That church, hitherto ONE, is divided. A fearful convulsion has shaken the religious world, the sad effects of which are seen in the fragmentary ruin of the discordant fanaticism, known and felt on every hand. A heavy rock, to use the figure of a Protestant professor, has been dislodged from its place on the summit of a mountain, which rested not till it found the bottom of the valley

below, and is there broken into a thousand pieces.* That heavy rock, he continues to apply the figure, whose thousand fragments lie scattered in the valley below, is *sectarianism*, or, to use his own more expressive word, **ATOMISM**: the immovable mountain from which it has been dislodged, the church, the one only medium, which God has appointed whereby to dispense to us His heavenly treasures. Enable me to distinguish which is that eternal and immovable rock, and which are those fragments, and I shall then again be happy."

"The whole subject of religion is full of mystery, Pauline; I do not pretend to unravel it. Every one must do with it the best he can. As for yourself, I advise that you let it alone altogether."

"That is impossible, Eugene; I must do as you say of others, 'the best I can.' And viewing, as I do, those ten thousand fragments dashed in general ruin, agitated and chafed by the winds and storms of popular opinion, until even those, which for a time may have retained some sensible shape, are frittered away to atoms, as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, I must continue to keep my eye steadily fixed upon what seems to me to be the true rock, the true church; that one which has withstood the storms and tempests of eighteen hundred years, and is as entire, gréat and glorious, as when she first exulted in the spiritual conquest of the universal world: that rock, that church, is **THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.**"

* The Principles of Protestantism, by Professor Schaf. Page 96, and onward.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hung be the heavens in black.—SHAKESPEARE.

A NUMEROUS and elegant dinner-party, in compliment to Mr. Neville, was assembled at Mordant Hall. There were present, among others, the Templetons; except Mr. Templeton, who had sent his regret that he should not be able to avail himself of Mr. Seward's polite invitation to the dinner; but that he hoped to pay his respects to the company before the festivities were entirely concluded; Miss Clara Stephens, Dr. Bogus the Episcopalian, and Mr. Spring the Presbyterian clergyman: also Sir Eustace and Lady Bagby, from London; whose acquaintance Mr. and Miss Seward had made during their late sojourn at the British capital.

Nothing could be more unrestrained and convivial than the guests who were now seated around the luxurious board of their host. Mr. Seward himself was in an unusual flow of good spirits and mirthfulness, which were perfectly contagious; Mr. Spring alone preserving a grave, if it be not permitted to say sanctimonious, expression of countenance. Even our heroine seemed to have buried all her weighty cares deep in her heart; while her expressive face beamed with a delight which utterly banished the thought that a cloud had ever darkened her brow.

In due course, the ladies left the dining-room and

repaired to the parlours. The gentlemen still sat at the table, discussing their wine and the affairs of the nation, when "Mr. Templeton" was announced. He made his appearance evidently under the influence of some peculiar excitement.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the most extraordinary outbreak that has ever stained the annals of a nation, has just occurred in the northern section of our city."

All looked their astonishment; some arose from their seats in the eagerness of their desire to hear a further statement of the exciting announcement. The countenance of Mr. Spring, and for the first time during the dinner, brightened as if he had some clue to the cause of the commotion. He knew that there was to be a spirited Politico-bible meeting that afternoon in the district named. Mr. Templeton continued:

"A meeting of the native citizens, as you must be aware, was called, to be held on the old school-house lot, in Kingessing. That meeting met, agreeably to the call; the American flag was hoisted, and the speaking commenced, when it was attacked by a ruthless band of Irish Papists, the meeting dispersed, and the national flag dishonoured by being torn into shreds, and trampled upon by the foreign rabble."

Electricity could not have produced more startling and sudden effects. Mr. Seward arose, and with agitated steps paced the dining-room; some of the guests begged to be excused, and hastily took their leave, while others sought the parlour; Dr. Bogus looked grave, and Mr. Spring simpered, while the speaker still further stated:

"The dispersed citizens flew to their homes, armed themselves, and again repaired to the spot, when a scene occurred that baffles description. The report

of firearms was heard, brickbats and other missiles flew in every direction. Clubs, cord-wood, and bludgeons, were seized wherever they could be found; men, and even women and children, who had joined in the affray, are being shot, and knocked down like dogs; the streets are streaming with blood; the dead and dying are alike trampled under foot; and women load the guns, while their husbands and brothers discharge them."

"For heaven's sake, Templeton," exclaimed the agitated Mr. Seward. "what is the alleged cause of all this?"

"Why, sir, as far as I could learn, the main exciting cause took place yesterday. It seems, that the Papists, in their inveterate hatred to the Bible, and determination to have it excluded from the public schools, went to the Kingsessing school-house, led on by that notorious Irishman, Hugh Clair, a magistrate, I believe, who had displayed great zeal in suppressing the Bible in one of the schools, and ordered a female teacher to throw the Bible out of the window: as reported in the Observer of this morning. That this must have been the case seems to be confirmed by the fact, that the infuriated people, now roused in their majesty and might, after having had their meeting attacked by the same rabble, repaired to the house of Hugh Clair, and reduced it, together with that of his brother's adjoining, to a heap of ruins. When I left the scene of the disturbance, they had fired St. Michael's church; whole squares of houses have also been fired; and the work of burning, destruction, and death go bravely on. There is every reason to expect that the scene of the conflict will be transferred to the city proper; indeed, some

say that St. Augustine's church is already in flames. I have not seen that, and cannot say positively whether it be mere rumor or something more. I would not, however, insure all the Papists' church property in the city for one thousand dollars."

"The Papists will see that their day of retribution has come," groaned Mr. Spring.

"The world will see that the honour and dignity of our city is lost," responded Dr. Bogus.

"And I shall see that half my property is in flames!" ejaculated Mr. Seward.

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed all the ladies at once; who, having caught the alarm from the fugitive gentlemen, crowded back to the dining-room, with terror depicted in their pale countenances.

"Gentlemen," gravely said Sir Eustace Bagby, "I can see in this whole affair neither more nor less than the repetition of the Lord George Gordon riots, in London. Since my visit to your beautiful, and heretofore peaceful city, I have been pained to witness,—I must ask pardon while I utter it,—the same course pursued by your sectarian clergy, as that on the part of our London clergy, which led to those disastrous consequences. I have heard your churches ring, I have seen your pulpits tremble with the wordy declamation and vehement gesticulation of ministers against the Catholics,—ministers, who, instead of preaching the peaceful precepts of the Gospel, charity and good-will to men, seem to have forgotten their heavenly commission; or rather, to have mistaken it for a commission of vituperation and abuse. I know something of these Catholics, and I can therefore affirm, that their doctrines are maligned, their practices misrepresented, and they themselves vilified in the most atrocious man-

ner. But, more than this I have seen. These men, not content to retail their abuse, have associated themselves,—just so was it in the time of our London riots,—to do by wholesale what they could not effect single-handed. They have issued an address to the whole people of this country, calling upon them in every city, town, and village, to emulate them in their unholy work; they have called upon the political press to lend them its powerful aid: all for the extirpation of Catholics. I confess that my only astonishment is, that this crisis did not sooner take place. It was but a few days ago that I took up the organ of the low church Episcopalian party of this city, and, I beg pardon, Dr. Bogus, while I repeat the substance of a letter, permitted by its rash and fiery editor to be inserted ——”

“I well know to what you refer, Sir Eustace, and took the liberty myself, of expostulating with the Rev. editor for his imprudence. I deeply regret that imprudence.”

“The letter,” continued Sir Eustace, bowing to Dr. Bogus, “is dated February 11. The writer proceeds upon an entire misconception of an alleged allegiance of Catholics to the Pope; and from these false premises, which have no foundation but his fertile imagination, draws conclusions that have already disgraced the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth: namely, ‘that, in view of this subject, it is the duty of the federal legislature to pass a law of præmunire against the Catholic citizens of these United States. Let such a law be passed,’ the writer goes on to say, ‘and let the penalty for its violation be an exclusion from all places of honor or profit, and forfeiture of all real estate to the government!’” Why, the firebrand may as well have added, just by way of a gentle rounding off to his theme: ‘and

let their ears and noses be cut off, and let them be branded with hot irons, and, by way of a little episode, let them be hanged and burned, as your New England forefathers managed dissentients.' The people of America forget what they owe to the Catholics, in the achievement of their liberties. I am an old man, and may thus be excused, if I have spoken freely. The language of age is the language of experience."

"Must we sit idle and see the Holy Bible wrested from our hands?" inquired Mr. Spring, in a highly excited manner.

"No, sir ;" was Sir Eustace's calm reply : "who threatens to do so?"

"These Papists, who are now shooting down our citizens as if they were dogs."

"No, sir ; no such thing has been either designed or attempted. I have been viewing the progress of events with too close and warm an interest to allow even the slightest movement to escape my notice. I have the proof at hand, abundant and satisfactory : the protestations, the resolutions, and the affidavits of the Catholic bishop, of the Catholic lay citizens, of the public school directors themselves, of the teachers in those schools, and of the individuals who were alleged to have done so, 'that no attempt has ever been made by any one of the school directors, nor have the controllers of the public schools been asked by any sect, person or persons, to exclude the Bible from the public schools.' Dr. Bogus, have I uttered the fact?"

"To the best of my knowledge, Sir Eustace, you have ; and I sincerely hope that those who have been mainly instrumental in plunging our community into this awful dilemma will examine their consciences and make a clean breast of it, before it goes farther. Heaven

knows, I do not speak thus from any love of the Romanists. I wish they, that is their faith, might be sunk to the bottom of the sea ; then would our pure apostolic church have nothing to impede its universal triumph."

"May it be a long day before at least the last part of that speech comes true : " whispered Mr. Spring to a Presbyterian friend ; and, with an apology to his opulent parishioner and host, Mr. Seward, he made his adieu.

The commotion in the streets was momentarily increasing. Citizens in a state of the utmost excitement were hurrying to and fro : gangs of ill-looking men and boys were prowling about, bent on mischief : the police force was doubled ; meetings were being held to discuss the best mode of action ; for it began to be currently reported that the " rioters," (such being the character to which the before-named " citizens" began to be reduced, as the truth unfolded itself to the public mind,) were approaching the city, and property-holders became alarmed as to what might be the consequences to themselves, of permitting these outrages to go unchecked. It had been resolved that the military should be called out. Pursuant to the requisition, columns of horsemen speed through the streets ; martial music, with the regular tramp of the foot soldiers, and the dull and heavy roll of the artillery sounded gloomily upon the ear.

The company soon separated. Dr. Bogus left soon after Mr. Spring : Sir Eustace and Lady Bagby excused themselves upon the plea of their departure for Europe early the next day ; Isabella Crawford was anxious to remain with Pauline, but her duty to her aged parents, who she knew would be greatly alarmed

required her to expedite her departure, and she left, promising to keep up a communication by means of notes. There was no earthly reason that Miss Clara Stephens should retire; so, as Mr. and Mrs. Templeton took their leave, Pauline insisted that Miss Clara should remain with her. For herself she was too happy of the invitation to offer any opposition, and after some trivial objections on the part of her elder sister, it was decided that she should remain all night. With the departure of these last guests Mordant Hall was once more left in its repose; Mr. Seward and Eugene having repaired to the disturbed districts.

“What do you think of all this, Pauline?” asked Clara, as soon as they were left alone.

“Dear Clara, my heart bleeds for the poor, abused, and slandered Catholics.”

“Did you not think their defence by Sir Eustace was noble, and, under the circumstances, courageous?”

“I truly did, and long to show him how much I thank him. Every word he uttered was truth itself; especially those which he spoke respecting the ‘American Protestant Association.’”

“I perfectly agree with you, Pauline, and believe that those clergymen who have so abused their office will have much to answer for; and then to pretend that the Catholics neither possess nor desire to use the Bible! The very idea is absurd.”

“I am satisfied that the whole account is a fabrication, and known to be so by those who retail it. There are but two points that I now desire to have explained. Mr. Templeton said the causes which produced the riots were a report that the Bible was thrown

out of the window of some school-house, and the subsequent dispersion of the meeting. How shall we ascertain the truth of these?"

"Sir Eustace will no doubt take pleasure to learn the particulars."

"But he embarks for Europe to-morrow."

"True; I had forgotten that, but there is Dr. Bogus; he exhibited some liberality on the occasion; perhaps he would interest himself."

"Perhaps he might. If you should see Isabella before I do, will you not mention to her that we particularly request her to obtain from him the information?"

"Certainly: or go to the doctor himself, and make him promise to attend to it."

"No: Clara, I would not have you do that. Do you know that this has been the only occasion on which I have met Dr. Bogus and been pleased with him? I think him so frivolous and foppish."

"He is certainly a very fashionable clergyman: but, Pauline, while I enjoy an opportunity which I have desired for weeks, of communicating to some friend impressions that may seriously affect my future course, as well as my position with my family, will you permit me to confide something to you?"

"Certainly, dear Clara, and if I can be of any service to you, you may also rely upon my assistance."

"Thank you, dear Pauline; I knew you were as good as you are beautiful: but hear me. In the early part of last winter, when Mr. Spring commenced that series of bitter sermons against the Catholics, I was so deeply impressed with the awful disclosures, as he called them, as to be irresistibly impelled to the conclusion, that either Catholics were unfit to be permitted to live in our community; or, that they were

the most fearfully slandered people in existence ; and I thought it an imperative duty, such was my state of mind, to ascertain positively the truth of what he said. I had no acquaintance among them, so I went to a Catholic book-store and asked for some books to instruct a person in the Catholic religion. The book seller handed me : 'The Catholic Represented and Misrepresented,' 'The Faith of Catholics,' and 'The End of Controversy.' I purchased them : I have read them ; and my mind is disabused of its false impressions ; and, if I should conclude to enter the Catholic church, Mr. Spring may receive the thanks of my friends as being the cause that led to it."

But events thicken around us ; we must therefore forego the pleasure of this conversation, and, to our heroine, delightful discovery ; and follow the footsteps of Mr. Seward and Eugene.

As they approached the scene of the disturbance, they saw a vast concourse of men and boys marching through the streets. In the procession was carried a large flag, considerably torn. Preceding this was a banner borne by one man, and having upon its front this inscription : "This is the flag that has been trampled upon by the Irish Papists." Onward they press ; their ranks swelling as they advance. Some boys commenced throwing stones at a house ; other exhibitions of a general outbreak were apparent, and in a few moments a volley of stones and brickbats was thrown by those in the streets, to which the inmates of the houses attacked replied by a volley of musketry. Several men fell at this fire. A general and bloody skirmish ensued. Every avenue was blocked up with armed and unarmed men. Those outside of the houses being exposed to the deadly aim

of those within, the terrific cry of "Fire the houses ;" " fire the houses, and send the d—d Papists to h—l," was raised by the infuriated mob. 'Tis but the work of a moment, and the hissing flames roll onward and upward. Armed men patrolled the streets to prevent any efforts being made to extinguish the flames ; while every now and then a gun was fired from the burning buildings ; which was trebly returned by the crowd. Many buildings were in flames, and the fire rapidly spreading. The scene was awfully terrible. There was a dreadful silence in that vast mob of thousands, broken only by the roar of the flames, the discharge of the musketry, and now and then a hoarse hurrah, at some new success of the mob, which was more alarming than the tumult of battle. Fearfully was the list of killed and wounded swelled during that dreadful hour.

Night comes on apace. The occupants of the burning dwellings, under its cover, fly in all directions for safety and for life. The dark red clouds are lighting up, with a horrid glare, the blue and quiet sky. Rolls of bright smoke, taking fantastic shapes, thicken in the air, while here and there through the dense crowd, the flame-tongues of living light may be seen licking with fire some new building preparatory to its destruction. In front may be seen congregations of excited men, shouting, talking, arguing, blustering, and tossing their arms in the air with vehement agitation. Beyond, on that open space, the plumed heads and glittering swords of the cavalry are waving and glancing in the lurid light, while the heavy tread of men, and the ringing clang of muskets, betoken the near approach of the infantry. The adjacent streets are for the time deserted. The houses are closed and abandoned. Since the approach of the

military, no sound breaks the solemn stillness, save the shrieks of some lost children, the sobs of the women who may have lingered near the ruins of their houses, or the deep oath of a straggler.

Dim figures move suspiciously in the shade, as if seeking concealment, while wretched-looking beings, driven from their abodes, houseless and homeless, are stealing off with their beds, pillows, chairs and tables upon their shoulders, looking for some distant place of deposit. Hark!—a shot! a scream! a rush of the soldiers!—and another victim is borne away for surgical assistance. A solitary one-horse cart is moving slowly along. In it are a woman, two girls, a boy and an infant, all crying. It contains some furniture, and by its side walks a man. He turns back to waste one more lingering gaze on the burning ruin behind, and with a groan of intense agony exclaims: “The toil of twenty years gone in one moment! O my God! have I deserved this?”

Mr. Seward had seen entire rows of his own property consumed; sick at heart and tired, he, with Eugene, retraced his steps, exclaiming:

“Can it be possible that this is a land of freedom, a land of laws, a land of Christianity!”

They pass by the smouldering ruins and blackened walls of St. Michael’s church, and the residence of the priest: and still further on, those of the school-house of the Sisters of Charity. Throughout this neighbourhood the people were busy writing in large letters upon their doors: “No Popery Here;” “Native Americans;” and other such titles. The English, Germans, et cetera, are busy in running out the United States flag from their windows; those who cannot obtain flags, getting blue, white, and red muslin forming tri-coloured banners, which

they suspend before their houses, to show their Anti-Catholic pretensions.

Time and the tide of events roll on. The northern districts are left by the mob in undisputed possession of the military. The mob itself disperses only to meet within the heart of the city. It converges in the neighbourhood of St. Augustine's church. Harsh and deep-muttered threats are made to fire the noble and ancient edifice. "To h—l with the Pope!" "D—n the Papists!" were the profane and vulgar watch-words of the mob. The authorities, as well as the populace, now become truly alarmed for the safety of the city property. The banks are not safe; nor the wealth concentrated in private houses. The Mayor arrived in front of the church with a large body of police. He harangues the mob for an hour, in strains the most touching, the most eloquent, and most appropriate. But it is of no avail. The mob demands the keys of the church. At this moment the city troop comes up. Quiet ensues. The troop, after parading a short time, retires towards the northern district:—then the mob rush at the police, drive them back, and pelt the church windows with stones. Two boys are being lifted over the railings. They climb into the buildings by the broken windows, and, while one, with a match sets fire to the curtains, the other cuts the gas pipe. In an instant the sacred temple is in flames. Onward the hungry monsters with forked tongues wind their devious way: sliding stealthily along the aisles; intertwining themselves among the pews; peeping in and out of every crevice; creeping up the winding stairs; weaving themselves through and through the banisters and carved mouldings, as they press their onward way with almost lightning speed; tuning the organ, not in

notes of praise to the Most High Being, "who seeth" it all, and who will one day, in awful retribution, descend in judgment on the guilty, but with sullen roaring sounds, such as best befit the worship of the bloodstained fiends who thus offer their sacrifice to Moloch ; still spreading, they now embrace the consecrated altar. The holy of holies is ruthlessly invaded by the native atmosphere of devils, while they look on and laugh, firing the hearts of their base instruments to every act of desecration. Now whirls the molten sea of fire up the tall cupola. It roars as it devours. Like a beast of prey, it hugs its victim. It shakes it to its foundation. The clock strikes the hour. It is the last note of time that it shall tell. Quivering under the torture of the monster flames, it falls piece-meal to the ground. The cross!—the cross!—the sacred symbol of Redemption! Oh! how it quivers in the raging element! It glows with liquid fire. It seems again to bleed,—to bleed for poor deluded man! But still it stands amid the living fire, a monument of unwavering faith—it totters—the crowd shouts a loud huzza ; it heaves—again the fiendish shout of victory—it disappears, enveloped in the fiery ocean : and one long, piercing, and continuous outcry of furious triumph bursts from the brazen throats of the infuriated crew. Then, as if engraven with a sunbeam, on the inward wall appear those fearful words : "THE LORD SEETH." "The Lord Seeth!" re-echoes the raging mob, shrinking back. But the fiend-spirit had too much power ;—and pressing on again, the watch-word bellowed in their throats, "To h—l with the Pope!" "D—n the Papists!"—and then, being sure of their work of destruction, "The Cathedral!" "The Cathedral!" is the cry, and the motley group roll on like the troubled waves of the ocean. Alas! St. Helen.

is thy beautiful fane also doomed to the devouring element!

Mr. Seward had seen more than enough. He knew that the direction of the mob must take it past his house, which stood within a few blocks of the cathedral; so he and Eugene passed on with rapid strides, to reach home before the hydra-headed monster had blocked up the square. It was past midnight; and as he approached the Hall, the bayonets of the military were seen glistening in the distance, and the deep-throated engines of death were pointed in every direction. A cordon had been formed, cutting off all communication with the place now threatened. Mr. Seward passed on. "Who goes there?" and the bayonets of the guard were pointed at his breast. He made explanation, and was permitted, under military escort, to reach the door of his own house.*

As may be supposed, he found its inmates dreadfully alarmed, not knowing at what moment blood would begin to flow in the fearful conflict that was now threatened to take place before their own doors.

"My love," says Mr. Seward, "give immediate directions to have your baggage ready by daylight. It is impossible to divine how far this awful work of destruction may be carried. It is unsafe for you to remain here; and you must hold yourself in readiness to start for Eglenton in the morning."

"Will you accompany us, dear pa?" inquired his terror-stricken daughter.

"No, my love; I must remain to ascertain the extent of my loss, and to assist, as far as possible, to suppress this outbreak. Who could have thought that the revengeful d—ls would have gone so far?"

* Much of the above is condensed from accounts taken at the time of the riots. It is strictly true.

"Ah! dear pa, I hope it may not prove, that those who thought they were doing God service were working for a very different master"

Busied with his own thoughts, he seemed not to notice his daughter's remark, and spoke as if continuing his own sentence.

"Betty is a good cook, Pauline, a very good cook: but I advise you instantly to dismiss her. She may burn our house over our heads before morning. A murrain upon the Papists, I say; why did they ever come here?"

"I will keep a good watch over her, pa. Indeed, I think she is the most harmless creature I have ever seen. She certainly is the best servant we have ever had."

"Use your pleasure, my love; she belongs to you. But remember, we have had warning enough to-day."

"Well, pa, she shall remain in my own room to-night, and accompany me in the morning."

When these arrangements were communicated to the terrified, but good-hearted Irish woman, she was too much overwhelmed with thankfulness and joy to express her heartfelt gratitude, but the faithful services she gave, both then, and through her after-life, spoke louder than words.

No further disturbance occurred during that night. The military were too numerous, too well disposed, and too determined to adopt the ultima ratio in repelling invasion, to render it safe for the mob to make any further demonstration; and, sneaking off through lanes and alleys, with the stealthiness of the slimy serpent or the midnight assassin, quiet once more reigned over the blood-stained city."

CHAPTER XV.

How pure the thoughts of childhood!
In life's unshadowed hours
They float amid a fairy land
Of zephyrs and of flowers.—E. J. PORTER.

THE following day awoke in ominous gloom upon the excited city. An unusual calm had followed the storm of yesterday; the result, however, of overwrought exertion, rather than of intended relaxation from the sullen purpose of destruction. Pauline had taken an early breakfast, and the carriage was already at the Hall door, awaiting the movements of the travellers. Mr. Seward, fearful lest the disturbances should be renewed, hastened their departure. The little band of exiles was now seated in the carriage. It consisted of our heroine, little Marie, Betty, Jane the maid, and the redoubtable Sam. The baggage was to follow in a separate vehicle.

“When shall we expect you, dear pa?”

“I know not, my love, but not until perfect quiet shall have been restored to the city.”

“Write often, pa; you know how anxious we shall be for your safety. Clara, my dear, you will not forget to speak to Bel on the subject of my request?”

“No, dear Pauline; and you will not forget what I have confided to you?”

“Trust me, Clara; and write as soon as you can. Shall we expect you at Eglenton, this summer?”

“I fear not, Pauline: sister and Mr. Templeton go to the beach in a few days, and I must spend the summer with them.”

“Adieu! adieu!” is affectionately exchanged between father and daughter, and friends; and with a wave of the hand, and not altogether without moistened eyes, the travellers commence their journey.

As they drive slowly from the city, they turn to take one more lingering look at the old familiar spot. The hum of business had re-commenced. The peaceably disposed, seemingly unconcerned that such outrages had been perpetrated the night before, were busy at their accustomed occupations. Idlers and vagabonds were winding along the different avenues towards the scene of the recent conflagration. Its locality is but too distinctly marked. Huge columns of black smoke rise from the smouldering ruins, a monument of the shameful sacrilege perpetrated under the cover of religion. But the city is being left far behind. Objects one by one disappear. At last all have gone, except the tall dark pillar of cloud that indicates its shame. But now, even that has sunk beneath the horizon; and the noise, and incessant hum of a distracted city, is resigned for the sunny hills and the bright green fields of a romantic country.

It was the pleasant month of May. The season was charmingly advanced. The fruit trees were either in blossom, or had already set their fruit. The foliage was beautifully fresh and verdant. Nature had mantled the earth in its richest velvet green. Flora had already bedecked herself with a thousand beauties, that filled the air with perfume, or dazzled the eye with their

splendour ; while her choir of feathered songsters made vocal the groves with the ceaseless melody of her praise.

“Eglenton! Eglenton!” shouted Pauline, as, after a pleasant, though somewhat weary day’s travel, the tall spire of the village church, surmounted by a gilded cross, illumined by the beams of the setting sun, burst upon her view in the distance.

“Eglenton!” lisped little Marie, whose bright eyes had been for some time turned in that direction to catch the first glimpse of the spot, in which her joyous heart had whispered she might enjoy much happiness. “Will we not be happy there, sweet Miss Pauline?” she exclaimed.

“You will be very happy there, my love,” Pauline replied with a sigh.

“Little Marie may often go to the church : may she not, sweet Miss?—and she will feed the little birds, and tend the flowers. Are there any lilies there, sweet Miss?”

“Yes, love ; and every thing that is beautiful.”

“Little Marie loves the lilies. And who is the good priest, sweet Miss?—little Marie would like to see the good priest.”

“The people call him Father Xavier ; but he might think little Marie troublesome.”

“Oh ! no, sweet Miss ; she could look at him this way, through her fingers, and she wouldn’t be a bit of trouble to him ; and she will get flowers for the altar, and she knows he will love that.”

Pauline smiled at the innocent prattler, and she thought of the words of Betty, that, it is truly a little angel sent down from heaven, to see if any one would take care of it ; and she further thought, that she would doubt the

goodness of any one who could think it troublesome to do any thing to make such innocence happy.

They had now fully entered the romantic vale of Leflore. It is completely surrounded by the tall peaks of the Alleghanies, and, possessing a rich and fertile soil, abounds in all the products of the temperate zone. Its varied surface is watered by a hundred rills, which rush, dash, and bound along from point to point, now meandering through some scarcely perceptible descent, now foaming as they approach the edge of some sudden declivity, then headlong plunge in hissing, sparkling cascades, and murmur, as they wind their devious way towards the swollen streamlet in the centre of the valley.

On a little eminence, adjoining a piece of woods, stood Eglenton Cottage. It was built in a light, rural style of architecture, if style it could be said to have. It was of the Composite order; and although the Gothic predominated, yet was it in every respect unique; being constructed with a view to elegance, rather than architectural unity, or even durability. Nothing could exceed the taste with which the surrounding domain was laid out. The gardens were perfect; the streams, both natural and artificial, were made almost magically to appear and disappear in sparkling eddies; one while insinuating themselves amid the young trees and tender grass, another, glittering in the sunbeams, or tortuously pursuing some shaded path, in musical murmurings, as they onward skip, to mingle with the tides, and be finally swallowed up in the deep dark waters of a neighbouring river.

Long before the party had reached the cottage, it had been whispered through the village that Miss Seward, the beautiful heiress, was coming; and as Pauline rode

past its neat houses, many a ruddy countenance was turned towards her; and many a bright eye peeped through the cracks of the half-opened doors, or from behind the snow-white curtains that adorned their windows. Every demonstration, however, was made with distant respect; for though many an humble fireside had been made glad by the charities of our heroine, yet did she move among her father's tenants, as a bright planet in the distance. Scarcely ever had she stooped from her sphere to superintend those charities in person; the hand that blessed them was seldom seen; hence, though grateful, none ventured to obtrude themselves upon her presence. As she entered the grounds of Eglenton Cottage, the style of her reception was somewhat varied. The work-people, looking as trim as could be expected from so short a notice, had arranged themselves along the lane, and with joyous looks and gestures, and awkward bows, expressed their honest delight. Old Carlo was among them, and wagging his tail, he barked his furious joy, as he ran before the horses. Mistress Martha, the old house-keeper, stood at the open door of the cottage, with ill-suppressed emotion, that her "old eyes," as she expressed herself, "once more looked upon the dear child, who she nursed when a baby, and who she brought up so beautiful like."

"Yes; good Aunt Martha, I have come to see you once more," said Pauline as she alighted, and added as Marie sprang to the ground, "look what a sweet pet I have brought you."

"Oh! the charming little dear!" exclaimed she, now hugging her to her bosom, and then holding her out at arms length to gaze upon her beautiful face. "Well, well, Miss Pauline, I didn't think you and Mister Eu-

gene would ha' been married all this time, and not let old Martha know it!"

"Oh!" said Pauline blushing: "you mistake; I am not married."

"Then this ain't your da'ter: well, well; she's jist almost as beautiful as if she was:" and the old woman again hugged her, until little Marie was glád to be released from her affectionate embrace.

"How nicely you have kept every thing, good Martha:" exclaimed Pauline, as she entered the Cottage.

"Oh! la! Miss Pauline, nothin' like it would ha' been, if we'd a known you was a comin' so soon: why we ha'n't scrubbed or swept but twice this week; but never fear, things 'll soon be to righ'ts."

"Have you got any supper for us, good Martha?"

"Oh! plenty, plenty, Miss Pauline; why didn't we hear of you five miles off; and such a bustle like as we've had since then, you may be sure."

A few days sufficed to restore Eglenton to its accustomed elegant simplicity; if indeed it could be said at first to have been otherwise than in order; the constant attention of old mistress Martha, for she had no other care, being assiduously employed in washing, sweeping, and dusting. Little more was necessary, therefore, than to unpack those nameless appendages to elegant house-keeping, consisting of plate, china, glass, &c. &c., and all was as it should be. There were but two or three families of note within riding distance of the Cottage. With these, civilities were soon exchanged; after which Pauline resumed the occupation, ever uppermost in her thoughts and dearest to her heart, the investigation of divine truth.

She had finished her investigations of the four marks of the true church; Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and

Apostolicity ; and she felt perfectly satisfied of their entire applicability to the church, which she found high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, unite in designating by at least one of those marks, Catholicity. She had ever experienced, that to inquire for the Catholic Church, resulted in having that one pointed out to her, and that one alone, which is, sometimes by way of emphasis, and because its chief Bishop has his See at Rome, called Roman. These points she had examined, and was perfectly satisfied with the result ; and such was the confidence engendered by her discoveries, that she felt willing to commit the work of her further instruction to some worthy priest, did she but know how to effect it. She could not bear the idea of going alone to speak with a stranger ; and her first effort, which was made with little Marie, and which for a time was so galling to her delicacy, recurring to her mind in all its force, she shrank from the repetition. But, examining more intently Bishop Hay's "Sincere Christian," and finding that it treated at length of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, she determined to make it the model of her studies. On the being of God, with which his work commences, she needed no instruction : she believed it ; as well as the subjects of the following chapters ; namely, of the Blessed Trinity, of Creation and Providence, of the Fall of Man, and of Redemption by Christ our Saviour. "The rule of Faith" was the first point which particularly arrested her attention ; not because the theme was a new one to her ; she had ever been taught that the Bible was the "rule of Faith." But she had discovered its fallacy, "Private interpretation," and she justly attributed to that, —not to the Bible,—but to the false principle of "Pri-

vate interpretation," all the misfortunes of Christendom. It makes the Christian church like matter, infinitely divisible. This was sufficient to condemn it. The church of Christ must be one: "one Body, one Spirit; even as ye are called in one hope of your calling One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," says St. Paul.

There must then of necessity be some other rule. Bishop Hay taught her, and she at once saw the wisdom of his instruction, that the Church, taught by the Holy Ghost explaining the revealed word of God, was that Rule.

"But what are the direct proofs to show that the church is this rule?" she inquired.

Her instructor replied: "Among many others, the following: 1. Because Jesus Christ did not give his apostles any commission to write the Gospel; but only to teach and to preach it; which plainly shows that his intention was, that preaching and teaching by the living voice of his pastors should be our rule, and not the dead letter of scripture. 2. It is a certain truth, that it was by preaching and teaching, and not by writing, that the world was converted to Christianity; that several of the apostles wrote nothing at all; and that those of them that did write, never converted any person or nation by their writing; but first converted them, and established the faith among them by their preachings, and then wrote to those whom they had before converted, for their instruction on some particular occasion, and for their consolation. 3. Because the scripture nowhere sends us to the scripture itself, as to our rule; but, on the contrary, it expressly declares, 'that no prophecy of the scripture is made by private interpretation.' 2 Peter i. 20. 4. Because the scripture sends us only to the church and to her pastors for

our instructions ; and obliges all, under the severest penalties, to submit to her doctrine in all things relating to religion : for when Christ gave his pastors their commission he immediately said : ‘He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved : but he that believeth not, shall be condemned.’ Mark xvi. 16. He further says : ‘He that heareth you, heareth me : and he that despiseth you, despiseth me. And he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me.’ Luke x. 16. And lastly, he condemns those that ‘will not hear his church as heathens and publicans.’ Matt. xviii. 17. And 5. Because the same scripture expressly assures us that the different pastors of the church were instituted and ordained by Jesus Christ, on purpose to bring us all to ‘the unity of faith,’ and prevent us from ‘being carried about by strange doctrines.’ Eph. iv.”

These five points, all tending to the establishment of the true rule of faith, our heroine fully discussed. She was satisfied, and felt perfectly secure in relying upon a rule, which Christ himself had so evidently established for the instruction of his people ; and with the disciple of Philip, mentioned in the Acts, she sighed anew for an instructor to explain to her more clearly, and with authority, the Christian doctrine.

She then proceeded to the Ten Commandments of God ; which, with an immaterial difference in their division, she found precisely as she had ever been taught them. But, pursuing the regular routine of her investigations, she met with the six precepts of the church. These were new to her, and she pondered them with attention.

1. To hear Mass on Sundays and all holy-days of obligation.

2. To fast and abstain on days commanded.

3. To confess our sins at least once a year.
4. To receive worthily the blessed Eucharist at Easter, or within the time appointed.
5. To contribute to the support of our pastors.
6. Not to solemnize marriage at the forbidden times, nor to marry persons within the forbidden degrees of kindred, nor otherwise prohibited by the church, nor clandestinely.

She considered first, that if the church had a positive commission to fulfil, it was necessary that she should possess authority : and if she possessed authority ; to what purpose, if not to command ? She had long since decided that the church of Christ did possess authority ; she therefore naturally looked for the exercise of it, and was delighted to find it in the commanding tone of the six precepts. Her next care was to ascertain, rather for the sake of mental satisfaction, than from fear, if those precepts were reasonable.

As to the first : she had always sanctified the Sunday to the best of her ability. And although she had never been taught to keep other stated holy-days by any command of the Presbyterian denomination, yet she had kept days recommended by it, as well as by the civil authorities ; and she saw no objection to an authoritative church requiring other days than Sunday to be set aside to the worship and glory of God. The Jewish Church had them, why not the Christian Church ? To fast and abstain, she believed to be good even in a physical point of view. To confess our sins, she knew to be a duty at all times, and she was glad to discover that the Catholic Church, ever anxious to bring her erring children to repentance, commanded her sinners to obey the gospel precept, and confess their sins, if in their perverseness not oftener, at least once a year

“To receive the sacrament worthily,” needed no argument to enforce it upon her mind. “To support our pastors,” was but the reiteration of the gospel, “that they who preach the gospel, should live by the gospel.” 1 Cor. ix. 14. To violate the sixth precept of the church, was abhorrent to every feeling of propriety, even in a civil point of view; much more so, then, was it in religion, which penetrates deeper than mere external actions.

The scriptural and natural distinction of great and small, heinous and trivial sins, properly termed by the Catholic Church “mortal” and “venial,” presented nothing new to her mind, except the mere terms by which they were designated; and she therefore passed on to the study of the seven Sacraments. These she discussed *in extenso*, and found in them ample employment for many days of delightful and consoling study. She had satisfactorily finished her examination of several of them, and had commenced that of the doctrine of repentance, or, as it is commonly called, penance. On this point, while she recognised much that corresponded with her preconceived ideas, yet was she greatly perplexed to find “works” so much insisted on. She regarded the Redeemer as having worked out our salvation, and considered it dangerous to insist much upon the works of men. The books before her were not deficient in instruction upon the doctrine; on the contrary, they were more than usually explicit. But the truth is, her prejudices were strong on this point. She was, however, willing to submit her judgment to the teaching of the church; and without allowing it to give her undue distress of mind, she marked it, as one of those topics which she hoped,

sooner or later, to hear explained by some living teacher of the apostolic Faith.

Such were her meditations, when little Marie entered the room and asked if she might speak to sweet Miss Pauline.

“Certainly, love ; what do you wish to say ?”

“Speak softly, sweet Miss ; it’s something very great ; nobody must hear it. Why,—Father Xavier spoke to little Marie !”

“Indeed ! and what did he say to her ?” said Pauline, imitating the tone of surprise and mysterious air of the gentle child.

“Why, he said—now listen, sweet Miss—he said : ‘What is your name, my little lady ?’ and I told him.”

“And what then ?”

“Why, then he asked me where I lived : and I told him that, too.”

“And then you ran home to tell me ?” said Pauline.

“No ; not yet, sweet Miss. He saw me at church, and he asked me, would I join the Catechism class ?”

“And then ?”

“Why, I told him if he would ask sweet Miss Pauline ; so I waited to see if he would come : and he will. Just look out of the window, sweet Miss.”

She did so ; and sure enough, there was good Father Xavier, walking slowly up the lane towards the house, intently reading his office as he approached. A few minutes elapsed, and his gentle rap was heard at the door. Aunt Martha answered the summons, and was not a little surprised,—maybe offended,—that it was nobody but the old Catholic priest.

“Is Miss Seward at home ?” he mildly inquired.

"Yes,"—sir, following at an interval sufficiently long to show it was reluctantly added.

"I wish to see her," continued Father Xavier.

Mistress Martha, having no authority to dismiss her lady's visitors, was fain to go and acquaint Pauline that the priest desired to see her, muttering, as she went: "*I know the crotchet that's got in Miss Pauline's head, and no old priest is going to come around here like if I can help it.*" But as, in this case, at least, she could not help it, she announced her message, and received for reply:

"Invite Father Xavier into the parlour, and tell him Miss Seward will be there in a few moments."

Father Xavier was not unused to the coarse and vulgar insults of ignorance; and charitably attributing it in the present instance to that cause, thanked Aunt Martha for her politeness, and took the seat she had jerked towards him.

Pauline presently entered the room, and bowing gracefully to the Father, as she passed onward to a seat, begged to know to what cause she was "indebted to—Father Xavier, I believe—for a visit."

Father Xavier acknowledged his name by a bow, and excused himself for the intrusion, by stating that he had, during several weeks last past, observed an interesting child at the Catechism class, whose attention to the instructions was so marked as to excite his curiosity to learn more respecting her; that by questioning her, he had discovered she was a Catholic, and that she desired to be permitted to attend his instructions, but could not do so, unless "sweet Miss Pauline,"—by whom, he understood Miss Seward,—would first grant her permission; and that it was to obtain this per-

mission, he had ventured to present himself at the cottage.

Miss Seward expressed her pleasure, that Father Xavier should interest himself so much in her ward ; and added, that nothing would afford her more satisfaction, than that he should instruct her in all that pertained to the faith and practice of his church. She also thought proper to detail to him her history, from the night of her rescue.

Father Xavier was very much interested in the account, and at its conclusion inquired her name.

“That we have no means of ascertaining, further, than, that she calls herself Marie ; and, that upon a part of her dress, when found, were worked the initials of her name. The dress we have not kept, but that part containing the letters has been cut out, and is carefully preserved, with the hope it may sooner or later be of use in establishing her identity.”

The Rev. gentleman thanked Miss Seward, and arose to take his leave. Mingled emotions, which she herself could not describe, for some time prevented Pauline from making any reference to the subject, which had so recently excited her to seek an interview with some intelligent priest, and now that she so unexpectedly enjoyed the presence of one, in her own house, she could not summon the resolution to speak. She at first attributed it to propriety, but just as the opportunity was escaping her, perhaps for ever, she rebuked herself for cowardice, and making a desperate effort, said :

“Father Xavier, I beg that you will not deem it impertinent in me to make reference to the doctrines of your church, but there are two or three points with respect to which my curiosity impels me to seek the

explanation. If you could afford me the information I desire, I should be extremely indebted to you."

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure, Miss Seward, to impart to you any information in my power, respecting our most holy faith; and if you will intimate at what time it would suit your convenience, I shall be most happy to serve you," replied Father Xavier.

"I should prefer that it be as soon as possible; but otherwise, wish that you will name such a time as will suit yourself:" said Pauline.

"To-morrow, then, I will with pleasure listen to whatever Miss Seward may wish to say:" and the worthy priest bade her a good morning and withdrew.

Pauline was too happy for the remainder of that day to think of any thing but of the morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are govern'd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.—SPENSER.

THE morrow came, beautiful and bright, and with it the coveted interview. Our heroine, without making any general reference to her state of mind or previous and protracted course of inquiry, simply stated to the worthy priest that she had been examining some points of Catholic Faith; that she had met with important doctrines, which seemed to her, if not directly opposed to scripture, at least requiring considerable explanation before she could admit their reasonableness. She stated as the principal difficulty, the doctrine of penance. She did not perceive how insisting so much upon *works*, human performances, as she termed them, was reconcilable to the spiritual character of the Gospel. "To suppose that our feeble performances," she continued, "will be available in securing our salvation, seems to me to dishonour Christ, inasmuch as by them, we, as it were, declare the work of redemption imperfect, and presume to supply its defects by self-imposed mortification and other vain performances."

"It is no cause of surprise, Miss Seward," replied Father Xavier, "that you should have fallen into that misconception of the Catholic Faith; but if, as I suppose

from your candour, you will dispassionately listen to me, you will soon acknowledge that the Catholic doctrine of penance has a far different scope from that which you attribute to it. Your error is one into which all Protestants fall, when discussing our tenets. I have brought with me a little book, the title of which is no doubt familiar to you. It is 'The Catholic Misrepresented and Represented.' Previous to my explanation of the doctrine in question, permit me to read from it.

"Of merit and good works. The Catholic *misrepresented*, believes Christ's death and passion to be ineffectual, and insignificant, and that he has no dependence upon the merits of his sufferings, or the mercy of God for obtaining salvation; but that he is to be saved by his own merits. And, for this reason, he is very busy in fasting, in watching, in going in procession, in wearing hair-cloth, and in doing a thousand suchlike mortifications; and having done these, he thinks himself not at all beholden to God for his salvation, and that to give him heaven will be no favour; it being now his due, upon the account of his meritorious achievements, without any of God's mercy through Christ's passion, or his Maker's goodness."

"Such is precisely what I have been led to suppose;" said Pauline.

"But nothing could be farther from the Catholic's belief:" responded Father Xavier. "The Catholic *truly represented*," he continued to read, "believes it damnable to say that Christ's death and passion is ineffectual and insignificant; and that it is the doctrine of devils to believe that he has no dependence for his salvation upon the merits of Christ's sufferings, or the mercy of God; but only upon his own merits and

good works. It is his faith to believe, that of ourselves we are not sufficient so much as to think a good thought ; that grace by which we are justified, is given us purely gratis upon the account of Christ's merits ; moreover, that no man, how just soever, can merit any thing either in this life, or in that which is to come, independent of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ ; nevertheless, that through the merits of Christ, the good works of a just man proceeding from grace, are so acceptable to God, that through his goodness and promise, they are truly meritorious of eternal life. And this he has learned from the apostle, 2 Tim. iv. 8, where he is taught that there is a crown of justice, which our Lord, a just Judge, will render at the last day : not only to St. Paul, but also to all those, that shall have fought a good fight, and consummated their course, kept the faith, and loved his coming. Knowing therefore that at the day of judgment, he is to receive according to his *works* ; he endeavours by good works to make his vocation and election sure ; as says St. Peter. 2 Epistle, i. 10. And in following this counsel, he thinks he no more offends against the fulness of the merits of Christ, or God's mercy, than the apostles do in giving it."

"How beautifully clear!" involuntarily exclaimed Pauline ; "I have heard that doctrine a hundred times expressed in Protestant pulpits, and perhaps by the same preachers, who had a moment before given a distorted view of what the Catholic believes. If that be Catholic doctrine, I believe and at once dismiss my fears."

"Such is precisely the Catholic's belief, Miss Seward ; and although I have myself, in conversing with some Protestants, discovered that, unconsciously to

themselves perhaps, they were holding and teaching Catholic truth, not only on this but upon other points; yet this is far from being a Protestant doctrine. Those of them who hold it, have borrowed it from us; those who deny it, in so far, add another to the many proofs that they have no claim to the name Catholic. Luther was of this latter class. The apostle St. James had written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that by *works* a man is justified and *not by faith only*, chap. ii. 24. This doctrine did not please the indolent monk. Works cost him too much trouble; he must have an easier mode of getting to heaven, so he quarrels with St. James, calls his epistle an epistle of 'straw,' and sets up justification 'by faith alone.' The epistle to the Romans came very near falling under the like censure by him. The Holy Ghost, speaking by the mouth of St. Paul, had not used the word **ALONE**. Luther impiously adds that word to the sacred text; and when his Protestant brethren remonstrated with him for his intolerable corruption of the Word of God, he obstinately persisted in it, saying: 'So I will, so I command; let my will be instead of reason:' and a little farther on he thus concludes: 'The word **ALONE** must remain in my New Testament. Although all the Papists run mad they shall not take it from thence: it grieves me that I did not also add two other words.'* But perhaps, Miss Seward, I am only wearying instead of instructing you."

"Not at all, Father; on the contrary I am much interested. Please to proceed."

"I was about to give you a more explicit explanation, and the Scripture proofs, of the doctrine of Pe-

* Luther's Works, tom. 5, Germ. fol. p. 141, 144.

nance. The principal parts of true Repentance or Penance are three: 1. A sincere regret and sorrow of heart for our having offended so good a God by sin. 2. A firm and determined resolution of never offending him again, followed by an effectual change of life and manners. And 3. A voluntary punishing ourselves for the sins we have committed, in order to repair the injury done to God by sin, and satisfy, in some measure, his offended justice."

"The first and second parts of your definition, Father, I can easily comprehend; but the latter part presents difficulties, which my Protestant education repels."

"And be assured, Miss Seward, that it is your Protestant education alone, that repels it; for it is not only supported by reason, but most clearly, as I am about to show, by Revelation. In the first place, it is a rule of God's justice never to let sin go unpunished. This is proved by the following passages of Scripture, among many others: 'I feared all my works, knowing that thou didst not spare the offender.' Job ix. 28. 'God has spoken once, these two things have I heard, that power belongeth to God, and mercy to thee, O Lord! for thou wilt render to every man according to his works.' Ps. lxi 12, 13. Our Saviour also says: 'The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then he will render to every man according to his works.' Mat. xvi. 27. These establish the general principle of retribution. Now let us inquire whence arises the obligation of our punishing ourselves for our sins; and how it comes to be a part of true repentance.

"It is by the appointment and express command of God; who has laid down our doing penance for our

sins, as a necessary part of true repentance ; and who requires at least the sincere will to do it, as a condition of obtaining pardon. And this appears by the following testimonies from holy Scripture.

“ 1. ‘ Gird yourself with hair-cloth, lament and howl, for the fierce anger of the Lord is not turned away from us—wash thy heart from wickedness, O Jerusalem! that thou mayest be saved.’ Jer. iv. 8, 14. ‘ Now therefore, saith the Lord ; be converted to me with all your heart, in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning.’ Joel ii. 12. In these texts we see, that doing penitential works is joined with the other conditions of true repentance, as necessary to avert the anger of God, and find mercy with him.

“ 2. ‘ When all the people went out to St. John Baptist, to be baptized by him, he said : Ye offspring of vipers, who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come?—Bring forth fruits worthy of penance’ (or repentance.) Luke iii. 7, 8. And hence, when the people asked the Baptist, ‘ What shall we do?’ he enjoined upon them two of the principal penitential works, to wit, alms-giving, and mercy to others : ‘ He that hath two coats,’ says he, ‘ let him give to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat, let him do in like manner.’ ver. 11. And our blessed Saviour, when denouncing wo to Corozain and Bethsaida, says : ‘ If in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the mighty works that have been wrought in you, they would have done penance long ago, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.’ Luke x. 13. Thus mentioning penitential works as evidence of repentance.

“ And finally, that the doing penance is the true sense of the above texts, appears beyond all contradiction, from the examples of both saints and sinners,

who are recorded in the Scripture as being most assiduous in performing this duty. From many let us select the following instances.

“1. Of Achab, King of Israel, it is said, ‘There was not such another as Achab, who was sold to do evil in the sight of the Lord.’ The prophet Elias was sent to denounce him: ‘And when Achab heard these words, he rent his garments, and put hair-cloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and slept in sackcloth, and walked with his head cast down.’ 3 Kings xxi. The wickedness of the people of Ninive was so great, that God resolved to destroy it; and he sent his prophet, Jonas, to preach, ‘Yet forty days, and Ninive shall be destroyed. And the men of Ninive believed in God: and they proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least. And the king cast away his robe from him, and was clothed in sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And God saw their works, that they were turned from their evil way: and God had mercy with regard to the evil which he had said that he would do to them, and he did it not.’ Jonas iii. 4, 10. It is from this example of the Ninivites our Saviour takes occasion to inculcate, in the strongest terms, the necessity of doing penance. ‘The men of Ninive,’ says he, ‘shall rise in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: because they did penance at the preaching of Jonas. And behold a greater than Jonas is here.’ Mat. xii. 41.

“2. St. Paul had been a persecutor of the Church of Christ; but when he was perfectly reconciled to Christ, and made an apostle, his constant preaching to the Jews was the necessity of doing penance; now, to understand that the penance he preached was not a mere sorrow of the heart alone, but such a sorrow

as manifested itself by doing works worthy of penance, see his own example ; though he was a chosen vessel, an apostle, a friend of Christ, that had been taken up to the third heaven, yet he says : ‘ I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection : lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away.’ 1 Cor. ix. 27. St. Paul ! the chosen vessel ! is afraid of losing his soul ! and as one necessary means to prevent that, ‘ chastises his body, and brings it into subjection !’ Can any thing more incontestably show the necessity of doing penance ? and that a repentance, which brought forth such fruits of penance was the repentance so constantly inculcated by this apostle ?

“ Anna, the prophetess, is praised in Scripture, because she ‘ departed not from the temple, by fasts and prayers serving night and day.’ Luke ii. 37. And finally, we frequently read in the Acts and Epistles of the apostles, of their fastings and watchings. Now, what could induce so many, both saints and sinners, to employ themselves so much in doing things so contrary to flesh and blood, so disagreeable to our natural inclinations, so destructive to self-love, as all the penitential works here recited are, but the full conviction that all sins, great and small, must be punished ; that the justice of God would let none go unpunished ; and that he requires of all, as a part of true repentance, that we should co-operate with his divine justice in punishing ourselves.* It is moreover no injury to Christ, since Christ himself, and his apostles, in fine, the whole revelation of God teach us, on the contrary, that it is our bounden duty ; and that if we do it not,

* Bishop Hay’s Sincere Christian.

that is, if we thus bring not forth the fruit of true repentance, we shall, like the barren fig-tree, be cut down as cumberers of the ground." Luke xiii. 7.

"You have certainly succeeded, Father, in proving that penitential works are a necessary part of true repentance ; but I had always regarded those scriptural instances of self-mortification by the saints of the Old and New Testaments, as antiquated, and not belonging to ourselves."

"Ah! my dear lady, that is a prime error of the whole Protestant world. Every thing that is hard for flesh and blood to bear is too antiquated for them ; hence the old paths must be deserted, and new ones marked out, that are more easy and agreeable ; the gentle and easy doctrines of Scripture are preached ; those, difficult of practice, merged, or perhaps, like this one of Penance, denied altogether. The people will not go to heaven unless they can travel there in glass slippers. I tremble when I think of those words of holy Writ : ' Thus saith the Lord God : wo to them that sew cushions under every elbow : and make pillows for the heads of persons of every age to catch souls.' Ezech. xiii. 18."

"But is there no danger, Father, that the penance given to penitents in the confessional, may beguile them to place the hope of their forgiveness in the mere performance of those works, to the jeopardy of the more spiritual parts of true repentance,—those which relate to the heart and amendment of life,—and thus, practically, teach a doctrine opposed to the Word of God ?"

"Were penitents not instructed in the nature of true repentance, they might of course fall into any error respecting it, however absurd. But they are instructed ;

hence, if any should do as you say, Miss Seward, and instead of the whole, perform merely a part of their known duty, upon their own heads must rest the responsibility of the crime of sacrilege, and the final and irreparable loss of their souls. But, Miss Seward, it is those who make this charge against the Catholic doctrine of true penance, and those alone, who incur the fearful responsibility of jeopardizing souls, and of misleading them by teaching a doctrine not to be found in the sacred Scriptures, 'repentance without works.' They alone mutilate the divine precept, and teach the people to be satisfied with doing but half their duty.

"Let those who boast so much of being guided by the Bible, the Bible alone, follow its teaching on this subject, and they will then not only preach works of penance, but practise them; and when they practise them they will feel the necessity of having grades, that is, more severe, or less severe penitential works to perform; and, as all persons are not wise, some will need teachers to appoint those works; this will necessarily lead to confession of sins; and thus, by following the Word of God, the doctrines of penance and confession are plainly and fully made out."

"That is precisely what I was going to ask you to speak about, Father; for though I might be willing to confess my sins, I do not see by what authority that most onerous of all the duties which the Catholic has to perform,—confession of sins to a priest,—is imposed."

"By the authority of Christ, who instituted it, Miss Seward; by the authority of the apostles, who enjoined it; and by the authority of the primitive church, which constantly practised it, as has the church in every age."

“Authority weighty enough, one would think, truly,” said Pauline, “if it can be sustained.”

“The books which you have in your possession,” said Father Xavier, “discuss the subject at large ; I must necessarily be brief.”

“Where do we find the institution of this duty by our Saviour?”

“In those parts of the gospel where He gave to the pastors of his church, in the persons of his apostles, the power of forgiving and retaining sins, and passed his sacred word, that, when they forgave a penitent’s sins, they are actually forgiven, that is, are washed away from his soul by the grace of God then poured upon it. This is based upon the following testimony :

“1. ‘And behold, they brought him a man sick of the palsy lying on a bed. And Jesus seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And behold some of the scribes said within themselves: He blasphemeth. And Jesus, seeing their thoughts, said: Why do you think evil in your hearts? Whether is it easier, to say, thy sins are forgiven thee: or to say, Arise and walk? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house ; and he arose, and went into his house. And the multitude seeing it, feared, and glorified God that gave such power to men.’ Matt. ix. 2, 8.

“Here we see that our blessed Saviour publicly wrought a miracle, with the express intention of proving, that ‘he, AS MAN, hath power on earth to forgive sins ;’ and that it had the desired effect upon the mul-

titude, who were convinced by the miracle, that he had this power, and ‘glorified God, who had given such power to MEN.’ Christ, therefore, even as man, was sent by his Father, with this power.”

“Yes; but Christ was God,” said Pauline; “I cannot admit that this was sufficient to establish the necessity of confessing to a mere man.”

“That follows,” replied Father Xavier, “for on the very day of his resurrection, when he appeared to his apostles, he said to them, ‘as the Father hath sent me, I also send you.’—John xx. 21; consequently, with the same powers that I, as man, am sent by my Father, I also send you, as my substitutes, as pastors of my church. And that there might be no doubt, that in these words he included the power of forgiving sins,—yes, to show that this was *particularly* included in them, he immediately ‘breathed on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.’—John xx. 22. Where we see, that, in the clearest and most express terms, he gives them the power of forgiving sins, in such a manner, that when they, here on earth, exercise this power, by passing sentence of forgiveness upon a penitent sinner, their sentence is ratified in heaven, and the sins of the penitent are actually forgiven.

“2. I also said that confession was enjoined by the authority of the apostles. St. James says: ‘Confess your sins one to another, and pray for one another, that you may be saved.’—James v. 16.”

“Yes; but that is a very different thing from confessing in private, in the ear of a priest,” interposed Pauline.

“I am about to show you, Miss Seward,” responded

Father Xavier, "that it is identically the same thing. The seeming difficulty of the words, 'one to another,' disappears, when we reflect, that sacramental confession does not necessarily require that it should be done in private ; for, in the primitive ages, and in the Apostolic times, confessions were sometimes made in public, before the whole people. But, whether in public or private, it was always considered of necessary obligation, in order to obtain forgiveness by the absolution of the priest. As both ways were then practised, St. James used the above expression, of 'confessing one to another,' to include both ; but declares, that this confession, made to a priest, whether to him alone, in private, or in the presence of others, who did the same, and confessed in public to or before one another, is a necessary condition of salvation. The Apostle St. Paul gives us an example of its necessity, and his use of it, in the person of the incestuous Corinthian ; and, that this is precisely the scope and meaning of the divine Founder of his church, is evident from the unvarying practice of that church at all times, even to the present day. The following evidence is ample on this point :

"3. Tertullian lived in the second century. Speaking of sacramental confession, he says: 'This act consists in the confession of our sins to the Lord ; not as if he knew it not, but, inasmuch as confession leads to satisfaction ; whence also penitence flows, and by penitence God is mollified. Wherefore, confession is the discipline of prostration and humiliation, enjoining such conduct as may draw down mercy. It regulates dress and diet ; and teaches, among other penitential acts, to fast, to pray, to weep day and night before the Lord, *to fall down before the priests.*

to kneel at the altars, and to invoke the intercession of the brethren.* He then proceeds to state the happy effects of this institution of our Lord ; and adds, with as much point as if he had been writing for the instruction of the present generation : ‘ But most people, affected more by shame than attentive to salvation, decline this work, as a publishing their own failings, or put it off from day to day : just as men, who having some malady, which they are ashamed to exhibit to the eye of a physician, prefer to perish rather than make it known.’ And still farther on, in his treatise upon penitence, he says, ‘ If you still draw back, let your mind turn to that eternal fire, which confession will extinguish,—why are you an enemy to your own salvation, knowing that it was instituted by the Lord ?’† St. Cyprian, of the following century, among many other good things on the subject, says : ‘ I entreat you, my brethren, let all confess their faults, while he that has offended enjoys life ; while his confession can be received, and while the satisfaction and pardon imparted *by the priests* are acceptable before God.’‡

“ In all these quotations, Miss Seward will discover that confession to a priest was practised, that pardon was imparted, and that penitential works were ever enjoined upon the penitent, by the priest, and that both were taught and practised in the church on the authority of their being instituted by our Lord. I will add but one more, and conclude the subject. It is taken from St. Chrysostom’s work on the Priesthood, b. iii. ‘ To the priests is given a power, which God would not give

* De Pœnit. c. ix. p. 169.

† De Pœnit. c. ix. p. 170.

‡ De Lapsis, p. 190.

either to the angels or archangels, for to these it was not said, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Earthly princes have, indeed, their power of binding, but it is only for the body; but the binding of the priests reaches even to the soul, and ascends to the heavens; insomuch that what the priests do below, God ratifies above; and the master confirms the sentence of the servant.'

"Oh! Miss Seward," said Father Xavier, rising: "I confess that when I reflect upon the abundant evidence, which Scripture, reason, all antiquity, and all succeeding time, give to the support of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church, I tremble for the safety of the souls of those who turn their backs upon her, and never speak but to vilify and blaspheme."

Miss Seward, being deeply impressed with what she had heard, made no reply; and waiving the formalities of society, passed on with the worthy priest to the door of the cottage.

"What charming shrubbery adorns the cottage grounds! Miss Seward," said he, when they had reached the portico; "and the rarest flowers that bloom in the valley! I almost tremble for the integrity with which I keep the tenth commandment, while I look at them."

"Well, Father," replied Pauline, smiling, "rather than, that you should break a commandment, I will present you with whatever plants you fancy."

"Now, you are more generous than I could wish," replied the Father. "In a few weeks we are to have a visit from our worthy bishop, at which time he will confirm the children of my parish; and as it is a

custom among us to adorn the altar with flowers, I was tempted to desire some of them temporarily."

"Certainly, Father," said Pauline, "you shall have them; and, if you will accept of the offer, my services in arranging them."

"Thank you! thank you! Miss Seward; we will accept of both with the greatest cordiality. Now that I think of it, I would also ask, if, in case your young ward, little Marie, is prepared to receive confirmation when the bishop arrives, we have your permission to confer it upon her?"

"Most certainly, Father; and any other rite you may deem necessary. You must remember that I am a schismatic, and therefore can do nothing for her myself, and am, indeed, very glad to transfer her to hands so worthy as your own. As far, however, as the catechism is concerned, you will not find her very deficient. I have frequently heard her say it, and, perhaps, owe a little of the liberality, as you term it, of this morning, to what I have by that means learned."

"Almighty God grant, my dear lady, that the light which you now enjoy may be but the dawning of a perfect day!"

As the worthy man departed, the Amen to that prayer was fervently made in the depths of Pauline's heart. It fell not on mortal ear, but, borne by her guardian angel to the chancery of heaven, was recorded in the book of everlasting life.

CHAPTER XVII.

She moved along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallow'd hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrils and the throng'd resort—
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn.—KEATS.

PAULINE had received many communications from her father and friends in the city; all of which conveyed the pleasing intelligence, that the peace of the city was being restored; and that, although deeply rooted prejudices were aroused, there was an evident reaction among the most enlightened citizens, in favour of the persecuted. Among these letters were two in print; sent jointly by Miss Crawford and Miss Stephens. One of these was written and published by the magistrate, Hugh Clair, who, it had been said, caused a female teacher of one of the public schools to throw a Bible out of the window; the other, was by that teacher herself; both denying the accusation, and both accompanied by their affidavits that no such outrage was ever perpetrated or attempted. And in order to deprive the malicious of even the shadow of an excuse, to support the calumny, still a third letter was added, signed by all the teachers, certifying, that nothing of the kind, in any shape or form, was ever required of, or done by any of them. The following is the certificate of those teachers:

“The undersigned principal teachers in the Public Schools, take pleasure in stating that Hugh Clair, one of the Directors of the schools, has never ordered, directed, or instructed, either or any of us, to dispense with the reading of the Bible in our schools, or interposed any obstruction to that exercise, as pursued by us under the instructions of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools.”

“There!” exclaimed our heroine, “I was certain, that time would expose the falsity of that charge, as it, and investigation, do the ten thousand others, which malignity utters against an abused Faith and people. Hail! O most holy Faith! I shall yet possess thee. Hail! ye persecuted children! I shall yet enjoy your fellowship! Well hath our blessed Lord said: ‘They have persecuted me, they will also persecute you;’ but, ‘blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, falsely, for my name sake.’”

Treasure those sacred words, Pauline, the time may come when thou wilt need all thy courage to lean on their support.

The tide of time rolled smoothly on. It was the day before that of the Confirmation. Pauline tremblingly knelt, for a moment, before the altar of God, previous to commencing her pleasing floral task. Marie, ever her companion, knelt beside her. They arose, and assiduously toiled. Never before did the altar of the Church of ‘The Holy Innocents’ wear such beauteous livery. Bright blooming wreaths twined through the golden candlesticks, and crept in sinuous curves above the tabernacle, then fell in luxuriant drapery in front and on either side, while mimic cherubs peeped through the flowers and shrubbery as

once they did in Paradise. A triumphal arch, of pure white roses, was erected over the door of the chancel, through which the youthful soldiers of the cross would have to pass in the order of the ceremony. This was surmounted by a dove, with the inscription suspended from its beak: "Suffer the little children to come unto me—for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It was the sacredness of the place alone, that restrained little Marie, as she gazed upon it, from shouts of joy. Pauline herself was not a little impressed with the imposing, and to her new, effect of her own display of taste; and she was still devoting some lingering glances at its beauty, when Father Xavier appeared at the interior door of the church, and beckoned to her. As she approached the door, he whispered:

"I have a surprise for you, Miss Seward. Come with me;" and conducting her to the parlour, he said:

"Monseigneur Henrie, permit me to present to you Miss Seward, a resident of your city, but at present the patroness of Leflore."

Pauline blushed as she was led forward, and thought it almost inexcusable in Father Xavier to have treated her so unceremoniously. The bishop, however, restored her composure by his blandness of manner; and rising as he spoke, familiarly said:

"I have had the pleasure of meeting with Miss Seward before. Is the interesting child that I saw with you, Miss Seward, still under your care?"

"Yes, bishop, she is; and a thousand times dearer to me each passing day; indeed, I should not know how to live without her. She ought to be here now;" and turning, as if in expectation of her approach, found her crouched closely behind her.

"Come here, my sweet child;" said the bishop. "How do you do?"

"Little Marie does very well: she has not been ——;" she intended to say 'naughty,' but after a moment's confusion, she said: "Little Marie tries to be good."

"God bless you, my child," said the bishop, and turning to Pauline, he observed, "this is the eve of a very interesting ceremony, Miss Seward."

"Yes, bishop; and though altogether new to me, I find my enthusiasm quite as much aroused as that of the children."

"We shall then probably have the pleasure of Miss Seward's presence to-morrow," said the bishop.

"Father Xavier has appropriated to me a seat, and insists that I am bound to occupy it, which I have promised to do, on condition that I receive so much of the honours of the day, as to have the bishop and him to dine with me, at Eglenton, after the ceremonies."

"That we shall be very happy to do, Miss Seward," responded the bishop.

Pauline soon after withdrew, and returned to the cottage.

Sunday, of all the days of the week the brightest and best, awoke the villagers of Leflore to the consciousness of their superior importance, on that day at least, especially of so many of them as had children to be confirmed. In view of the protracted and laborious, though pleasing services of the morning, it was of some importance to keep the youthful candidates asleep as long as possible. But all idea of sleep was banished from their bright eyes with the first beams of the sun, as he peeped into their humble chambers; and such a

buzzing and bouncing as that which now aroused the humble cottagers, had not for a long time invaded their peaceful domicils. In due time, the children were decked in their pure white habiliments. The girls, instead of bonnets, were covered with snowy veils, and crowned with wreaths of white roses. Nine o'clock was the time appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies. Long before that hour, the candidates had assembled at the old school-house, and, arranged in pairs, moved forward, with little Marie at their head, towards the Gothic chapel of 'The Holy Innocents.' Its old ivy-covered walls resounded to the peals of their merry bells. The ivy itself, the shrubbery, the very grass, which spread its soft covering for their tiny feet, and the flowers, all seemed to brighten with joy as the long line approached ; while the solemn old oaks and the ancient denizens of the mountains and valley nodded their dignified approval.

As the procession entered the church, the organ and choir welcomed the youthful band. Awed by the sacred presence, they moved slowly up the aisles to their respective places, where they bowed in deep devotion, while the venerable bishop with his clergy and attendants advanced towards the altar and commenced the august Sacrifice.

“ ‘I will go unto the altar of God : to God who giveth joy to my youth :—I confess to Almighty God, and before all the saints of heaven, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault :’ were the opening words of the divine service, uttered by the holy prelate, as he struck his breast in deep abasement of soul ; like the publican in the gospel, not daring to lift so much as his eyes towards heaven,

while he continued to cry for mercy : “ Kyrie eleison ; Christe eleison ; Kyrie eleison ; Lord have mercy on us ; Christ have mercy on us ; Lord have mercy on us.” After which, in the full hope of the pardon of a merciful Father, and with an elevated voice and attitude, “ Gloria in excelsis Deo,” gushed from his overcharged heart, and was re-echoed by every voice in that vast congregation, which, till now prostrate, arose, and with one heart, and one voice gave ‘ glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will.’ Pauline’s breast heaved with uncontrollable emotions ; and scarcely knowing whether she were in heaven or on earth, and those the saints she saw before her crowned, and clothed in white, joined in the loud thanksgiving as she had before supplicated the mercy of the divine Arbiter of her destiny.

The long-expected moment had now arrived. The bishop turned towards the congregation, and for a moment regarded the band of youthful candidates with a look of calm delight ; and then, in language so plain that the humblest might understand, and at the same time all be edified, said :

“ My dear children, I need not ask you what is Confirmation. You have been instructed to regard it as a sacrament instituted by our Lord for the sanctification of our souls, by bringing down the Holy Ghost in a more particular manner to dwell in them.

“ It is known to be a sacrament, because it has the three things required to constitute it such. First : That it has the outward visible sign, or action, performed ; Second : That it is a certain means of bringing grace to the soul ; and Third : That it has Christ for its author.

“ The outward and visible sign in Confirmation, as

laid down in scripture, consists of three things. 1. The bishop to whom it belongs to give Confirmation, stretching out his hand over those that are to be confirmed, prays for them all in general that the Holy Ghost may come down upon them with his sevenfold graces or gifts, of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord. 2. Coming to each one in particular, he lays his hands upon him; and 3. At the same time anoints his forehead with the holy chrism in the form of the cross, saying these words: 'I sign thee with the sign of the cross, I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

"The scripture proofs of this are found in the Acts of the Apostles, where we are told that when St. Philip, the deacon, had, by his preachings and miracles, converted the Samaritans, 'they were baptized both men and women.' Which, when the apostles who were at Jerusalem had heard; 'they sent them Peter and John; who, when they were come, 1st. Prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost—then 2d. Laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost.' Acts viii. 12, 17. Here it is evidently seen, that prayer and the laying on of their hands, were the outward means used by these apostles, by which the Holy Ghost was communicated to their souls; prayer as a preparation, and the laying on of their hands as the immediate means appointed for that purpose.

"Again: the scripture, speaking on any subject, does not always mention every circumstance respecting it in one place, but sometimes mentions one circumstance, sometimes another; and it is by collecting

these different passages together, that we have the whole. St. Paul, speaking of this sacrament, in his epistle to the Corinthians, describes it thus: ‘Now he that confirmeth us with you in Christ, and he that hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us; and given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts.’ 2 Cor. i. 21, 22. In these words he both mentions the confirming us, and the anointing us, and also the sealing us, or the sacred character which this sacrament imprints in our souls; and, at the same time declares, that all this is the work of God; that is, that God is the author of it. From these two passages we have the whole of this sacrament explained to us, both as to the outward action, as above described, and the inward grace, or the sacred effects which it produces in the soul of the worthy recipient.

“That this exposition of the Sacred Scripture is the just one, and true, is rendered evident by the universal teaching of true faith in all ages. The following examples must for the present suffice.

“St. Cyprian flourished in the third century. On this subject he writes: ‘It is moreover necessary, that he who has been baptized, *should be anointed*, in order that, having received the chrism, that is the unction, he may be the anointed of God, and possess the grace of Christ.’* Again: ‘They who had believed in Samaria, (*Acts viii.*) had believed with a true faith; and were baptized in the One Church by Philip, whom the apostles had sent. And therefore, because their baptism was legitimate, it was not to be repeated. That alone, which was wanting, was supplied by Peter and John; that by prayer and *the imposition of hands*, they might

*Ep. lxx. ad Jan. p. 125.

receive the Holy Ghost. The same thing is now done by us, when they who have been baptized in the church, are presented to the bishops, that by our prayer and the imposition of hands, they may receive the divine Spirit, and be perfected by the seal of the Lord.*

“Tertullian, who wrote near a century earlier, says : ‘Then coming out from the font, *we are anointed with the holy unction*, agreeably to the ancient discipline, when priests were anointed. And the name of Christ is from *chrism*, which is unction.’†

“I will omit the testimony of many individual Fathers, and adduce the more general testimony of the Council of Laodicea. It was held during the fourth century ; at which time, the collective wisdom of the church, overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, said : ‘Whoever are converted from heresy, be they baptized, or be they catechumens, they may not be admitted till they shall have renounced all heresy ; and then being instructed, and *anointed with the Holy Chrism*, they may be admitted to the sacred mysteries.‡ Again : ‘They who have been instructed, must, after baptism, be *anointed with the Celestial Chrism*, and be made partakers, of the kingdom of Christ.’§

“St. John Chrysostom asks : ‘Why had not they who were baptized, (*Acts viii.*) received the Holy Ghost? Perhaps in this Philip meant to honour those apostles, who were soon to come ; or because he could not himself bestow the gift. He was probably one of the seven Deacons ; for which reason he baptized, but

* Ep. lxxiii. p. 132.

† De Bap. c. 7.

‡ Can. vii. t. i. p. 1497.

§ Can. xlviii. p. 5105.

he could not bestow the Holy Spirit. This belonged to the apostles.' ”*

Pauline's attention was closely riveted throughout this lucid exposition of the sacrament whose administration she was about to witness. Especially was her interest excited at that part of the discourse, which practically enforced the divine precept.

“ We give,” continued the bishop, “ a slight stroke upon the cheek of the persons confirmed, to remind them that if they expect to reign with Christ they must first suffer with and for him ; and if necessary, die for him. My children, our lot has been cast by an all-wise Providence upon evil times : but nevertheless, you must profess your faith openly ; deny your religion on no occasion whatsoever ; but, like good soldiers of Christ, be faithful unto death. In the spiritual warfare in which you are about to engage, you will be exposed to many and violent temptations ; you will find your foes numerous and strong ; and you will have need to exercise all your vigilance to make your calling and election sure. Commence your new life with these four things : diffidence in yourselves ; confidence in God ; the good use of all the powers of your body and soul ; and the exercise of prayer. And in every conflict with the enemy, remember, that He who is for you, is God ; and that if God be for you, none can successfully contend against you. That you may fight your spiritual combat well, and finally receive the crown which is laid up for all that endure unto the end, is the rich blessing that I wish you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

The sermon ended :

* Hom. xviii. Act. Apost.

**"Soldiers of Christ, arise;
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror,"—**

were the beautifully appropriate words, that inspired the melody of a thousand voices in that vast and deeply absorbed assembly, as the children, and several converts of a mature age, arose and moved forward towards the altar; there to receive at the hands of the bishop, as the ambassador of heaven, the ineffable gift of the Holy Ghost.

Marie, who had been conditionally baptized, led the way. Her veil was thrown back from her face. Her countenance, always sweet, was rendered angelic by devotion. She moved slowly forward, and ascending the steps of the altar, kneeled before the venerable prelate. He raised his hands over her and fervently prayed:

"O Almighty, everlasting God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate this thy servant by water and the Holy Ghost, and who hast given her the remission of all her sins; send forth upon her thy sevenfold Holy Spirit, the Comforter, from heaven."

She meekly responded: "Amen."

"The spirit of wisdom and understanding."

"Amen."

"The spirit of council and of fortitude."

"Amen."

"The spirit of knowledge and of piety."

"Amen."

“Replenish her with the spirit of thy fear, and sign her with the sign ☩ of the cross of Christ, in thy mercy, unto life everlasting. Through the same Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the same Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.”

“Amen.”

Then the bishop made the sign of the cross with holy chrism, upon her forehead, saying :

“Marie Agnes, I sign thee with the sign of the cross, I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

After which, he gave her the slight stroke, with his finger, upon the cheek, in token that she should be willing, like a true soldier of Jesus, to suffer patiently all kinds of affronts and injuries for his Faith ; and said :

“*Pax tecum*, Peace be with thee ;” and added,

“May the Lord bless you from Sion, that you may see the good things of Jerusalem all the days of your life ; and may have life everlasting.”

The remembrance of her past sufferings rushed through her memory. As she bowed her head in meek submission, faintly murmuring the last, low “Amen,” and as she arose to make room for those who were to follow, two crystal drops stood trembling on her cheeks. They fell ; but a radiant smile spoke : “All is peace within.”——

Early in the afternoon Miss Seward entertained her Right Rev. and Rev. guests. Of course, the day, the sacred character of the gentlemen, and Pauline’s own religious feelings, all united to give the tone to their conversation. It was grave without being sanctimonious ; cheerful without levity, and tempered with

charity. Our heroine thought it a good opportunity to disabuse her mind of some lingering prejudices, imbibed, she scarcely knew how, with respect to the use and free circulation of the sacred Scriptures, in the Catholic Church ; and some reference having been inadvertently made to the subject of her thoughts, she inquiringly observed :

“ Bishop, since the commencement of my investigations of the Catholic Faith, I have often felt surprised that Protestants, who differ on all subjects, should so universally agree to charge it with suppressing the Bible. My astonishment has not been diminished by the knowledge of the fact, that in all the works, which I have examined, the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church are supported by copious reference to the word of God ; which certainly contradicts the assertion. Why is this ? and what can be said on the Catholic side of the question ? ”

“ Why it is thus, Miss Seward,” replied the Bishop, “ they must explain, who fabricate their groundless assertions. As to what may be said on the Catholic side of the question, I would simply say, that every educated person knows, that from the moment the Holy Books came from the hands of their inspired authors, the Catholic Church seized them with holy violence ; transcribed them with scrupulous exactitude ; translated them into every known tongue, and disseminated them among the faithful, dispersed throughout the world ; so that in the fourth century, St. Augustine witnesses that : “ The number of persons, who had translated the Scriptures from the Hebrew into the Greek, *might be* computed, but that the number of those, who had translated the Greek into the Latin, *could not be computed.* ” And, from that time until the

fifteenth century, holy priests and monks, in the retirement of the study or the cloister, demonstrated their undying attachment to the word of God, by devoting their lives to the work of engraving its sacred pages upon durable materials, transcribing, re-transcribing and translating them, as the unwearied pioneers of the Cross of Jesus, scattered throughout the world, won new trophies to his most holy Faith, in the conversion of whole nations, empires, continents, and the very islands of the seas; until the Bible was disseminated in the vulgar tongues of Syria, of Ethiopia, of Arabia, and of many other places, even of China—as well as of Germany, France and Italy, &c., &c. Yet we are charged with suppressing the Bible!

“And no sooner was the benign art of printing invented, than we behold these same pious labourers avail themselves of its advantages; throw aside their reeds and graving instruments; and for generations, in some cases for almost a century before even the name of Protestant was known, issuing numerous printed editions of the Holy Bible. And, as the early Christians, when they first received that sacred deposit, preferred death, to betraying their trust; so these, their worthy successors, in like manner, still preserved it inviolate, when the northern barbarians poured down upon them; and when the Saracen and Moor drank their blood; and still later, when the Protestants desecrated their altars, and tearing the Bible to pieces, scattered its surreptitious fragments through the world, instead of the entire pure word of God.”

Father Xavier here excused himself on the plea of attending to his Catechism class and withdrew. After his departure Pauline continued:

“Bishop, permit me to ask why you speak of the

Protestants as destroying the Bible, tearing it to pieces' That is certainly not consonant with their professions, at least."

"No, Miss Seward," he replied, "not with their professions, but most certainly with their practice. Protestants merit that name as much for their protestations against the inspired books as for their protestations against every thing else. They have from the first rejected and suppressed many books of holy writ; and some of them have had the temerity also to alter the sacred text itself, as they still do both it and the meaning of parts of those books they now retain. It was against this awful temerity that the Council of Trent raised its solemn denunciations. To use the caustic language of the sacred Council, 'being desirous to repress that temerity by which the *words and sentences* of the sacred Scriptures are turned and twisted to profane purposes; to scurrilous, fabulous, and vain things—to flattery, detractions, impious superstitions, and diabolical incantations, divinations, lots, and libels—she (the church) commands and orders to take away such irreverence and contempt, that no one, in future, shall dare in any manner to use the words of sacred Scripture, for these or similar purposes; that all such profane violators of the word of God shall be repressed by such punishments as the law has specified, or the bishops devise.'"

"With such zeal the Catholic church has ever endeavoured to preserve the Bible entire and pure. But, there are ever to be found, wicked, designing men, who wrest it to their own destruction. And when she, like a faithful mother, warns and implores them not to

* Coun. of Trent, sess. iv.

give the infidel and foe of Christ reason to blaspheme, and reject their only hope, they charge her with hating the word of God itself, and withholding it to keep the people in ignorance. Had it not been for the Catholic church, Miss Seward, its foes would not have had even the remnant of the Bible which they now have; nor, perhaps, have heard of the saving name of Jesus. The Pagan, the Turk, the Moor, would, long before Protestantism came into existence, have committed its last page to the destroying element. Charges like that, then, come with a bad grace from such a source."

"Bishop, you said the Catholics were the first who made use of the art of printing to facilitate their issues of the Bible; I thought that was a claim which Protestants attach to themselves?"

"Yes, Miss Seward; but, pardon the figure, its application is irresistible: they attach it to themselves very much like a certain vain bird did the borrowed feathers. The following will set the subject in its true light.

"The Catholic edition of Faust was printed at Mentz, in Germany, in 1462, more than half a century before Luther's *ex parte* translation, which was not issued until 1522-30. Bemler, also, issued an edition at Augsburg, in 1467, within five years of that by Faust. There were four other editions printed about the same time.

"In France, the Catholic editions of the Bible preceded those of the Protestant many years. Julian, an Augustinian monk, printed the New Testament in 1477, while the Protestant version of Olivetan and Calvin did not appear until 1537. There were several other Catholic editions printed before this; one by Gayards des Moulins, 1490; another by Estaple, 1523-28.

“ ‘The Italian (Catholic) version, of Malermis, 1471 ; and that of Brucciofis, in 1532, preceded the Italian Protestant versions: the former, by almost a century ; the latter, by thirty years.

“ ‘In Belgium, the Catholic versions, printed at Cologne, 1475 ; at Delft, 1477 ; at Gouda, 1479 ; and at Antwerp, in 1518,—all preceded the Protestant translation, which was not issued until 1527.”*

“But I perceive, Miss Seward, that the vesper bell is ringing ; I must, therefore, with regret, break off in the midst of this most interesting subject, and beg you to excuse me.”

“It is truly with regret on my part, Bishop Henrie,” rejoined Pauline, “and I beg that you will accept my sincere thanks, for the information you have so kindly imparted.”

* Hughes and Breckenridge, p. 460.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Were all the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art.—DICKER.

BEFORE the bishop left Leflore, our heroine had an opportunity of listening to the conclusion of his defence of the Catholic church, with respect to the sacred Scriptures.

“When last conversing with you, Miss Seward; on the subject of the Catholic church and the holy Scriptures, I referred to the faithfulness of her guardianship over them, when the enemies of Christ would have annihilated them; and when Protestants, advancing the error of private judgment, actually did curtail the sacred canon of many of its books. I now propose to show you the necessity of that watchfulness, by speaking more at large concerning their desecration of God’s holy Word.

“Since individual judgment has been made the rule for ascertaining truth, every thing Protestant is characterized by instability. The vane upon their spires, varying at every breath of wind, is its peculiar symbol; as the Cross is that of the Catholic. Change is always the order of the day, and must ever be so as long as their establishments are erected upon this radical error, *private opinion*.

“In religion there are certain principles, which

must of necessity be believed. I say must, for if disbelieved, eternal death, anathema, will be the consequence. Strictly, in religion there is no such thing as *opinion*. Moses gave laws to the children of Israel, not *opinions*. Christ brought grace and truth into the world ; but He never inculcated an *opinion*. He gave *principles* for the guidance of His church, and constituting His apostles, and their successors, authoritative teachers and rulers therein, He solemnly commissioned them to TEACH the world : ‘ All power is given to me in heaven and in earth,’ said He. ‘ Going, therefore, teach ye all nations : baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you : and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.’—Matt. xxviii. 18, 19. ‘ He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved : but he that believeth not, shall be condemned.’ Mark xvi. 16.

“ In spite of this authoritative commission, and in view of the condemnation visited upon the unbeliever, no man can form a new religion ; no man can alter and amend this old one of Christ’s ; no man, substituting his own *private opinion* for the rule of truth, as to what is, and what is not sacred Scripture, can tear, piece-meal, the written deposit of Faith, selecting such books, and parts of books as suit his own notions, and reject all the rest, but at the certain peril of his soul. Yet such precisely was the error into which fell Luther and Calvin, and all the other new religionists of the sixteenth century ; and such, precisely, is the error which the ten thousand new sects, their heterogeneous progeny, that now start up in every city and town, where lives a numskull who

thinks he is called to preach the word of God, daily commit. There is nothing too sacred for their unhalloved hands to desecrate. While their lips laud the sacred books, their hands tear them into fragments, and scatter the holy treasure upon the restless waves of popular election. Each hair-brain catches a fragment. He reads: and filled with one idea, builds up a church (!) where immersion forms the distinctive feature. Another, on his scrap, finds something about the baptism of the Spirit: off he goes at a tangent, and builds a meeting-house, where the total absence of baptism prevails. A third, on his piece, reads, 'There is none other God but one:': straightway he builds a congregation, where Jesus and the Holy Ghost are both denied.

"But let us see whether history supports us in this assertion that the new religionists were guilty of all this impiety. And I beg you, Miss Seward, not to rest satisfied simply with what I shall say, but go yourself to the fountain head of information; examine thoroughly, and you will not be long in drawing your conclusions.

"Let us first hear what Luther, the prince of reformers, has to say: 'We will neither hear nor see Moses, for he was given only to the Jews.' 'I will not receive Moses and his law, for he was the enemy of Christ.' 'Moses is the master of all hangmen.'* Again: 'Let the ten commandments be altogether rejected, and all heresy will presently cease; for the ten commandments are, as it were, the fountain from whence all heresies spring.'† So spake Luther, and

* Coloc. Mensal. fol. 118, et Serm. de Mose.

† In conviv. Colloq.

swept from the canon of Scripture the entire five books of Moses, including the ten commandments of God. This is proof of what I said, that nothing, not even Holy Scripture, is too sacred to escape the desecrating hands of new religionists. What suits them they make use of; all else they reject. It matters not if Luther became ashamed of this some years afterwards, and restored the rejected books to their proper places; the prerogative of private *opinion* to cull, to alter, and amend the sacred books, was still maintained, as will presently appear.

“‘Martin Luther’s Table Talk’ is a well-known work, containing the familiar observations and conversations of the reformer with his friends. On page 168 of Brunet’s translation is the following: ‘I cannot believe that the book of Judith is historical; it does not agree with the Geography: *I believe that it is a fiction*, as the legends of the saints or a poem composed by a pious man.’ Speaking of the second book of Machabees, he says; ‘*I hate this book* AND THAT OF HESTER; *I would rather that they did not exist*; they resemble much the books of Pagans.’ What blasphemy! Luther, the reformer, HATES the book of Hester, which Protestants believe to be inspired by the Holy Ghost; and because his private judgment esteems it Paganish, he would rather that the Holy Ghost had not inspired the sacred penman to write it!

“Zuinglius, writing to Luther concerning his corrupt version of the Sacred Scripture, says: ‘Thou corruptest the word of God, O Luther! thou art seen to be a manifest and common corrupter and perverter of the Holy Scriptures.’” ‘In short,’ says Ward,

* Zuingl. tom. 2, ad Luth.

‘Bucer and the Osiandrians rise up against Luther for false translations.* Staphylus and Emserus noted in Luther’s Dutch translation of the New Testament alone, one thousand four hundred heretical corruptions.’

“Calvin differed from Luther in many religious *opinions*. On some points he directly opposed him. Such was the fact with respect to justification: hence, while Luther rejected the epistle of St. James, and styled it an epistle of ‘straw,’ Calvin set great store by it, and called it the ‘golden’ epistle. And yet, in steady opposition to his unamiable friend, Luther, who greatly admired the gospel of St. Mathew, Calvin expressly charges St. Mathew with error.† ‘That learned Protestant, Molinæus,’ says Ward, ‘affirms of Calvin’s translation, that Calvin, in his Harmony, makes the *text* of the gospel to leap up and down; he uses violence to the *letter* of the gospel; and besides this, *adds to the text*.’‡

“Vitus Theodorus is another of these new religionists, who constituted himself sole judge of what is and what is not Sacred Scripture. He essayed to publish a version of the pure word of God, and said: ‘The epistle of James, and the Apocalypse of John, *we have of set purpose left out*, because the epistle of James is not only in certain places reprobable, where he too much advances works against faith; but also his doctrines throughout are patched together with divers pieces, whereof no one agrees with another.’§

“The Protestants of Strasburg, in the year 1598, erased from the canon of scripture, the epistle to the

* In Def. Trans. p. 170.

† See Inst. lib. 2, cap. 26.

‡ In sua Trans. Nov. Test. part 12, fol. 110.

§ In Annot. in Nov. Test.

Hebrews, the epistle of St. James, and that of St. Jude ; and the Apocalypse of St. John. And though they some time afterwards replaced them, it merits no praise, since the latter act was, equally with the former, the result of mere whim, caprice, and not dictated by any certain knowledge, much less by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, which some of them blasphemously claimed.

“From these few specimens of reformers, you may judge the whole, Miss Seward. It is not necessary here to pursue the account of the follies of Œcolampadius, Froscheverus, Melancthon, Beza, and a host of others, whose errors, and corruptions, and suppressions of Sacred Scripture have made them objects of scorn to the learned world. One of them sweeps away full a third of the Scriptures ; another falls but little short of him ; a third, still differing from his illustrious predecessors, excludes another large portion. Then follows a scene of upbraidings, and mutual recriminations. ‘Fools, Antichrists, deceivers,’ &c. &c., are the euphonious epithets bandied about from mouth to mouth by these reformers ; and finally, each excommunicates the other.

“The sacred book, which they have so much abused, gives fearful indication of what must be the awful and irrevocable condition of such men. It says : ‘I testify to every one, that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book : if any man shall add to these things, God shall add unto him the plagues written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from these things that are written in this

book. Rev. xxii. 18, 19. Alas! poor mutilators of God's holy word!"

"How then, bishop, are we to determine what books are to be considered authentic scriptures?"

"By the teaching of the church, Miss Seward; to which God has given his Holy Spirit; and which he has commanded us to hear in all things that pertain to the affair of salvation."

"And what does the church teach us concerning the canon of the scriptures?"

"It teaches us to hold and esteem for genuine and canonical scripture, all those books of the Old and New Testament, which are to be found in the version commonly known by the name 'Douay Bible.'

"Originally the inspired books were written for some specific purpose; either to instruct a particular church in some doctrine or rite, or to reprove its members on account of some irregularity or error. And if some were intended for general instruction, from the great distance that intervened between the various sections of the church, the difficulty of access, and oftentimes the necessity of concealment of the sacred writings, many portions of the church remained a considerable time without some of the sacred books: as St. Irenæus testifies, that, 'many nations of barbarians carefully preserved the documents of faith in their hearts, without writings, (literally, without paper and ink.)*' False gossellers issued their spurious books to delude the faithful. To preserve them from their deceptions, and to prevent mistake by defining the sacred books, the council of Africa was called, (anno 393,) and four years afterwards, the council of

* Lib. contr. Her. c. 4.

Hippo enumerated those books, which, according to the traditions of the Fathers, must be considered of divine authority. They issued catalogues, with which that of Trent, and of course our English version, are identical: and, three years afterwards, the first council of Toledo passed a decree: 'That no one should assert that there are canonical scriptures, different from those which the Catholic church admits.' What those books were, which must be believed to be of divine authority, another African council, (anno 419,) comprising more than two hundred bishops, again defined, confirming all the decrees made in the three previous councils, and corresponding perfectly with the catalogue of the council of Trent. Successive councils convoked at Rome, 494, at Trullo, 692, at Florence, 1439, at Jerusalem, 1672,* and others, all defining, by accurate lists, what books were to be esteemed sacred and canonical, admitted no other canon than that mentioned in the first council:† to all of which the canon of the council of Trent is strictly conformable.

"It is to these decrees that the venerable Fathers of the church implicitly submitted, and taught their humbler brethren the necessity of yielding their unhesitating

* This council was of Greek schismatics. Their testimony is, however, available as an evidence of the traditions preserved among them.

† Some think that the two books of Machabees were included in the Gelasian catalogue as one, since Gelasius, (Pope,) mentions but one book of Machabees. The author of the apostolical canons, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and many others, make mention of two books. The third council of Carthage, 397, the council of Florence, and finally that of Trent, with many other councils, have pronounced that two books of Machabees should be received as canonical.

obedience. It was upon this authority alone that St. Augustine received the same books of Sacred Scripture. 'I would not receive the gospels,' says he, 'unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me thereto.*' And what this holy doctor predicated of the book of Wisdom, the church has again and again, in the most solemn manner, affirmed of all the disputed books: 'that they ought to be heard by all Christians, from the bishops even to the humblest laic, penitents and catechumens, WITH REVERENCE OF THE DIVINE AUTHORITY.'† St. Cyril of Jerusalem says, 'Learn carefully from the church, which are the inspired books of the Old and New Testaments, and take heed lest you infringe HER ORDINANCES.'‡

"Catholics of the present age, Miss Seward, reverence, and are not less tenacious of this authority than were their Fathers. They deem themselves, equally with those, bound by its decrees, as well as by their love for the Truth and their undying attachment to the Faith, to acknowledge no other canon of Scriptures, than that thus defined; and they willingly place themselves under the anathema of its violation. I have already exhibited to you, Miss Seward, in the examples of the reformers, both the importance and the necessity of this authority."

"I am convinced, bishop, that there should be some reliable authority to decide what books are, and what are not genuine Scripture, since very few indeed are competent to do so for themselves; but does it not seem a great hardship that when we read, we cannot put our own interpretation upon what we read?"

"I think not, Miss Seward; for believing as we do

* Contr. Ep. Fun. c. 5.

† De Praed. Sanct. c. 16

‡ Cat. iv.

that the church, aided by the Holy Ghost, which is ever with her, to lead, and to keep, her in the way of truth, is, in her collective capacity, wiser than any of her children individually, however learned or intellectually gifted, it should be our desire, as good children, to profit by the wisdom of our experienced parent, and have her to instruct us in the divine oracles, lest we rashly wrest them to our own destruction. And this she does, invoking our obedience and veneration; warning us not to suffer ourselves to be carried away by every wind of doctrine, and cunning deceit of men; and charging us in the name of Christ to hold fast the form of sound words, and to keep the faith once delivered to the saints.

“To prove to you, Miss Seward, the fallacy and insufficiency, not to say impiety, of seeking any other general mode of arriving at the knowledge of the divine mind, I need but refer you to the lamentable confusion that forms the most distinctive feature of the Protestant world. The Unitarian opens the Bible, and by the aid of private judgment finds only one divine Person. The Presbyterian opens the same book, and by the same rule finds three divine Persons.

“The Quaker or Friend does the same, and finds no sacrament. The Episcopalian uses the same book, and the same fallacious rule, and finds two sacraments. The Universalist opens the same book, and his private judgment impels him to decide that there is no place of eternal punishment, no hell. The Methodist does likewise, and discovers one of fire.

“Protestants in general open the Bible, and pronounce it a sufficient rule of Faith and Morals. The Quaker in like manner, and maintains as a fundamen-

tal proposition that the Bible is *not* the adequate primary rule of Faith and Morals.*

“The Infidel opens the Bible, and by the all-potent measure of his own mind, pronounces the whole a fable!

“Such are a few of the specimens of that specious delusion ‘Private Interpretation;’ a delusion, which has filled the world with sorrow and confusion; a delusion, that has retarded the final triumph of the Redeemer’s kingdom upon earth; a delusion, that has sown the seeds of discord in every family, or wherever two individuals meet together; and finally, a delusion, by which the devil, the enemy of all mankind, the enemy of unity and love, has at last succeeded in effecting, what all the persecutions and tortures of the Pagans failed to do, the disunion of the unbroken front of the sacramental host of God’s elect, and has caused the words, ‘Behold how these Christians love one another,’ to be a by-word and a mockery.”

“Although I have not been willing to yield the privilege of judging for myself, bishop, yet, I have long felt convinced that it is to the absence of authoritative instruction on points of doctrine, and the vague interpretation of the Scriptures, that the divisions of the Protestant denominations are attributable.”

“Nothing is more certain; but I will go farther than that, Miss Seward, and making a local application of it, say, it is to this lamentable error that we may one day have to attribute the dismemberment of this great Republic.”

“You astonish me, bishop! How can it have that effect?”

“By a very simple and plain deduction. The prin-

* See Barclay’s Apology.

ciple itself is disorganizing. When, therefore, we consider that religious frenzy is the strongest passion that rages in the breast of man, no limit can be placed to the extent of the exercise of that principle, should an occasion arise to excite its action. That such occasions do arise, the bloody ground of many a battlefield, both in the Old World and in the New, attests. It was the legitimate use of this principle that placed Cromwell at the head of an armed faction of Presbyterians, and led him on to violate that very Scripture by which he professed to be guided, and caused him to overthrow the Episcopal governing powers of England. It was this that produced all the horrors of the Reign of Terror in France, when the infidel philosophers essayed to annihilate all religion. Such also was the result of its use, by the first emigrants of New England, who, being guided by it, in the name of religion steeped their hands in each other's blood. And finally, there is not a denomination of Protestants, that has not suffered, and that does not now suffer, from its evil effects.

“But let me adduce a case, which is now weakening the ties of unanimity of these United States, and which tends so strongly to embitter the respective partisans as to render it problematical to what fatal extent the strife may grow. I refer to the late action of the Methodists, upon the slavery question. One party maintains that, the religion of the Bible is opposed to slavery; the other that it is not, or if it is, better to suffer the evil than to divide the church. Hence in this denomination, the entire South is arrayed against the North, and the North against the South. Each division denounces the other; and that body, which, among the sects, was comparatively united, is now politico-religiously divided. This separation, and the bit-

terness which is its consequence, aided by the union of the two most powerful influences that can be brought to bear upon any question, religion and politics, keep alive the sectional prejudice of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding states. Let the Presbyterians take the same course; let Episcopalians and all the other sects, which hold the same erroneous principle, follow their example, and all the wisdom of Congress, all the moral and physical force it can bring to bear upon the troubled elements of discord cannot preserve the integrity of the Union. It must be severed.

“Not so of the Catholic principle. The divine Founder of his church has adapted it to every nation, republican or monarchical, civilized or barbarous; to every age, and to every shade and diversity of intellect. Without regard to any question of jurisprudence, it unites all in unity of action; and preserves alike the crowned head and the majesty of the people; the freeborn and the slave. Hence it is, that while all other forms of religion fritter and die away, and become lost in the self-annihilating principle that forms their rule of action: while dynasties, empires, and republics, alike rise and fall, and the most enduring monuments of man crumble into dust, the Catholic church ever remains immovably steadfast, ‘fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array:’ fresh as in her youth; elastic as the young eagle; vigorous as a war-horse prancing in battle. Like the planets encircle their sun, so all nations, and tribes, and tongues, encircle their spiritual head. Not politically: we owe the sovereign Pontiff no civil allegiance; we owe him naught but filial love, and spiritual obedience. This principle which unites and governs us is AUTHORITY: a principle, by which mil-

lions of diversified minds and interests are brought into a harmony of action, that, whatever may be the political questions upon which they disagree, mocks at religious discord."

Our heroine followed the bishop throughout, with the deepest interest and attention. She recognised in what he said much that had frequently occurred to her own mind; and this corroboration of her reflections, while it very naturally strengthened her views, served also to increase her confidence in her venerable instructor. She, therefore, the more freely advanced another objection, intimately connected with the foregoing, and which Protestants oppose to Catholics: the doctrine of Tradition.

"I have ever been taught," she said, "that Catholics, finding the sacred Scriptures to be against them, have set them aside as imperfect, and that they have invented the convenient notion of tradition, to afford them the opportunity of advancing such tyrannical and oppressive dogmas as suit their ambitious views. Every point of Catholic Faith, which I have yet examined in Catholic books, I have found to be reasonable, and altogether different from my preconceived ideas, derived from Protestant representation, and I doubt not but that I shall profit by your instruction, Bishop, in answer to my inquiry of what is meant by tradition."

"There is no exaggeration in the statement, Miss Seward," he replied, "that there is neither a doctrine, nor a mere usage of the Catholic church that has not been the subject of the grossest misrepresentation: and this of tradition not the least so.

"Tradition is the handing down from one generation to another, whether by word, or mouth, or by writ-

ings, those truths revealed by Jesus Christ to his apostles, which either are not all contained in the Holy Scriptures, or at least are not clearly contained in them. The principle upon which tradition proceeds, is, the laying down, as an invariable rule, to be observed in every generation, firmly to adhere to the doctrine received from the preceding generation, and carefully to commit the same to the succeeding generation, without addition or diminution. This principle was firmly established by the apostles, in their sacred writings. They warmly exhorted the faithful to hold fast to the doctrines which they had delivered to them, and to teach the same inviolate to those after them. Thus says St. Paul : ‘O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge, falsely so called, which some promising have erred concerning the faith.’—1 Tim. vi. 20, 21. ‘And the things which thou has heard of me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also.’—2 Tim. ii. 2. Such are the injunctions which he laid upon the pastors of the church in the person of his disciple Timothy. And to show that the bishops, or chief pastors, are particularly charged with the obligation of adhering to the doctrines delivered to them from the apostles, when relating to Titus the qualities of these chief pastors, among others, he says, ‘that a bishop ought to embrace that faithful word, which is according to doctrine, that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine, and convince the gainsayers,—who must be reprovèd : who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre’s sake.’—Titus i. 9, 11. The same injunction of adhering to the doctrine they had received, by

tradition, from the apostles, he lays upon all the faithful, in these words : ‘ Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle.’—2 Thess. ii. 14. St. Jude also writes his epistle on purpose to enforce this duty on the faithful, and says : ‘ I was under a necessity to write unto you : to beseech you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.’ Jude ver. 3. Such strong and repeated injunctions, Miss Seward, laid upon all, and especially upon the pastors of the church, who are appointed by Jesus Christ, to be the guardians and teachers of the Faith, could not fail to make the deepest impression upon their minds, and have, in all ages, been considered as the great rule of their conduct, in preserving the true doctrine inviolate. And it is also manifest from these Scripture oracles, that the great principle, or rule of tradition, was laid down and established by God himself, at the beginning, and that it was delivered by the apostles to their disciples, along with the other truths of the Gospel, as the fence and barrier, ordained by God, for the preservation of the Faith throughout all generations.”*

“ But, without wishing to charge the Christian church with purposely corrupting any part of the Faith revealed by God,” said Pauline, “ is it not possible, Bishop, that during the course of so many ages, that which was originally delivered by the apostles should have become impaired ? may not some have added to it, or taken something away from it ?—not intentionally, but by the unavoidable process of transmitting it through so many channels.”

“ To suppose that, Miss Seward, would be to sup-

* Sincere Christian, p. 83.

pose that Christ had broken his promise, always to remain with his Church, and that he had by desertion made his work of redemption a useless sacrifice. It would be to suppose that the Holy Spirit had deserted his office of leading it in the way of all truth, and had taken his everlasting flight. It would be to suppose that God had created us, redeemed us, sanctified us, but in mockery. Suppositions too blasphemous to be made but by beings who are themselves capable of the most heinous crimes, or to be seriously regarded by us."

"How does it appear certain, Bishop, that the church has always undeviatingly adhered to this rule of tradition?"

"It appears certain, from what I have just said, and also from several other considerations. Because the church, in the apostolic age, most certainly adhered to it, as all the above testimonies of Scripture show. Because, in every succeeding age, she has always professed her constant adherence to it, as the acts of all her councils, and the writings of all the holy fathers in every age declare. St. Vincent, of Lerins, and Tertullian, have written whole books upon this very subject. I will mention one passage of this latter, Tertullian. He says: 'If Scripture has here defined nothing, surely *usage* has; which usage has arisen from *tradition*. For had it not been delivered, how could it have obtained practice? But you say, even in speaking of tradition, some written authority is necessary. Let us then inquire, whether no tradition should be admitted, unless it be written. I will allow that it should not, if no examples of other practices can be adduced, which we maintain on the *sole title* of tradition, and the strength of custom, *without the*

smallest written authority.' He then proceeds to mention certain practices in the administration of baptism, and in other rites, and then adds: 'Of these and other usages, if you ask for the written authority of the Scriptures, *none will be found.* They spring from *tradition*, which practice has confirmed, and obedience ratified.'*

"*To the Scriptures, therefore, an appeal must not be made; on them, no contest should be instituted; where victory is uncertain. For where this doctrine and this Faith shall be found, there will be the truth of the Scriptures, and their expositions, and of all Christian traditions.*"†

"In the present age, Miss Seward, the Catholic church openly avows the same divine traditions, and protests that she received this rule, along with the other truths of Christianity, as handed down without alteration from the preceding generations. All Christians are bound to receive it; and all those who reject it, reject a part of that deposit of Faith, without which there is no salvation. This it is, together with the written word of God, interpreted by the church, which forms the Catholic rule of Faith, and is the only infallible guide left us by the Redeemer, for the instruction of his people."

* De Corona Militis. c. iii. iv. p. 289.

† De Præscrip. c. xix. p. 334.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now bonnie lassie ye ha'e gane,
Ye've left us lane and drearie O;
And oh! we mairn for ye, mine ain,
My bonnie lass, my Marie O.

Oft ha'e I heard o' angels fair,
Wi' form sae light an' cheerie O.
But then I ne'er kent what they were,
Till I saw ye, my Marie O.—J. F. BEATT.

THE fairest lily of the romantic vale of Leflore was little Marie Agnes; or, as the villagers, particularly since her confirmation, loved to call her, St. Agnes. She was Pauline's almoner; and it was her delight in this character to shed the sweet odour of her innocence and piety around many a virtuous though poverty-stricken hearth.

During his visit, Pauline had intimated to the bishop that she had now thoroughly examined the claims of the Catholic Church; that she was perfectly satisfied with it, and would be extremely happy if he would assist her in taking the necessary steps to make her profession of the Faith, for the discovery of which, she had, almost hopelessly, languished and sighed for many years. He wisely advised her to exercise caution, and to avoid haste, lest, being actuated more by feeling than conviction, she should afterwards reproach her-

self and repent of the solemn act she meditated. "Here is a book, however," he said, "which you will do well to study ; after that, and when you return to the city, if you continue to entertain the desire you have now expressed, it will be my happiness to serve you to the extent of my ability."

The book was the "Catholic Christian Instructed ;" in which Pauline, one day during the week following that of Confirmation, was deeply absorbed ; when the door of her boudoir was gently opened and Marie Agnes entered. Approaching her benefactress, she clasped her arms around her neck, and said :

"You gave me such a pretty name, sweet Miss Pauline, I want to kiss you. Will you not again tell me the story about St. Agnes ; I wish to know it by heart ?"

She gave the kiss, and received it again with interest, and seating herself on a stool, again eagerly listened to the history of the Virgin Martyr, whose name Pauline had selected from the calendar, as the most appropriate one for the lamb, whom heaven seemed to have especially sent for her to nourish and protect. When she had finished, Pauline asked her if it was as pretty as she had at first thought it.

"Oh ! much prettier," she replied : "I love her more and more every time I hear about her. I wish — I wish — Is it wrong to wish, sweet Miss ?"

"Not always, love," said Pauline.

"Well, if it is not wrong, I wish—I could see her, and be where she is."

"If you always be as you are now, my love, you will see her, and be where she is too ;" said Pauline, much affected by the child's words and manner.

Marie sat a long time, thoughtfully, when she said :

"Sweet Miss, do you know what I want?"

"No ; love."

"Well, I want a piece of muslin, and some thread ; and then some lace."

"Muslin, and thread, and lace," said Pauline ; "what for, child?"

"Why you know, Polly, whose house was burnt last week? well, I took something there for her to-day ; and don't you think she has the dearest little baby you ever saw. It's not so pretty, but then it's such a dear little darling ; and I want to make a frock for it."

"But we do not know how big to make it : I will go with you to-morrow and see it, and then you shall have whatever you want for it."

"Well, what shall I do this afternoon then, sweet Miss?"

"Have you said your lessons?"

"Yes ; sweet Miss."

"Your music?"

"Yes ; sweet Miss."

"Well then, you may go and play."

She gave one parting kiss and left the room ; and Pauline soon became re-absorbed in the book which she still held in her hand. Could our heroine have foreseen the events of that sad day, would she so readily have permitted the orphan to go from her presence? Would she have permitted her to go at all?

The variety and rarity of the flowers and plants that adorned the grounds of Eglenton Cottage were not more agreeable to the eye of the beholder than was the tastefulness of their arrangement appropriate. As they receded from the cottage towards a dense woods, the size and wildness of the shrubbery increased, while the walks became so intricate and entangled,

that an observer could scarcely tell where the garden ended, and nature's scenery commenced. At a point where a rivulet, pursuing its serpentine course, sang in murmuring sounds as the sparkling waters broke over its pebbly margin, was an artificial cave or grotto, beautifully adorned with shells and glittering minerals. It was a sweet spot for meditation and prayer ; and since Marie Agnes had come to smile upon, and bloom in the valley, it had been consecrated to those purposes. Her little hands had there erected a rustic altar, which she daily visited and adorned with flowers. After she left Pauline, thither she directed her steps ; culling fresh flowers as she proceeded. She had already reached it, and completed her favourite task ; when, bowed upon its marble floor, her pure heart glowed with devotion, as she paid the grateful tribute of her homage to the divine author of Nature, Grace and Glory, the Holy and ever blessed Trinity.

Pauline continued in her boudoir, wrapt in the contemplation of those divine truths upon which her intelligent mind had seized with such eagerness, and in which the humble Marie had already made such rapid advances towards perfection. A deep oppressiveness came over her ; and thinking she had tasked herself too severely, she laid aside her book, intending to join her ward ; whom she knew to be in the garden or the cave. As she arose and looked through the lattice-work of the window, she was surprised to find the whole scene before her in profound repose. All nature seemed to sleep. Not a breath of air stirred ; not a leaf moved ; not a bird, not an insect, could be seen ; all, obeying the ominous signs of nature, had flown to their coverts. Masses of dark clouds were already perched upon the tops of the mountains that

surround the valley; scarcely a moment had elapsed when a shrill whistling wind disturbed the topmost foliage of the tall trees, and the sluggish, sultry air of the valley began to move in fantastic eddies. A vivid flash of lightning, immediately followed by an appalling crash which seemed to rend the mountains, aroused her to the consciousness of the impending danger.

"Betty!—Good Martha!"—she shrieked; "where is my pet? Marie—is she in the house?"

"No, Miss Pauline," was the agitated response from every one; "we have not seen her."

"Run!—fly!—fly to the garden: she must be there; or else in the grotto. Here, take umbrellas, and rescue the dear child from destruction! Fly!—fly! or it will be too late."

It was too late: the angry hurricane had already risen in its fury. The darkness of night brooded over Leflore; and still the storm-clouds came rushing onward, on the wings of the mighty winds, rendered still more terrific by the incessant flashing of the fires of heaven, and deafening roars of heaven's artillery. The forests groaned, and yielded to the furious blasts. The rain poured down in blinding torrents; the mountain gorges filled; the swollen torrents came sweeping on, and the once peaceful rills and rivulets were instantly changed into turbid and raging floods.

But all felt that there was too much at stake to hesitate, and they issued forth into the storm. Sam with the dog; Betty and Martha with their umbrellas. The umbrellas were riven to shreds in an instant: still they pressed onward, each taking a different path, hoping to meet her in her feeble, half-way efforts to reach home; or at least to find her in some degree sheltered in the grotto. The latter was the more pro-

bable, as, if she had entered it, the storm had so suddenly burst upon them, she could not have had time to escape.

They searched every path : but she was nowhere to be seen. They examined the thickets as they passed on : but Marie was not there. As each one failed in securing the object of their search, they urged their way towards the cave, not doubting but that there she would be found. Sam, with the dog, was the first to arrive at it. A huge oak had been uprooted by the winds, and thrown across its opening. He made his way through its matted branches and gained the entrance of the now dark cavern. He called, but no one answered ; he felt about its narrow confines, yet found nothing but a little book. A protracted flash of lightning illumined the interior, but Marie was not there. He groaned his disappointment : for Sam, as did every one, loved little Marie. Even Carlo knew there was something wrong ; and, whining, the sensible dog scented about the fallen oak, but discovered nothing ; then, with a frantic howl he would start off through the woods, and, as if losing the scent, return, and then rush forward again. By this time, the others arrived, in the most doleful plight, and joined their lamentations at the fruitlessness of their efforts. They now searched the neighbouring woods ; but no traces of the lost child could be discovered ; and they sorrowfully directed their search, by different routes, towards the house.

In the mean time, Pauline, in an agony of terror, roamed through every chamber in the cottage, in hopes that, unknown to all, she was under its shelter, and, maybe, soundly and peacefully asleep, unconscious alike of the storm, and of the anxiety of which she was the subject. But it was also fruitless : her trea-

sure was not there. Her only hope was now in the success of those without. They returned, one by one, but each with the same sad tale : " She is not found." Betty handed her little prayer-book to her mistress as the proof that she had been at the cave, and said :

" Wherever she may now be, she must have fled from it in a great hurry, ma'am, or she would never have left her prayer-book, you may be sure, ma'am."

This was poor consolation, but Pauline instantly seized upon it as the basis of new hope.

" She has run to some neighbouring farmhouse," she exclaimed ; " call the work-people, and tell them to go in every direction, and not desist until they find her."

The sullen murmurings of the retreating storm reverberated through the troubled sky ; and the setting sun once more greeted the valley of Leflore, ere he sank behind the blue hills. The men flew to the rescue of the lost child. Every farmhouse in the neighbourhood was visited, but all without success. No one had seen the sweet child since the morning. The sad tidings of her loss now began to spread through the village, and not a man, nor a woman, nor a child, but joined with alacrity in the search.

" She must have been swept away in the torrent," was the exclamation of some. Drag-nets and grapplings were procured, and every stream diligently searched ; but no trace of her appeared. Night came lowering upon them ; and, while the women and children, less able to endure the fatigues of a distant search, kept near their homes, and busied themselves in building watch-fires upon the hills, the more sturdy, some on horses, others on foot, with faithful hounds, scoured the woods and mountains for miles around the

valley, blowing their horns, shouting, and making every demonstration by which the unhappy child might be attracted and recovered. The night wore on; Oh! what a night of agonizing horror to Pauline! and day, at last, once more dawned upon sorrowful Leflore. The lily of the valley was no more. The loveliest being that ever smiled upon its inhabitants was snatched from their presence. One by one, as the day advanced, the faithful hunters returned, and announced the sad tidings of their unsuccessful search. A gloom, as deep, dismal, and dark, as if a pestilence had swept down upon it, and as if the angel of death had visited every house, brooded over the community.

Good Father Xavier was among the first who came to offer consolation to Pauline. He was a sorrowful comforter, it is true, his eyes red and swollen with weeping: but still, he could speak of the infinite goodness of God, who always apportions trials according to the strength of the sufferer; whose dispensations, though mysterious, are ever ordered in mercy, and for the good of his creatures. He beautifully reminded her of the especial care of God for the innocent, and the many words of our Saviour in reference to it.

“ Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. The birds of the air neither sow nor reap, the lilies of the field neither toil nor spin; yet God feedeth the one, and arrayeth the other in glory: Two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and not one of them falleth to the ground without our Father’s notice. The very hairs of our head are all numbered. Let us not fear, then, nor weep as those without hope. **God has some merciful design concealed**

behind his frowning providence; and we may be sure, that it will be unfolded in his own good time. I have already, to-day, remembered the sweet child in the holy Sacrifice: unite your prayers with mine, my friends," he continued, looking around upon his weeping audience, "and this dark day will be followed by one of transcendent brightness."

At that moment, a horseman, covered with mud, dashed up the lane at the top of his speed. Every eye was turned towards him in anxious expectation of good tidings. As he approached, "Is she found?"—"What news?"—"Where is she?"—simultaneously burst from their lips. But the melancholy look, and negative movement of the head, as he dismounted, again caused hope to expire. He spoke not, but moved forward towards Miss Seward.

"There, ma'am," when he had approached her, "maybe that will help to show which way she has gone. I could lay my life on 't, she wore some of that stuff on her frock yesterday; for I saw it myself, as she went apast the village!" handing a fragment of lace, as he spoke, to Pauline; who instantly recognised it as that which the child had worn.

Almost breathless with excitement, she demanded where he had gotten it.

"May it please your ladyship, ma'am, jist two miles beyond the great woods, sticking to a nail in the old style that leads to the great road. It looked for all the world as if she had been dragged through it, only this caught fast."

"She has been stolen!" was the instant conviction, and exclamation of all present.

"Yes; now I remember," says one, "that ill-looking

wretch that was prowling about the village all day yesterday ——”

“And skulking in the hedges like a minx, as he was,” added another.

“Yes; and I saw him in that very woods in the afternoon, as I was hurrying home before the storm, and wondered what he was after,” cried a third.

The horrible reality now burst upon Pauline’s mind. A moment before and she would have made any sacrifice for some evidence that she was still alive; but now that she had that evidence, or thought she had it, she could almost have preferred to behold her lifeless corpse. The fiendish look of the miserable wretch who once attempted to seize her when in the city, rushed upon her recollection, and her heart sank within her, at the terrible fate of the fragile being, on whom she had not suffered the winds of heaven to blow too roughly.

“And this then is your conviction, Miss Seward;” inquired Father Xavier; “that she has been stolen?”

“Yes, Father, I now have not the slightest doubt of it.”

“God be praised then, my dear lady; there is yet hope. To the rescue, men; to the rescue.”

Fresh horses were immediately procured, and willing hearts once more set out upon the search, with directions to proceed by different roads, and to extend their pursuit even to the city: for with good horses it might yet be possible to overtake the villain before he should be able to conceal himself in the purlieus of the metropolis.

Pauline immediately wrote a full account of the whole sad affair to her father, beseeching him, by every consideration, to use every effort to discover the

robber and rescue his innocent prey from her horrible situation. She despatched her letter with post haste by a trusty messenger, not doubting but that the gentle Marie might yet be recovered.

Diligent search was made along every road; especially the main highway, as well as the more retired and less frequented roads, which a dishonest person might be supposed to choose in order to elude the observation of passengers. But to all their inquiries the same negative response was made: "We have seen no person with such a child as you describe."

Once, indeed, at a public inn, they heard of a man, "who," they said, "was ill-looking enough to be guilty of any mischief; but we saw no child with him." They occupied the whole of that day in the search; and some few, a part of the next, but equally without the desired result. They all returned with subdued and melancholy countenances; and the village mourned for the lost one, as for one dead.

How sad and lonely were the hours that now dragged their slow length along, at Eglington. Pauline was the sole occupant of the Cottage. Her charmer, her prattling Marie; the bright star that illumined her dark hours, the sweet angel, sent as it were from heaven, to beguile her onward steps to Catholicity, was gone. Gone—perhaps never to return. The sweet flower had momentarily bloomed for her, had shed its grateful fragrance upon her soul, and was now closed to her for ever. Oh! was it, indeed, a bright spirit from a better world, sent but for a moment in disguise, as the living imbodiment of Catholicity in its truth and purity; destined to abide with her for a while, then to be snatched away as suddenly as she had come, that she might live upon the remembrance

of the fair vision, and learn to imitate its innocence, its meekness, and its simplicity? And her trials and sufferings; were they but the foreshadowing of her own, yet to be endured; and the sinless model for her imitation in their endurance? "Oh! God," she tremulously exclaimed; "whatever she be, where'er she be, support her feeble frame. Pour into her young and tender heart the full measure of thy grace; endue her richly with the Holy Ghost poured out upon her in the sacred rite of Confirmation; sustain her in all her grievous trials; and oh! benign Father, if it please thee, give her to me again; and teach me to bear and suffer with her meek and uncomplaining spirit."

Pauline was inconsolable under her loss. Eglenton had now no attractions sufficient to induce her to remain. She was alone; and she felt her loneliness too keenly, to wish to remain where there were so many and such pleasing evidences of Marie's love, to remind her of the extent of her loss: and she resolved, as soon as she could communicate with her father, to return to the city.

CHAPTER XX.

Wounded with love divine, her heart
Shrank from the bright but venom'd dart
Of earthly love, and bravely trod
The rugged path that leads to God.—REV. E. J. SCOTT.

Two weeks may have elapsed, when towards evening Pauline was making her usual visit to the grotto, in which Marie had passed so many happy hours; and near which she was last seen. Pauline was in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture upon a moss bank, just within the artificial cave. Her back was towards the entrance, her face towards the interior. There stood the altar, erected by Marie's own hand, of shells and bits of marble; the tiny vases, filled with the same, though now decayed flowers, with which she had adorned them on that fatal day; there were her pictures; and all the ornaments with which her simple fancy loved to decorate her little house of prayer. It was to her the gate of heaven, through which, if there be truth in Holy Writ, her guardian angels often passed to spend sweet hours with her.

Pauline there sat listlessly, alike unconscious of passing hours or approaching sounds; when, shrieking, she sprang suddenly to her feet, as she felt the pressure of a finger upon her shoulder. Turning, she stood in the presence of Eugene Neville.

"Oh! Eugene, what a shock you have given me!"

how unexpected!" she exclaimed; still agitated from the fright his touch had occasioned.

"Pardon me, Pauline;" he said, "but your father and I arrived in the village about an hour previous; and he, being detained by some business, bade me ride forward and announce him. And I assure you, Pauline, it affords me not a little pleasure to find you in a structure which my boyish hands devised and yours adorned."

Pauline blushed at this reminiscence, but made no reply, for other thoughts filled her mind. He continued:

"But is it not imprudent for you to remain so long exposed to the dampness of the evening air?"

"I knew not that it was so late:" she replied.

"Then must your thoughts have been particularly interesting, Pauline."

"Particularly sad, Eugene; I think of nothing but my lost Marie. Pray, has pa any news for me respecting her?"

"None that will be very satisfactory to you, I fear, Pauline. As you are well assured, no efforts have been wanting to ferret out the wretch that could be guilty of such a crime; but they have been made without success. I have news, however, from your best friend; one whom, I may say, that next to yourself, sweet one, I most admire."

Pauline trembled as she hung upon his arm, lest this expression of endearment should be but the forerunner of the introduction of a subject, which she had resolved, fondly and long as they had loved, must, for the present at least, between them, be an interdicted one: and seeming not to notice it, she hastily said:

"And pray who is it that stands so high in your estimation, Eugene?"

"Who should it be, Pauline," he interrogatively replied, "but our friend, Isabel?"

"She is indeed a friend," replied Pauline: "oh! how much I wish she were here. You have a letter for me, Eugene; I know."

"Not exactly a letter, Pauline."

"I am sure you have something from her, Eugene: do not tease me with suspense."

"That is precisely what she gave me directions to do."

"Then I must disappoint you both, by indifference; and I now resolve not to be teased."

"Oh! if you intend to bring philosophy to your aid, I shall tell you at once that I have something which was intended for a letter, but which, as you may judge by the bulk, has grown into a manuscript of quite respectable dimensions."

He held it in his hand as he spoke. Pauline eagerly extended hers to seize the treasure of her friend's fond words; when withdrawing it, he laughed as he exclaimed:

"Is that the calm indifference of your philosophy, Pauline!" and restored it to his pocket.

"How provoking you are, Eugene! Well, I shall get it some time; and now tell me what is passing at the Branch this summer."

"Ah! that is philosophy, Pauline. Well, there is all the news," he said, handing the manuscript to her; "and I may add, a little more than you may have expected to hear."

She pressed the seal of Isabel's voluminous letter to her lips; and looking at Eugene as he continued to speak, she saw from his whole appearance and manner that there was something of interest in reserve for her.

"Do tell me at once, Eugene, what it is."

"Miss Crawford has had proposals made to her at the Branch." He spoke abruptly on purpose to witness the strongly marked surprise, which he knew would animate the fine countenance of the inimitable being beside him.

"Eugene!" burst from her ruby lips, "you are trifling."

"Her letter to you will no doubt explain it all:" he added with assumed composure.

After a pause, she musingly asked: "Who could have approached her, Eugene?"

"That is precisely what she tells me to tease you to divine, Pauline: guess."

"Your brother Charles has returned and renewed his suit:" said Pauline.

"Ah! no:" deeply sighed he, suddenly changed from mirth to sadness; "would to heaven that could be! Charles has not known a happy hour since he received the unexpected shock of her refusal."

"You were all surprised that she should have refused him; but I was not, Eugene. Isabel has resolved never to marry; and so I told you from her, before he had made more than his first advances. Charles has no superior"—she would have loved to except in words as she truly did in thought, one who was at that moment no great distance from her, but prudence and her resolve forbade,—“and if Isabel would have accepted the addresses of any one, I know they would have been his. So tender was she of his feelings, that, in order to save him the pain of a refusal, which it was too evident he intended to force from her, she resolved to seem to overstep the bounds of maidenly reserve, and let him know, before he had committed himself, that she would accept of proposals from no one. But with the usual

impetuosity of gentlemen, he determined to press his claims, and learn his fate from her own lips. He approached her, and was not accepted :” softening by a negative form of expression, as she concluded a subject, which she knew excited anguish in the breast of Eugene whenever it was referred to. In the present instance, however, it was the strong probability of his return, that impelled the mention of his name. She continued :

“ You know how deeply we sympathize with Charles ; pardon this reference to him, Eugene ; but have you heard from him since his sudden departure ?”

“ Only twice, Pauline. Upon his return to the West Indies he was so altered in every respect, that you would not have known him. He remained at home for a few months, when he suddenly resolved to go abroad. The first letter we received from him was from New Orleans. He was married.”

“ Married !” exclaimed Pauline.

“ Yes, Pauline, married. We thought at first that he would now be happy. But we have since had reason to fear, it was rather the act of one who had become reckless of himself ; for the next time that we heard from him, he was in Europe. No mention was made of his wife, we are therefore led to conclude that she did not accompany him ; and perhaps is now a lonely sufferer on his account. He has been absent seven years ; during six of which we have not heard from him. The estate is equally divided between us. I hold his half in trust until his return ; or until his wife be discovered, who is expressly mentioned in the will, and their heirs, if there be any. I have sought for her in every part of New Orleans ; but without success. The only trace of her that I could discover was the record of

her marriage with Charles on the books of the parish church ; and that she was a stranger there. I then advertised for her ; but all without avail. She may be in want : God only knows ; while there, at home, are princely possessions in want of a possessor. My poor, poor Charles ! where can he be ?”

By this time they had reached the cottage ; Mr. Seward not yet having arrived, Pauline excused herself and withdrew, eager to peruse Isabel’s letter, and solve the mystery of the late denouement, which had so completely aroused her curiosity. She pressed the well-known seal of friendship to her heart ; broke it, feasted her eyes with a general glance at the familiar handwriting, and commenced :

“ Dearest Pauline,—Should I give you a minute account of events that have transpired at the Branch since the present season has opened, you would pronounce it the most singular medley that has ever been recorded. There is the oddest jumble of humanity here, imaginable. Without intending, however, to inflict upon you any philosophical observations respecting it, I shall simply observe, that there are here two great classes, one of which consists of those who not only lead the *beau monde*, but have the means to sustain their pretensions ; the other, who wish to lead, but are lamentably deficient in that most requisite accompaniment, and, if you can pardon me the folly of imitating a certain exquisite now here, most ‘vulgawly awkvawd’ in the use of what they have. But I will not attempt to entertain you with an account either of real or mock respectability ; nor of the foolishness or fun that daily transpires. Eating, drinking, bathing, balls, walks, romps, and rides make up the history of each passing day ; and serve, as far as my feelings are concerned at least, but to increase the monotony that always

broods over a bare and sandy beach, heated and baked all day long by a summer's sun.

"Would you believe it, dearest, that I, your bouncing Bel, as you used to call me, have recently become quite serious and meditative? and maybe you will add, romantic, when I tell you that I pass half my time at the Branch, in an artificial cave, excavated in the side of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. It is a delightful spot—indeed the only one within walking distance—beautifully adorned, and fantastically shaded by a profusion of jessamine, woodbine and honeysuckles. It commands a most sublime view of the ocean; and, while I write to you, amidst the warblings of a hundred birds that nestle in the shady foliage, its deep blue, restless bosom heaves to the wooings of its ever fresh, but still coquetish lover, the varying breeze. I feel all the inspiration of Byron's Pilgrim, when he says:

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!'
 'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now,
 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
 The image of eternity,—the throne
 Of the Invisible.'

But the beauties of Childe Harold cause me to forget that I am writing a letter, and that I have a melancholy task to perform.

"An event transpired here, the day before yesterday, which has shrouded our party in the deepest gloom. The blow falls heavily upon poor Mrs. Templeton; and shows the utter hopelessness of those who have no

other than worldly consolation to assuage their griefs in the hour of trial.

“About six miles from the Branch, is a range of lofty hills, or mountains, which, from the wildness of the scenery, and view of the ocean, forms a favourite ride.

“‘What is the order of the day for to-morrow?’ asked Mr. La Zourk, one evening. I have not thought it necessary to give you a list of our company : ils sont tous amis intimes.

“‘The Knoll of Le Noir,’—so called, from a deep and dark ravine which, by some terrible convulsion of nature, now separates what formerly must have been a continuous range of hills,—was the unanimous vote. It was arranged that we should start at half-past four o’clock ; so as to afford ample time to return for breakfast. Our horses were at the door ; and their riders, punctual to the hour, soon in the saddle. Clara Stephens was under the protection of Mr. La Zourk ; Mrs. Templeton, the young bride, as she is still called, of course received the attention of her husband ; and I, —who do you suppose, Pauline, was my cavalier ser-vente ? I do not know whether to laugh or cry, whenever I think of it : however, some things must be endured, so be not surprised when I tell you that I received the compliments of the Rev. Dr. Bogus ! I must, in justice to him, however, say, that there was not a gentleman in the company who was more *au fait* in every point of etiquette, or who made himself more agreeable. As to the rest of the long cavalcade, each belle had her beau.

“It was a magnificent morning for a ride. The sea breeze was fresh and exhilarating. Our noble steeds felt its invigorating influence, and snuffing the pure air,

bore us along with delightful rapidity. The sun had scarcely tinged the eastern sky when we started, but before we had proceeded half our intended ride, he had thrown his golden beams over the sparkling waves of the broad Atlantic, and had kissed every rosy cheek in the company. You would have laughed to have seen how quickly blushing faces were veiled from his saucy gaze. But I fear that I am growing mirthful, when I should rather be sad. An hour's ride brought us to the foot of the hills of Le Noir. We rode half way up to the knoll, which forms the terminus of the excursion; and, leaving our horses at the station-house, proceeded to clamber the remainder of the steep ascent. It abounds in the most beautiful wild flowers; and the gentlemen were emulating each other in all manner of hair-brained endeavours to see who should procure the most beautiful bouquet for his lady partner, while laughter and merriment accompanied every fresh accession to the gems of the floral train. A less rural portion of our company had already reached the romantic spot, whose beauties were to reward our pleasing but laborious efforts. The melody of their flutes and sweet voices, wafted on the morning air, attracted us from every other pursuit, to finish the clambering ascent, and recline on the top of the hill.

“All but poor Templeton had reached it. He had not been successful in culling so tasteful a bouquet as the other gentlemen, and he had determined, especially as it was for the only bride in the company, that his should at least not be inferior to those of the others. About twelve or fifteen feet below the top of the knoll was a ledge of rocks, upon which the earth, as it was washed by the rains or blown from the surface above, lodged. This was perfectly covered with violets and blue-bells, and a

sweet little white flower, which I have never seen anywhere but here. Its almost inaccessible position alone had preserved it from the plundering hand of the ruthless beaux. Mr. Templeton, it seems, had formed the determination to reach it, secure its treasures, and triumph over all his rivals. Oh! insatiate ambition, how many victims hast thou laid in an untimely grave! In our scrambling exertions to reach the top, each one had seemingly forgotten his partner; and on reaching it we turned to see who had been distanced: but all had arrived, except Templeton; and he was nowhere to be seen. At first it caused no surprise; rather it was to have been the subject of a little fun as soon as he should make his appearance. When—oh! Pauline, how I shudder while I write it—the most heart-rending, agonizing cry burst upon our ears: ‘Help!—help! save me, for heaven’s sake!’ Every face was blanched with horror.

“The more timid shrank from the awful chasm whence came the horrifying sounds of despair; while the boldest, timidly looking down, shuddered as the dread reality was revealed to them. There, on that ledge of rock, his hands clasped with the energy of despair, to the projecting root of a small shrub, hung Mr. Templeton. His hat had already fallen; and his long, dark hair wildly wafted by the winds gave additional horror to his pale and agonized features.

“‘Save him! oh! save my Henry! my husband!’ shrieked his now frantic wife; as she stretched herself over the rock, as if she would plunge to rescue him or perish with him in the attempt. They forced her away from the dizzy brink of ruin, but she still filled the air with her shrieks as she struggled to get free.

“‘How shall we save him?’ was the anxious inquiry

depicted on every countenance. 'To spring from the top was certain death; to attempt to reach him by clambering would be but to share his fate, without rescuing him. A rope was the only hope upon which his rescue now depended; but rope there was none. The best substitute was our handkerchiefs. A sufficient number of these was instantly produced and firmly knotted together.

"Every moment was to him an hour. His strength was gradually diminishing; and he must have fallen before this, but that he had succeeded in planting his feet upon a slender point of the jutting slate, and thus in some measure relieved the strain upon his wrists and arms. Friendly voices from above cheered him and encouraged him to hold on. The knotted handkerchiefs were thrown over the edge of the cliff as fast as they were tied, that he might see the efforts made to rescue him, and be cheered by the hope of their success. Nearer and more near descends the uneven cord. It was chiefly of silk, and more than strong enough to sustain his weight, should the ties not prove faithless. It is almost within his grasp. 'He has hold of it! He will be saved!' was the cheering announcement made to his frantic wife. 'Saved!' she wildly ejaculated, her eyes rolling in their sockets with a restless and unmeaning stare. 'Saved!' and the woods rang and the rocks re-echoed her shrill, hysteric laugh.

"'He is on the narrow ledge,' was now the joyful announcement. The ledge might have been one foot wide, at that point; and if he had had strength to maintain his present position, until better means for his rescue could be brought from the station house below, his rescue was certain. Several had already started for the proper means; but in the mean time, his strength

rapidly sank ; and it became too evident that he must be saved at once, or it would be for ever too late. With his remaining strength he tied the handkerchiefs around his breast and under his arm-pits. It was a smooth surface of full fifteen feet, up which he had to be drawn. With a steady and gentle pull he arose higher and higher. He had almost reached the top ; when, oh ! slender tenure by which he still held on to life ! one knot of his fragile rope gave way !—— One long, one last—one fearful cry,—— a crash—and poor Templeton was no more.

“Mrs. Templeton worshipped no other being but him ; bowed at no other shrine ; she had no other god. That god, that idol was snatched away, and she was deaf to all consolation. The voice of religion was to her but mockery ; the consolation of the world burlesque ; she understood neither. She tore her hair ; she shrieked ; she made violent efforts to break loose from those who held her and rush towards the precipice ; and at last, when exhausted nature could bear up no longer, she sank senseless and cold upon the ground. Oh ! Pauline, I shall never forget the horrors of that scene.

“After some hours’ search, the mangled corpse of Mr. Templeton was found. Litters were made ; the deceased was conveyed to the Branch upon one ; and the almost lifeless form of the bereaved upon the other. Mrs. Templeton mourned as one without hope, and she is now a RAVING MANIAC.——

“After all this, Pauline, how shall I venture to speak again of myself ? And yet, if I should refuse to confide in you, as you have confided in me, I know that I should justly render myself obnoxious to your reproach. Yes ; dearest, I must speak of myself and tell you all—

all but one little word, and that I intend as a surprise for you, when next we meet. I will merely intimate that I have made the acquaintance of two Roman Catholic ladies, residents of our city. They have been here all summer. I have had the best opportunity of establishing an intimacy, and confess that I do not find them such dreadful creatures as I might have supposed. I know not if I can trust you to such acquaintance, but they have heard me speak of you so often, that they insist I shall introduce them as soon as we return. They know you by reputation, and I think you will be able to revive some recollection of them yourself, when I inform you that they are Miss W—— and Mrs. R——. I leave you to guess the remainder of their names. I shall not entertain you with any description of them, except to say, that they are the very worst description of Catholics with whom you could meet. They are said to be devotedly pious; and one of them particularly is so gentle, sweet and amiable, and both are so intelligent, that a perfect charm is thrown around them in their intercourse with others: and if it were possible for me to change, I should love above all things to be changed into just such beings. I understand one will probably be, ‘a religious’ I believe they call it; the other is a convert—I cannot find it in my heart to call such a being apostate—from our church.

“Dearest Pauline, if I could for one moment suppose that what I am now about to relate to you, respecting myself, would in any manner or form be made known—I mean made known that *I* said it—I should hesitate to breathe it even to you. I have most unwillingly become the ‘great talked of,’ as far at least as the Branch is concerned, and there is too much known already.——”

The voice of love and the seal of friendship are sacred. The gentle reader will therefore permit our heroine to shield her amiable friend from public gaze, and preserve the confidence reposed in her, while we assume the responsibility of recording those incidents which proved so annoying to Isabel, and which, being already made sufficiently public at the Branch, will save us from unjust imputations.

We have several times observed the great partiality of Dr. Bogus to Miss Crawford, and his marked attentions to her. That partiality and those attentions were redoubled, during the present season, at the Branch.

Miss Crawford was devotedly attached to her aged and infirm parents; and, although she had other reasons for choosing never to marry, it was chiefly on their account that she had, as has been seen, refused the hand of one, whose offer she would otherwise have been proud to accept. Could she therefore have thought that the attentions of Dr. Bogus were other than the evidences of mere politeness, such as might be expected from a gentleman who occupied the responsible station of pastor, and who, in that capacity, familiarly visited at her father's residence, she would at once have found means to correct the mistake, under which, the respect she ever felt it her duty to show to him, both as her pastor and as a gentleman, had caused him to labour. And although she had been playfully bantered respecting him, particularly by Mr. Seward, yet had she never regarded it seriously. It was then with perfect innocence, on her part, that she admitted his attentions at the present time.

It was a calm summer evening. Isabel was seated in front of her favourite retreat, the cave, contemplating the beautiful scene spread out before her. Scarcely

a breath of air disturbed the leaves of her pet flowers that surrounded her. The ocean slept the calm, sweet sleep of an infant. Its angry surges, ever wont to lash the shore, scarce returned a murmur to the passing breeze. The full round moon, fair queen of night, had just left her ocean bath, silvering the bosom of the deep. It was the hour of love ; the hour when the infant god at random plies his darts. It was the hour too of heavenly contemplation ; and the words of her favourite poet, " These are thy glorious works, Parent of good ; Almighty ! thine this universal frame, thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then ! " were just at that moment finding an almost inaudible utterance from her parted lips, when she heard footsteps approaching her retirement. A moment afterwards her polite and reverend friend presented himself before her, with an apology for the intrusion——.

At an early hour the next morning the Rev. Dr. Bogus left the Branch in haste, and returned to his professional duties in the city.

Pauline had just finished her perusal of the particulars of this interview and of her friend's refusal of the reverend gentleman's overture, when she heard a vehicle approach the cottage, and knew that her father had arrived. Leaving the remaining topics of the letter for another time, she flew to the door ; and was soon in the embrace of her affectionate parent.

Hanging upon his arm as they entered the door, her first inquiry was :

" Dear pa, what have you been able to effect towards the recovery of my poor, lost Marie ? "

" Nothing that has produced a satisfactory result, my love : and yet every thing that could be done. I have elicited the interest of the entire body of police, by the

offer of a reward, which ought, indeed, to tempt the miserable wretch himself to return her. A number of persons not regularly connected with the police have also offered their services ; and by this time every suspicious quarter, and every den of iniquity throughout the city, must have been subjected to secret or open examination ; and if she be in the city at all, she must certainly be discovered. But you must remember, my love, that we know not who she is, nor what may be her parentage ; and it is quite possible, that those who retain her may have a better claim upon her than ourselves."

Pauline shuddered at the bare idea of such a reality ; and said :

"It is as utterly impossible, pa, that the ill-looking creature who once attempted to seize her, should have any just claim upon her, as that the wolf should be the keeper of the lamb. Besides, an honest person, and one whose claim to her was just, would not assume the place of the wolf, and prowl about the woods, watching his opportunity to snatch her away."

"That may be all very true, my love ; but her whole history, as respects ourselves, is shrouded in mystery ; and all that remains for us to do, is to leave no means unemployed of unravelling its obscurity. But, what have you done with Eugene, my daughter ? Has he not been here ?"

Eugene, hearing his name, came forward and answered for himself.

"Well, my boy," continued Mr. Seward, "how does Leflore and the cottage look, by this time ? Do you see any traces of its former self ?"

"Very many, my dear sir ; but my glance at it in the evening twilight was too slight to enable me to give you more than a general reply."

“Well, you must make an especial survey of it to-morrow *à cheval*. Pauline, is your filly in good order?”

Pauline knew too well the object of the inquiry, and, blushing, she replied :

“Really, dear pa, I do not know ; I have not used it this summer.”

“That shows how much you deserve to own her. Well, Sam, no doubt, can give us a good account of her.”

Soon after supper, being weary with their day’s journey, the travellers separated for the night.

CHAPTER XXI.

There's mourning on earth.—let the angels rejoice
To welcome among them this new seraph voice;
And in praise of their queen, their golden harps tune,
Who gave to the prayer of her earth-weary one,
Not 'the glimpse that she asked in the visions of night,'
But the fulness—the bliss—of the regions of light.—M. M.

TOTTERING, as he moves under the luscious burden of his fruits; smiling, as he scatters his treasures with a liberal hand into the lap of industry, and crowning the mansion and the cottage alike with joy, once again returns Autumn. Autumn, that re-collects around the family altar, those whom Summer's heat had driven to cooling shades and rural bowers; Autumn, that with his trumpet of sighing winds and creaking boughs, heralds the approach of the icy sovereign of the year; Autumn, whose falling leaves and fading flowers give melancholy note of the evanescence of all sublunary things, hovered over Leflore, sereing its verdant hills and pleasant vales with the finger of decay, and clothing them in the sombre habiliments of death. A fit memento, a passing tribute, due to the lost, now hopelessly lost, Marie.

The inmates of Eglenton Cottage obeyed the general summons of return. Every preparation had been duly made, and the travelling equipage was waiting before the door for its familiar burden.

It was Mr. Seward's intention to have accompanied his daughter to the city, but just as the moment of their departure had arrived, his agent was seen approaching the house in great haste. He held a roll of paper in his hand, and on arriving, requested Mr. Seward to give him some attention before his departure, at the same time presenting him an open letter. Mr. Seward became somewhat agitated as he read, but succeeded so far in controlling his emotion as to avoid any special curiosity on the part either of his daughter or of Eugene, who were standing near him, and were, in fact, on the point of entering the carriage when they first desisted the agent.

"My children," he said, "here is a vexatious little matter that will require a half hour's delay; excuse me for that time, and I shall then be with you."

So saying, he entered the study, and continued to read the papers that lay before him with more attention than he had first given them. He was not long in comprehending the serious nature of their contents, and uttering in a half-suppressed tone, "Misfortunes, truly, never come alone!" he passed out to the colonnade, where his daughter and Mr. Neville awaited him, and with an air of assumed cheerfulness, said :

"Ah! my children, I shall not have the pleasure of your company, as I expected, to the city. Can you excuse me? I have just learned that the recent rains have so damaged my property, that it will require my presence here for several days to come; but you may expect me in the city in a very short time. Eugene, I place Pauline under your especial protection, and wish you an agreeable journey."

This was precisely what Pauline wished to shrink from, and she said :

"There is no reason why we should go, dear pa, until you do, and I should much prefer to wait your pleasure."

"Every thing is ready now, my love, and at present it is my desire that you should go without me, especially, as I know not when I shall be able to bear you company."

Pauline made no further remonstrance, and, kissing her father, she suffered him to hand her into the carriage. Eugene followed her, and the next instant they had commenced their journey. The last good-bye was said to old Martha, who, with tears bedimming her aged eyes, gazed after the retreating vehicle, eager to catch the last glimpse of the child, whom, it was her constant boast, she had "brought up so beautiful like," and whom, her many infirmities caused her to feel, she now saw for the last time. All once more felt how sad and lonely Eglenton had become. Its fair ministering spirit had departed. Even old Carlo, as he returned from following the carriage as far as he had thought it prudent to go, wagged his tail with less spirit than usual, and mopingly entered his kennel, to forget the realities of his loss in dreamy sleep.

Mr. Seward had spoken truly, when he said that his property had been seriously damaged by the late freshets. The waters, accumulating with such rapidity as they do in mountainous regions, had risen to a most unprecedented height, and sweeping down the valley, had carried off an immense quantity of stock and produce; devastating whole farms in their furious course, and effecting an incredible loss, not only of property, but of life. But his pecuniary losses from this source were not of sufficient importance to arouse a passing thought, in comparison with the development which was the true

cause of his attorney's hasty and unexpected visit. Of this, he very wisely forbore to make any mention to his daughter, merely giving the minor cause of his detention at Leflore as an excuse to cover the real and only sufficient one. This was a claim upon the beautiful estate of Eglenton. It had been in the possession of Mr. Seward almost twenty years. He had purchased it through an agent, his former attorney, and relying solely upon his sagacity, had never felt it necessary to do more than give the title-deeds a hasty perusal, examine the signatures attached to them, and pay the stipulated sum on their transfer. He had since expended large sums of money in their embellishment; and little doubt rested upon his mind but that it was their increased value which tempted the son of their former possessor to raise a claim which, however sustainable in a legal point of view, could not be founded upon any principle of justice.

But, other events now demand our attention, and wishing Mr. Seward a happy issue from the unexpected and startling difficulties that surround him, we must leave him and his attorney to follow our heroine to the successful, though in more than one point of view, melancholy termination of her theological inquiries.

Immediately on her arrival at Mordant Hall, she seriously disposed herself to take the final step, which was for ever to unite her to the church of her divine Lord. She felt that her severest trial was fast approaching. The contemplation of the profession of the Catholic Faith, even when it was yet remote and doubtful, was gloomily overshadowed by apprehension; how much more trying was it now that it stood before her as an imperative duty; a duty from which, with all her light and knowledge of Catholic truth, if she should now shrink, she knew it must be at the certain peril of

the salvation of her immortal soul ; and yet with all her courage, with all her determination, now that she was called upon to take that step, she faltered. The solemn words of Eugene constantly sounded in her ears : " I can forewarn you, Pauline, if you persevere in this course, of a bitterer draught of sorrow's cup than you have ever dreamed it would be your unhappy lot to drink." What mean those ominous words ? Had the father, whom she idolized, disclosed to him some dreadful resolution on his own part, in case of her perseverance ? Or was it but the troubled imaginings of one, who she knew, yes, who she had ever known, loved her with an undying love ? Then came fresh visions of that love ; that love which had ever been the brightest, happiest, richest treasure of her joyous life ; that love, which her heart had taught her to cherish as the holiest of passions ; holy, because an emanation of the Deity, and because of its being sanctioned by every consideration of its appropriateness. Could she make the sacrifice of that love ? She trembled at the thought. Was it needful to make the sacrifice ? Alas ! her bleeding heart told her it was. God had called her to profess the Faith which the object of her devotion abhorred ; the Faith whose ministers he regarded as the emissaries of Satan ; whose doctrines he esteemed the doctrines of devils. That Faith she treasured as the richest gift of a merciful God to his fallen creatures, as the only medium by which to recover his forfeited love ; those ministers, she honoured as the ambassadors from the court of heaven, commissioned to make overtures of peace and reconciliation to rebellious man ; those doctrines, as the righteous standard, whereby those were recognised and sealed for eternal salvation, who accepted the meditation of her crucified Redeemer. Were the

two compatible? Could they be united, and happiness result therefrom? Every consideration urged her to the sad conclusion, that they were not compatible; that to attempt to unite them would be but to invoke perpetual misery. Human affection is then poised in the unequal scale against divine love. Which must yield? The word of God compelled her to decide. "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not up his cross, and followeth me, is not worthy of me." And again: "every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth, cannot be my disciple." "Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, almost overwhelmed by the painful result to which her meditations forced her; "give me thy grace to choose Thee, and strength to endure all the trials consequent upon my choice. Yes, O my God, I love thee with my whole heart; I love thee with my whole soul; I love thee with a sovereign love, and with a firm resolution to love none but thee supremely, and all others in subordination to thee. Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee; enable me to show it by a life of devotion to thy service."

Such were the reflections, such were the severe struggles, and such the prayers of our heroine during the days that intervened between the day of her return to the city and that of her profession of the Catholic Faith.

Her venerable instructor, the bishop, had wisely postponed the date of her admission into the church. He knew that he had no authority by which to exclude a returning prodigal from his father's house; he knew that the Saviour had commanded his disciples to forsake father and mother, and houses and lands, and all

things whatsoever, if they stood between the repenting sinner and his God ; he felt that he stood as the unworthy instrument in the hands of God, to convey to the soul, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, longing after the citizenship of heaven, those sacramental graces which heaven has ordained for our sanctification, and that to turn the sinner away, without the blessing, would be but to betray his trust ; yet had he proposed a brief delay, with the hope that the only obstacle to the return of our heroine to the bosom of her true mother,—the opposition of the parent,—being removed, the sorrow that oppressed her might be turned into unalloyed joy and thanksgiving.

This, however, was a vain and fruitless expectation. The day of her reconciliation to God had dawned, and while she still ardently longed for the approbation of those whom she most loved on earth, she justly feared that by further delay she should only provoke them to place obstacles in her way that would render it beyond her power to take the step to which heaven had mercifully called her, and she resolved, as she arose, that that day should find her reconciled to God by membership with his church, be the consequences as to worldly considerations what they might.

“Would that I had but one friend !” she sighed, as she habited herself to meet her appointment and fulfil her resolve ; “but one faithful friend who would accompany me on my solitary way, and lend me her support. Oh ! Bel, my own dear Bel, why might I not rely upon thine aid, even in this dreadful hour, so trying to myself, so repugnant to thee ? Art thou not a friend ? Why then hast thou not answered me ?”

Pauline had written to Isabella more than once to apprise her of her return to the city ; but strangely and to

Pauline most unaccountably, she had given no intimation of her desire to see her former friend. It was only the day before, when she felt the crisis to be so near, and still receiving no word from Miss Crawford, that she resolved to commit to paper, for the first time, the substance of her resolution, and begged her if she felt the slightest sympathy for one who had ever loved her, she would not refuse at least to accompany her to the Cathedral. The intervening hours were passed in painful suspense, which was the more intense, as she had no one to whom she might appeal. She had just rung the bell to order her carriage, with the determination of going in person to her friend, to learn the reason of her silence, and ascertain certainly if it had been caused by a resolution not to encourage her by her presence in taking a step against which she had so often protested. "If she refuse me," said Pauline to herself, "then will I proceed alone, trusting in the strength of Him, who never deserts those who rely upon His aid."

The servant that answered the bell received the order she had intended to give, but at the same time presented his mistress with a note. A beam of hope inspired her, as she extended her hand to receive it; but a weakness instantly crept over her, and her trembling fingers refused to break the well-known seal. Breathless with expectation, yet she trembled in every limb. The note was a reply to her last. It was very brief, and ran thus:

“Dearest Pauline,—judge not your own devoted Bel so harshly as to suppose she has no sympathy for the only bosom friend she ever desired to make. No, dearest, my whole soul is inspired with the deepest and most tender sympathy for one so sadly circumstanced as you are. And yet, Pauline, I cannot ai^d

you. You desire me to accompany you to the Cathedral. This, under present circumstances, is impossible. But without wishing to distress you, when I ought, and would—oh! how infinitely rather—comfort you, permit me to ask if you have now well and fully weighed the determination which your note informs me you have made. If you have, and are satisfied; if you think that the profession of the Catholic Faith is your bounden duty, why then I have but one prayer to offer at the throne of Grace for you; and that is, may God endue you with fortitude to sustain the trials, which I know are in store for you, whose life heretofore has been but one long continued, bright summer day. I can say no more at present, dearest, but will speak more freely when next we meet. Till then, adieu, my sweet, my own Pauline; and though I cannot serve you now, you will ever have at least one devoted friend,—your own dear Bel.”

Pauline burst into tears as she finished the note, and sank back in her chair, overwhelmed with hopeless grief. She, the peerless and unrivalled queen of every circle, whom all esteemed too much to envy; she, the admired of all admirers, possessing as she did every quality that could touch the heart and influence its adoration, sits drowned in tears, without one of those, whom she had called friend, coming to support her in the dark hour of trial; not even her own devoted, her fond familiar friend.

How long she had remained in this troubled state of mind she knew not; but she was suddenly aroused from her painful loneliness by the announcement that the carriage was waiting her pleasure at the door. The hour had arrived at which she should have been at the Cathedral, and assuming as calm a bearing as

possible, she adjusted the remainder of her dress, and with somewhat of a desperate resolution advanced to the door. As she seated herself in the carriage, she answered to the coachman's inquiry as to the direction: "The Cathedral." He received the unexpected order without exhibiting the surprise he felt, and in a very few minutes drew up before its spacious portal. Wishing to avoid the attraction which the sight of her carriage before the bishop's door must occasion, she dismissed it as she alighted, and entered the already open door of the episcopal residence.

As she approached the parlour, she distinctly heard the bishop's voice, evidently in conversation: and with some feeling of surprise that she was to have witnesses to her profession of the faith, she remained closely veiled as she entered; and bowing to the bishop, she tremblingly took the seat to which he had invited her, without venturing to raise her eyes to scrutinize her associates. She, however, just then recollected that the bishop had made some intimation that she would probably not be alone in the event of her entering the Catholic Church; but her agitation at the time prevented her from paying much attention to what was said.

The bishop continued his instructions to his fair penitents. It was the last he deemed it requisite to make previous to their immediate reception into the church; and after continuing his remarks for some time, he paused, and turning more particularly towards one of his hearers, addressed to her a question. No response was made to it. Pauline still kept her eyes upon the floor. A deep drawn sigh was the only sound that broke the solemn stillness of the room. The bishop, perceiving her embarrassment, was about

to continue his observations without waiting for a reply. Her sighs were soon followed by a convulsive effort to conceal the external signs of her emotion. Pauline knew too well its irresistible force, and though she felt her own cheeks moistened with tears, she timidly raised her downcast eyes in sympathy towards the stranger.—

“Bel! Bel! yes: it is my own dear Bel!”

Joy forbade the utterance of more; but that was enough. Pauline and Isabel were clasped in each other's arms, mingling their tears, their hearts beating in unison of fond affection, and their burning lips again and again meeting in the simultaneous gush of purest love, of sympathy, and joyful surprise. It repayed her for all she had suffered. The bishop, with the delicacy which so peculiarly marked his character, in order to relieve the friends from the embarrassment which the unrestrained and irresistible expression of this unexpected meeting produced, excused himself and withdrew.

After the first expressions of surprise and joy were made, and the ladies became sufficiently composed to speak, Pauline, still clinging to her friend, exclaimed:

“Oh! Bel, my dearest Bel, how could you be so cruel as to keep this from me? I have ever shared with you my joys and griefs.”

“Pauline, do not chide me. I have acted in such a manner as to leave you entirely uninfluenced in your decision. Had I acquainted you with my intentions, you might have been influenced by my example to precipitate your own decisions before you had fully weighed all their consequences. Was it not better to leave you entirely unbiased?”

“But when I informed you in my note of yesterday

that I had already made my decision, and only wanted some friend to support me by her presence; why did you not then confess and lend me your aid?"

"This interview with the bishop was then decided upon, Pauline, and my engagements were such that I could not promise you my company; and indeed that is the amount of the impossibility of my doing so, mentioned in my note: besides, Pauline, I must not deny some desire to afford you a little surprise."

"Oh! Bel, I longed and prayed so earnestly for one friend to bear me company on my solitary way, and——"

"Now you have three;" said Isabel, interrupting and concluding the sentence; and smiling through her joyous tears and kissing her, she turned and presented Pauline to her new Catholic friends.

"I need not formally introduce my friend Miss Seward to you, Miss Worthington and Mrs. Reed," she said; "you are acquainted with each other already."

Pauline knew that there were other ladies in the room, but so much was she under the influence of the timidity engendered by her sense of loneliness and the strangeness of the position in which she found herself placed, that she had not once looked at them. They were standing near her, when Miss Crawford turned, making vain efforts to conceal how much they were affected by the unusual scene that had transpired before them during the last half hour. They each embraced our heroine, and Miss Worthington said:

"My dear Miss Seward, may this be the commencement of a friendship that shall be as warm and lasting as I am persuaded we all feel it to be sincere."

"That will indeed be a happiness," replied Pauline, who, from the moment she first looked at her, had been

impressed with the gentleness and winning tenderness of every lineament of her fair face ; "and I am to call you ——"

"Louisa is my name."

"What a sweet name," exclaimed Pauline as she repeated "Louisa, Lou : how I shall love to call you my dear Lou ; and you shall call me ——"

"Dearest Pauline," added Miss Worthington.

"And you will be my godmother, will you not, dear Lou ?"

"I must first ascertain if you will be an obedient child : " she playfully replied.

Miss Crawford had already appropriated Mrs. Reed to her sponsorship, and there was therefore a sort of necessity in the settlement of sponsors which excluded the idea of partiality between the new friends, and removed all embarrassment in their choice for the interesting ceremonies by which they were soon to be admitted into the one fold of the one Shepherd.

Just as these points were being talked over, the bishop returned to the parlour. He was not altogether prepared for the change that had come over the spirits of his new converts. Instead of the melancholy look, downcast eyes, and deep-drawn sighs that had before characterized them, he saw them reversed in every particular. They stood near each other happily conversing ; and as he opened the door, his ear caught the word "sponsor," uttered by one of them, he knew not which. It happened to be Pauline, and Mrs. Reed seeing her blushes and confusion, with a sprightliness and naïveté perfectly peculiar and natural to her, said :

"Oh ! Bishop, *we* have converted these ladies, and there is nothing left for you to do, but to admit them at

once to the church. Though, Bishop," she continued, "I have taken a strange fancy to administer the rites myself, and beg that you will let me give them absolution without delay."

The bishop was not averse to the cheerful mood which the ladies had assumed since he excused himself from the parlour, and replying to her in the same mirthful strain, observed, "that he had overheard the settlement of the sponsors alluded to, and he did not doubt but they would perform their part in the most edifying manner." He then seriously disposed himself to discharge the solemn duties connected with the profession of the Faith by the intelligent and well-instructed penitents before him.

Perhaps the reader has become sufficiently interested in the friend of our heroine, to wish to learn the particulars of a change, which, considering her strong attachment to one of the many forms of Protestantism, is, to say the least, remarkable; if so, a description of the interesting rites which are about being administered, to unite her to the Catholic Church, may be deferred, in order at once to gratify a very natural curiosity. We may simply observe, that two hours may have elapsed since the administration of those rites to which allusion has just been made. The solemn ceremonies were over; and the friends had the unspeakable consolation of feeling that their feet were now securely placed upon the Rock of Ages, the rock on which the Redeemer has built his church, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. There were their hearts securely fixed; no more to be tossed about by every wind of doctrine and sleight of cunning men, who lie in wait to deceive. Pauline and Isabel had returned to Mordant Hall, having parted with their new friends on leaving

the Cathedral, with many promises given and reciprocated of speedy and frequent visits.

"Now, dearest," said Pauline, as soon as they were once more seated, "tell me every particular of this extraordinary, and, to me, sudden and unexpected change, which has been so startling, and at the same time so joyous. Just when your friend was most disconsolate and forlorn, just when she thought herself cut off for ever from every object which she had most fondly cherished, here is her own dear Bel beside her a—Cath—— Oh! I cannot believe it—say the word yourself, Bel, a ——"

"Catholic, dear Pauline; a Roman Catholic!" she emphasized.

"Dear Bel, keep me no longer in suspense, but tell me all; tell me every slightest circumstance."

"I might be tedious, Pauline, were I to be so very minute. I have had, almost from the first conversation we ever held upon the subject, though I studiously concealed it from you, a series of checks, of misgivings. You, yourself, unconsciously produced them. Though at that time you knew little or nothing of the Catholic Faith, I found I could not, satisfactorily to myself, answer the plausible reasons you gave, by way of palliating what I thought absurd, or even impious. Several times you placed me in dilemmas from which there was no escape but by advancing some new thing. I attributed my discomfiture then to my ignorance of the subject, instead of the badness of the cause, and proceeded with my objections. Finding that I was likely to involve you, where I was sincerely desirous of extricating you from difficulties, I enlisted the aid of one,—who, on account of recent occurrences, must be nameless,"—she added, deeply blushing; "and, what was my astonishment, to

find, that after you had heard him under the most favourable circumstances, you retired, if not the victor, at least not the vanquished ! These were the first two steps in the premises. There were many other minor points that intervened, but the next most striking, and, to me, insurmountable difficulty consisted in the four marks of the church. Partial as I was to the one in which I had been brought up, I found, on a serious and candid investigation, that it was impossible to apply, at least two of them, to the Protestant Episcopal denomination : namely, Unity, and Catholicity. At first, I thought that the latter was sustainable ; but on the day I heard your soliloquy while standing behind your chair, I left you with new ideas : prompted, not so much by what you then said, for, you may remember, I applied all that to my own church, but, by what was afterwards said, in our conversation. And, when I read the books you then showed me, my mind was filled with a far different, and unspeakably more enlarged view of the glories of the church of Christ, especially in its attribute of Catholicity. My admiration was excited by the stupendous spiritual conquests of that church which I had ever been taught to despise. I began, as you had done, to compare it with that universal and everlasting kingdom of which the prophet Daniel so eloquently discourses ; I compared it with the same prophet's rock, cut out of the mountain without hands, and that grew and filled the whole earth ; and with the great tree of which the Saviour speaks, under the shadow of whose branches the nations of the earth found shelter ; and I was forced to the same conclusion to which you had come, that whatever defects may characterize that church, it pre-eminently substantiates its claim to the leading

features, which even Protestants confess are marks whereby to distinguish the church of Christ.

"These, Pauline, were my impressions when we parted. You repaired to Eglenton, and I to the Branch. There, as you are aware, I became acquainted with the amiable beings who have this day favoured us, by assuming our spiritual relationship.

"Mrs. Reed was my principal instructress. She, as I informed you, having been, like myself, educated an Episcopalian, but now a Catholic, of some years standing, remarkably intelligent, and well informed in all the points of controversy between the Catholic church and that to which she had formerly belonged, was well calculated to disabuse my mind of its false impressions. But more than that, her fervid piety and ardent charity so engrossed my admiration, that to have continued longer to have regarded the Catholic church as I once did, was an impossibility, and not to become a Catholic after all my convictions, after all I had heard and seen, equally so. You know all the rest."

"And this then is that 'one little word' excepted in your letter, which you intended as a surprise when next we met. Indeed, Isabel, with all the happiness you have now afforded me, I can scarcely forgive you. If you had only let one little word peep out, so that I might have had even the slightest expectation of something agreeable; but to preserve such perfect secrecy—oh! I shall have to punish you for this."

"Even one slight intimation would have spoiled it all, Pauline. I have already given you good reasons for my conduct; and I think you ought to consider it to have been the wisest and best course I could have pursued."

"But your parents, Isabel, what do they say to an event so unexpected?"

"You well know, Pauline, that although their preferences are for the Episcopal religion, they have never placed any restrictions upon my choice. It is but natural they should have preferred that I should remain as I was; but when they found that I was convinced, they made no objection, and left me to pursue that course which seemed to me the line of duty."

CHAPTER XXII.

Ah, is it not pitiful to look on her there,
Good and so beautiful, laden with care?—MISS COLEMAN.

IN his private parlour, at Mordant Hall, with a clouded and anxious brow, sat Mr. Calvin Seward. His detention at Leflore had been much more protracted than he had at first anticipated. On examining his titles to the Eglenton estates he became perfectly astounded to discover defects, in the process of transfer, so glaring as utterly to preclude the idea that any man, pretending to legal sagacity, could have been ignorant of them upon the most cursory perusal: he was therefore reluctantly—for he had ever placed the utmost confidence in his attorney—forced to the conclusion that fraud was from the first designed, and that circumstances alone were wanting to profit by its successful operation, the former possessor suddenly dying a short time after the sale of the property, leaving his only son and heir in his minority, who was at this time neither capable, nor is it to be supposed base enough to become an accomplice in so fraudulent a collusion. The property by every principle of justice was his; he had paid for it a full equivalent, and he now determined, little as he needed it, to maintain his claim to the last extremity of the law, and also to expose and visit upon the heads of its base perpetrators the fraud which they had concocted.

The events connected with these difficulties must be allowed to take their course, while we trace others that more particularly concern the order of the narrative.

The time now rapidly approached which was to have witnessed the happy nuptials of Eugene Neville and Pauline. Mr. Neville was in close conversation with her father in reference to the disposal of his property and settlement at the North.

"You do not then advise me to dispose of my estates:" he said in reply to an observation of Mr. Seward.

"No, Eugene; at least not for the present. In addition to the reasons I formerly gave you against it, I can now add the weight of an experience which strongly indicates that the steps which I have so recently taken with regard to my own property will be injurious to my interests; the disposal of your property might not be less so to yourself, should you at the present time relinquish it."

Mr. Seward here referred to the sale of that portion of his property which had escaped the torch of the incendiary during the late disturbances. He, like many of his fellow citizens, had become perfectly disgusted with the feeble protection which the city authorities afforded against the destruction of real estate. He had lost all confidence, from the absence of security, and he sold his entire property, investing his funds in stocks. One quarter had scarcely transpired before he discovered enough respecting their varying and fickle character to cause him to regret that he had so hastily moved in such an important matter.

Mr. Seward had inherited his fortune; and not having been trained to business, it is not extraordi-

nary that, though an intellectual man, he should have twice subjected himself to serious and extensive loss through not being conversant with its details. It seems to have been his lot, as well as that of the greater part of mankind, to purchase wisdom by painful experience. Before he was well aware of the character of the market, into which he had thrown his entire fortune, he found himself in a whirl of excitement and anxiety from the thermometer-like expansion and contraction of the daily quotations; and he experienced a feverish restlessness, which had never before disturbed his quiet and independent life. It was the force of this experience that prompted his advice in the present instance to Eugene.

"Retain your property, Eugene, and avoid the anxiety occasioned by the fluctuation of a moving capital. But," continued Mr. Seward, "what objection can you have against placing your plantation in the hands of a faithful agent, and making this the place of your residence? Your father was accustomed to spend many consecutive years at the North, and I think you would find it quite as convenient, and perhaps far more agreeable, than the plan you have proposed."

"I thank you, my dear sir, for your kind advice, and will be guided by it, at least for the present. But I have now one more subject to refer to you, which surpasses in interest and importance all other considerations whatsoever."

Mr. Seward understood the reference, but, although it was the first wish of his heart, he could not conceal a shade of gloom as it was revived in his memory, if indeed it could be said ever to lie dormant there. The emotion was perhaps undefinable even to himself, though, if words could portray it, it might be said to

consist of mingled doubt and fear, prompted by the peculiar reserve, which he knew Pauline to have constantly observed towards Eugene ever since his return. Eugene could not entirely conceal his embarrassment as he continued :

“ Last spring was to have made me supremely happy in the enjoyment of that nearer relationship, which it has been the pride of my life to anticipate. I suppressed the ardour of my pursuit in submission to your better judgment, and consented to a postponement of the claims which I have been permitted to cherish, until such time as you thought they might reasonably be presented. You spoke of the autumn ; might I hope, my dear sir, that this reference to the subject meets your approbation ? ”

“ I know of no obstacle, Eugene,” replied Mr. Seward, “ which can be justly interposed to detain you longer from the possession of a treasure which we have ever encouraged you to expect : and from what I have recently observed in the deportment of Pauline, I think that the sooner your union takes place the better will it be for all parties. Excepting upon the one subject of religion she has made me very happy. I pray that you make each other so without that alloy. I believe you both have every quality to constitute human happiness ; and I speak without flattery, when I say, that I have seen no one so worthy of her as yourself ; certainly, no one to whom I could yield her with such entire confidence. You have my permission to speak to her whenever you please.”

We cannot admit that the moisture which was forced from the eyes of Eugene Neville, by the warm confidence which was apparent in every word which Mr. Seward uttered, and by the undoubted proof of its sincerity given in his closing words, was an exhibition of

unmanly weakness. It arose from a just pride, blended with an ardent feeling of the coveted happiness which he now found almost within his reach.

"Words form but a poor medium, my dear sir," he tremulously responded, "to convey to you my thanks for this generous expression of your confidence, and more particularly for the evidence you give of the depth of its meaning in the precious pledge with which you have sealed its truthfulness. I leave you now, sir, for a few days upon business with which you are acquainted; but you can easily judge with what haste I shall return."

"My blessing go with you, Eugene; may you be as happy as you deserve to be."

Before his departure for Leflore, (that being his destination, on business for Mr. Seward connected with the Eglenton estate,) he had a brief interview with Pauline. He made no direct reference to her that he had spoken with her father respecting herself, though he said enough to cause her to understand that the time was not distant when he should expect to be permitted to refer to a claim he had been taught to entertain for her.

Although his very delicate reference to the subject may have more vividly revived in her the realization of the trial that awaited her; yet it was not necessary merely as a reminder of its near approach. She constantly anticipated, and earnestly sought, by prayer, wisdom to conduct, and strength to sustain her through it. She knew him well, and saw in him every quality that could adorn the man and satisfy the heart of one who sought but human happiness; and three years previously, had her parent's plans respecting her been matured, it would have been the proudest act of her

life to have permitted that parent to bestow her upon him. But a change had occurred in herself and a quality had been thereby developed in him, which impressed her with the conviction that their union was incompatible with the happiness which should ever be its consequent ; and she felt that neither the length of time it had been contemplated, nor the sanction it had always received from the parents of both, were of sufficient weight, if indeed any consideration were, to render it incumbent upon her to consent to a union, if that union were to be made at the sacrifice of her individual happiness. That change in her, was religion ; the consequent development in him, uncompromising hostility to that religion. And although neither her father nor Eugene knew that she had made a positive profession of it, enough had been already developed to convince her that such a step, were it known to have been made, would meet with no tolerance from either ; and though a heart, so filial and sensitive as was hers, shrank from inflicting a wound upon her father by causelessly disclosing it, she had resolved to communicate it upon the first opportunity that was afforded her. - She had already advised with her friend Miss Crawford upon the subject, but she felt the necessity of further support ; and being desirous to learn more particularly what course the religion she now professed pointed out to her, she resolved to confide her troubles to her experienced friend and sponsor, Miss Worthington. She penned and immediately despatched the following brief but expressive note :

“ Dear Louisa—I need the assistance of your experience and advice. Will you not come to your spiritual daughter and permit me to lean my aching head upon your gentle heart? Forgive me, that at a time

when, in the rich possession of heavenly treasure, I should be happy, I address you in such mournful tones. Believe me, when I say that within all is joy and peace; a peace that passeth knowledge, and that the world can neither give nor take away. There is one only impediment to the possession of perfect happiness: it is that impediment which I wish to confide to you. Come to me then, my gentle, my own dear Lou. Ever your devoted

PAULINE."

Miss Worthington in every respect merited the confidence which our heroine was about to place in her. Her only fault, if fault she had, sweetly inclined to virtue's side. It consisted in being over scrupulous; but even that, though it might cause her unnecessary distress of mind with respect to the examination of her own spiritual life, and might render her as an adviser or confidant too timid, yet did it prompt the pleasing confidence that even if she erred in giving advice, the practice of her discipline would lead to an enviable state of perfection. Miss Worthington was habiting herself for a walk, when Pauline's note was placed in her hand. She read it with affectionate interest, and returning the sentiments of love which it expressed, sent word that she would immediately answer it in person.

Pauline received her friend's reply with delight, and anxiously awaited her arrival. When Miss Worthington was announced, Pauline moved forward and welcomed her friend with a fond and affectionate embrace.

"Dear Louisa," she said, "how kind it is in you to respond so promptly and sweetly to the request of your new friend. Would that I were able to convince

you how much I esteem it as a proof of the warmth and disinterestedness of your friendship."

"My dear Pauline," she replied, "you place too high an estimate upon one who far more than yourself needs a counselor and consoler in the hour of difficulty and trial, and though it would afford me more happiness than I can express to be able to advise you properly, yet I should mislead you from the commencement did I conceal from you that I doubt my ability so to do; there is but one point that I can promise you, it is that whatever your confidence may lead you to repose in me, it will be as sacredly kept as if it still slumbered in your own bosom."

"Dear Louisa, your modesty is only equalled by your goodness; and the sweetness of your words is not inferior to either. You have already won my heart, as entirely as if we had been friends for years. I will not, then, hesitate to breathe my secret in your ear. I must however tell you beforehand, why I should seem to pass by our own dear Bel to confide in you, when our acquaintance is comparatively of so recent a date. If I did not make this explanation, you might justly feel surprised when you have heard the subject of my anxiety that I could possibly have consented to tell you of it; perhaps you might even regard the mention of it as a want of delicacy in me. You must know then that Isabel is fully acquainted with it, and that she has encouraged me to seek this interview, and that the reason she encouraged, and I consented to it is, besides for your own sake, because you are better acquainted than we are with the usage of your—I mean our holy church, on the subject, of——of;——oh! dearest Lou, cannot you guess the word I want to say? indeed I cannot utter it;" she added as her voice, gra-

dually sinking to a whisper, tremulously died away. She reclined her head against the shoulder of her friend, and timidly raised her eyes inquiringly towards her sweet face.

"No, dearest," she replied, as she pressed her lips to Pauline's forehead; "I cannot divine your meaning. Tell me the rest without that one word, which seems so hard for you to utter."

"Dear Louisa," Pauline continued, her voice and her whole frame in a tremor of abashed excitement, "there exists one who, from childhood upwards, has been the idol of my heart."—She paused, but after one or two fruitless efforts proceeded:—"If there were not a God, he"—she paused again—"yes, Louisa, he would have been the sole object of my homage.—Need I now say that I love him—oh! think me not vain while I utter it; I have loved him as an angel might have loved, for his sake alone. He was to me all that heart could wish, all that buoyant fancy could portray. We were to have been — dearest cannot you comprehend me now?"

"Yes—Pauline—go on."

—"last spring. The day to which I once looked forward with such blissful anticipations arrived, and was indefinitely postponed. He—oh! how shall I utter it of him, dear Louisa? how shall I utter a word that is not to his praise?—He—hates our most holy Faith."

Louisa was too much overcome both by the words and manner of the new convert to attempt to speak. Her own tender and generous heart was inspired with every shade of feeling, just as she saw it in Pauline. Her own words and her own emotions would have been just the same. She remained mutely enchained to her words, only clasping her arms more closely

around her friend, and pressing her more warmly to her bosom as their tears fell together. Pauline, after a pause, continued :

“Such is the uncompromising nature of his opposition and such his unyielding disapprobation, that—much as I know he loves me—there is no hope, that in this one particular he will either regard it or me with leniency, did he but know that I am a Catholic.”

Miss Worthington regarded Pauline for a moment with an inquiring look ; and then with some degree of firmness in her tone asked :

“Pauline, have you the courage to act as I shall advise ?”

“It was with the hope that I might, Louisa, that I sought your aid.”

“Then, Pauline, tell him what you are ; and if he act as you have described, he proves that he is not worthy of the heart that is offered to him ; and rather than grieve, you should rejoice in your rescue from perpetual misery.”

“That, dear Louisa, I might assume the courage to do ; but now let me disclose another cause of grief, which, indeed, if it alone could but be removed all the rest would vanish, or at least become comparatively easy. Our venerated parents have looked forward to the result of our love, and have desired it almost, perhaps fully, as much as we. My father is now the only surviving witness of its accomplishment ; did he but know that I contemplated it as an impossibility, it would break his heart ; and though I have had warning of some dreadful result, should it not transpire, yet conscience, religion, a just regard for my own future happiness ; yes, every consideration impels me forward to undertake the trial, be it what it may ; and yet I could not

act without advice. I had none to whom I could resort in such a matter, who understands the council of the church. I have appealed to you ; I have buried my grief deep in your gentle heart, for I see, I feel that you fully, perfectly sympathize with me ; now, dearest, dearest Louisa, teach me how to act. Shall I brave his scorn ? Shall I break a fond parent's heart by disclosing the secret of what I am, and of what my sense of duty to myself demands ? Or shall I seal my misery for life, and sacrifice my religion by assuming an engagement which will but too certainly endanger it, to please a parent and gratify an ardently attached heart ?”

“ Be comforted, dearest Pauline. There needs not this gush of grief. There is no reason in religion, or in common sense, that can justly require of you so great a sacrifice. As I feared, I shall not be able fully to advise you, nor do I think you should be satisfied with what one so inexperienced as I necessarily must be, could say. I however can give you the teaching of holy religion respecting it. It is laid down as the first and most necessary thing in a choice of such vital importance as this, that the parties, one being Catholic, should choose the other party of his or her own religion.”

“ But, Louisa, in this case the choice has been already made.”

“ That matters not, dear Pauline, we must accommodate ourselves to religion ; we should not expect religion to accommodate itself to us : and, the reasons that enforce the principle which I have mentioned, are so obvious as to need no extended observation. The first reason is, on account of your own salvation ; and this is manifest from the testimony of God himself,

who positively charges his people not to marry with those of a different religion,* expressly giving as a reason for this, the fear and danger of their being withdrawn from His true religion.† In this last, he only mentions the fear and danger of being withdrawn from true religion ; but, in the former place, he absolutely affirms, that those who make such ill-assorted attachments *will be* drawn away ; his words are, ‘ for he will turn away thy daughter from following me :’ and though there might be cases in which this would not literally happen, we have no authority to put ourselves in danger ; on the contrary we are commanded to flee from it.

“ And a second reason is, on account of your own peace and happiness ; for, when the parties are of different religions, the one of the true religion, the other of the false one, what a source of dissension and disturbance does it become ! How often are calumnies and slanders against the true religion thrown out by the other party ! How many gibes and sneers against their religion is the believing party often exposed to hear ! What difficulty do they find in observing the rules and practices of their religion ! And, though none of all this happen, what a heartfelt affliction must it be to them, if they have any sincere sense of eternity, to see the person, whom, by the laws of God and nature, they are bound to love above every other creature, living in a way so ruinous and dangerous to their own souls ! And how must this affliction be increased, if they see their dear children, whether they will or not, brought up in the same way !‡ These, besides an

* Deut. vii. 3.

† Exod. xxxiv. 16.

‡ Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian, p. 303.

innumerable number of other trials, which attend such connections, but of which the world never hears, ought to deter any one, but especially the female party, as she values the salvation of her soul, to shrink from all such engagements.

“Think not that I underrate the sacred character of the marriage contract, or of the vows that bind us to fulfil it in any given case. With us, as you are aware, marriage is a sacrament, and indissoluble except by the hand of death ; and even then, the surviving party is not so perfectly free to renew his vows as in the first instance ; at least the sacrament when repeated is not so perfect an image of that mysterious spiritual union of Christ and His Church to which it is likened, and the Church, in view of this imperfection, omits a certain portion of the ceremony in every repetition of it. And it is on account of this characteristic, its indissolubility, that it is more incumbent upon us to weigh the subject long and well before we assume its solemn vows and obligations.

“Pauline, since you have confided in me, I have felt it my duty to speak thus plainly upon the present subject of your grief, but, permit me also to add, that the grief you now experience, bears no comparison with that which must inevitably be your lot, in case of your union, if he whom you so ardently love, and of whom you have now spoken, be as you have led me to suppose. I could give you sad instances, Pauline ; but in the mean time, do nothing hastily or rashly ; pray much, and commit your entire being to God ; give him your heart, your soul, and all that you have and are ; and rest assured, that in his own good time he will unfold to you his sovereign will in this, as in all other trials.”

Pauline had no voice to reply, no energy to move,

no strength to rise ; she sat motionless and still, and, before her friend was really aware of her situation, she fell fainting in her arms.

The rosy hours had reflected back the blushes of twice seven suns, when Pauline sat in the same parlour, and Eugene Neville by her side. They had already been for some minutes in conversation, when Eugene said :

“ You will not refuse to listen to me, Pauline ? ”

Pauline replied, with deep feeling in her tone :

“ I intreat you, Eugene, as you value your own happiness and mine, never again to address me upon this subject. ”

“ Pauline, pardon my importunity, but has it not been our highest boast, our supreme delight, from our earliest recollection, to think of each other with reference to this hour, when I should thus formally seek from you the pledge that I now have asked ? Has not every passing hour borne its testimony to the love, which almost intuitively bound our hearts in one ? And our venerated parents, dear Pauline ! did they not live but to cherish the hope of seeing us united in fact, as we have ever been in heart ? ”

“ It was so, Eugene, ” she tremblingly, and almost inaudibly replied.

“ Then, why, oh, dearest treasure of my life, for whom alone I live ; oh ! why should you now causelessly repel me ? Why should you, from the moment of my return to claim your hand, and fulfil fondly cherished hopes, and redeem our sacred pledges, so oft, and so fondly given, why should you maintain this unaccountable reserve, and almost without explanation, reject me ? ”

“ Eugene, ” she replied, pale and almost voiceless,

"to save you from a pang, which I am unwilling to inflict."

"The severest pang, Pauline, would be pleasure, in comparison with this mysterious language. It fills my heart with agonizing doubt, and causes the last ray of hope to die within me. Oh! why not act towards me, Pauline, like your noble self, and generously disclose to me the reason that 'you would not pain me?' Pauline, your silence inflicts the wounds of ten thousand hopeless words."

"Eugene, you force me to a task, from which, out of regard for you, I have made every effort to shrink," she reluctantly replied.

"Go on, Pauline, I must bear to hear the worst."

She proceeded with hesitation, but increasing somewhat in emphasis:

"Eugene, do you, can you respect the Catholic Faith, or esteem its followers?"

He regarded her for a moment with astonishment and wonder, then ejaculated:

"God knows, Pauline, that I abhor it with a holy hatred, and from my inmost soul pity its deluded votaries!"

The faint traces of colour that still tinged her beautiful lips and cheeks fled with the speed of electricity, as he spoke.

"It is enough, Eugene," she faintly articulated, "words of love must never more be breathed to me again."

"Pauline!"—he gasped, in the agony of expiring hope,—“no—you do not—you cannot mean, that—that you are, a ——tell me, a ——”

"Catholic!" she found strength to utter, and openly profess her Faith.

What compound of emotions is that which now blanches the cheek with ashy paleness, then impetuously drives the changing hues through every shade to deepest crimson? It may be fear, or hopeless grief, or hate; it may be love, abhorrence, anger; or, it may be shame. The effect, be the cause what it might, was rapidly passing over Eugene's changing countenance. He arose, started a step or two backward, regarded her for a moment with a wild and troubled look; then waived his hand, and in silence left the room. Passing through the hall with rapid strides, almost unconscious of what he did, he left the house.

Pauline prayed for tears, but none came to her relief.——

Mr. Seward sat in his library, alone. It was some hours past the time that Eugene ought to have met him there, after his interview with his daughter. But, Eugene came not. After some further impatient waiting, he rang the bell, and of the servant who answered it, he asked for Mr. Neville.

"Mr. Neville, sir, left the Hall more than three hours ago, sir; he must have gone, either in a great hurry, or only for a short time, sir, as here are his gloves and cane."

"Tell your mistress I would speak with her," added Mr. Seward, with ill-suppressed emotion.

Pauline was reclining upon a sofa when she received the message. She was about to send a request that her father would be so kind as to excuse her, as she was quite indisposed: but, upon a moment's reflection, she concluded it were better so, and that, perhaps, she might now be able to bear the worst that was to befall her, better than in a repetition at some future time, which she knew must sooner or later occur; and she

arose to comply with her father's request. She paused for a moment to recover her composure, and to seek by prayer the assistance of divine grace.

When she entered the library, Mr. Seward was pacing the floor, and turning towards her as she entered, he inquired :

"My daughter, have you seen Eugene?"

"Yes, pa ;" she replied, with great agitation.

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No, dear pa ; I did not know that he had left the Hall."

"Your whole manner, Pauline, informs me of something unusual. Unfold to me the mystery. He has sought you to fulfil the pledge, after which it has ever been our happiness to encourage him to aspire!"

Pauline sank upon her knees before her father. She spoke not, and he continued :

"And you have rejected him. Is it not so, Pauline?" he inquired, with a troubled look, and agitated voice.

"Dearest father, you know all ; ask not your unhappy daughter to renew her grief."

"I know all, Pauline, but the cause of this extraordinary action on your part. What could have caused you to have denied his suit?"

"Dearest father, we could not make each other's happiness. I did not deny his suit ; I but revealed to him my heart, and he withdrew."

"Pauline, there is some mystery that you keep concealed from me, which is the cause of all this. I now charge you to disclose it to me."

"Oh, dearest, best of fathers, I have never had a thought nor a wish, but what you have been the first to know it and advise ; never, but this one : and this I

have concealed from you, not because I wished it, but because I knew it was useless and a forbidden subject. Your unhappy daughter is not what she once was ; but, oh ! dear pa, spare me from saying more."

"Proceed, Pauline ; I must know all."

"Dearest pa, your daughter is a Catholic, and ——"

"Merciful heavens ! ——" he ejaculated, and fell senseless upon the floor.

Pauline's shrieks brought the servants to the library. They raised him, cold, and apparently lifeless, from the floor and bore him to his chamber. The shock he had received was so great, that it was hours before it yielded to the remedies resorted to, and his consciousness returned. Pauline still hung around his pillow, and when at last he revived, endeavouring to soothe and comfort him, she said,—

"Dear pa, your daughter is the same to you, only that she loves you more."

He regarded her for a moment, with a stern, fixed look ; and then, with a slow, and clear enunciation, every word solemnly emphasized, said :

"Pauline,—you are—no longer—Calvin Seward's daughter. Leave me !"

She would have thrown herself at his feet, and clasped his knees, to avert his anger ; but his stern look and manner forbade it : and feeling her strength failing her, and a film covering her eyes, she turned, and tottering from his presence, had barely time or strength to reach her chamber, when she fell swooning into the arms of her maid.

PAULINE SEWARD.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY

J. D. BRYANT, M.D.,

Author of "The Immaculate Conception a Dogma."

— "Religion, heavenly maid!
What tears of love and hate are shed for thee!"

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PAULINE SEWARD.

CHAPTER I.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.—SHAKESPEARE.

PARK ROW is situated in a retired street in the west end of the city of P——. It consists of genteel but small two-story brick houses. The window-shutters of one of these are bowed ; no servant answers the bell, and no one accompanies a retiring friend to the door. It is the house of mourning. The door is slightly ajar ; let us assume the privilege of a friend and enter. The furniture and every object have the appearance of faded elegance ; yet the neatness of their arrangement, and the perfection of their order, plainly indicate the presence and magic touch of gentle woman. Tread softly as you ascend the scantily carpeted staircase that leads to the sick chamber ; and before you enter its open door, pause, and contemplate the insensible and emaciated being helplessly prostrated upon that couch of suffering. Mark that lofty but feverish brow ; that noble but attenuated frame. Observe that dark, that wild, that restless, rolling eye ; those pallid cheeks ; those parched and burning lips, vainly essaying to articulate some sensible sound. Reason has deserted her throne, and life tremblingly retains its hold upon the frail tenement.

Calvin Seward, the hand of God is upon thee. Thou hast sinned, and this is the first part of thy retribution. Where is that peerless being whom Heaven gave thee to nourish and protect? Where is thy matchless daughter, banished from thy presence, and without cause disowned? Thou knowest not; yet what wouldst thou not give to know, to catch but one faint glimpse of her fair form, to hear the gentle sound of her sweet voice?

Yet, hovering like an angel of mercy around that unconscious bed of suffering, hanging upon its pillow, watching every change of its sufferer's countenance, anticipating and administering to his every want, and pale as her wretched father, was Pauline Seward. Sorrow had diminished not, it had rather enhanced the singular beauty of her features. Not a shade of colour tinged her marble cheeks, and yet, had you not known her in the bloom of health and beauty, you would never have supposed that it was grief had wrought the change, so meekly did she suffer. See her as she kneels beside her father. Mark that calm, subdued smile of resignation that trembles on her thin lips, and illumines her heavenly countenance. She prays: let us leave her thus, and briefly relate the events which have preceded and resulted in the strange transition of fortune here disclosed.

More than two years have elapsed since the circumstances, connected with the development of our heroine's profession of the Catholic faith, and which are already known to the reader, transpired. The dark clouds which so gloomily overshadowed the prospects of Mr. Seward at that time burst but too suddenly and too fiercely upon his devoted head. He had scarcely recovered from the shock of his daughter's confession, when he received another, and still another blow, se-

cond only in its severity to the first, the sad effects of which have just been intimated. Within three months after the disclosure by his attorney of the difficulties connected with the Eglenton estates, that beautiful country-seat had, by a most iniquitous, though at the same time, as far as the mere technicalities of the law are concerned, legal process, passed out of his hands: and the cottage, which was once the abode of inimitable grace and elegance, is now possessed by one, whose ignorance and vulgarity pollute the very atmosphere he breathes. The garden, which, moulded to Pauline's incomparable taste, spread out its countless beauties, and shed its fragrance upon each passing breeze, now lies desolate and choked with weeds. And the woods and groves, which have again and again re-echoed with her joyous shouts of childhood, or rung, vocal with songs of her favourite birds, now resound with bacchanalian revelry, or the reports of the cruel sportsman's gun. And her grotto, hallowed by the incense of prayer, was now no longer consecrated to the breath of pure devotion.

The day that dawned upon the transfer of the ownership of Eglenton, and which saw its iniquitous possessor impose his hateful presence upon its peaceful solitude, almost broke poor old Martha's heart; and Carlo, growling at his new and ill-favoured master, took his departure and was never again known to return to his old kennel near the door, while he survived. The villagers also felt the change. Instead of the forbearing and indulgent landlord, that Mr. Seward had ever been to them, and the generous and charitable patron, which they had ever found in his amiable daughter, they now discovered they had a cruel and grinding taskmaster, who had no pity for them in their

poverty, nor compassion when misfortunes blighted their humble homes.

Such was the first stroke of misfortune that visited Mr. Seward, and such the brief outline of its consequences to those, over whom the new landlord exercised his baleful influence. He pursued his claim to its last appeal; then, without one expression of regret, dropped it, and resigned himself to what he believed to be his fate. He knew that the estate was his, he felt that he had been unjustly deprived of it, but as the law had awarded it to another, he wisely deemed it best to offer no further obstacle to its vexatious claimant. The mere forms of law would have allowed him to have retained possession for some time after its decision had been made, but as that law had three times authoritatively pronounced that he was not its owner, he was a man of too much nobleness and independence to play upon a mere quibble to tease his antagonist.

Mr. Seward had scarcely risen from the worriment incident to this trial, when another of a far more serious character befel him; and it would have been well if in this case also he could have had the fortitude to exercise the same philosophy which had previously borne him so triumphantly above his difficulties. But it was too much for mere human nature, unaided by the supporting hand of true religion, to bear, and he sank beneath the weighty burden.

The nature of this difficulty has already been alluded to, by himself, in his advice to his then expected son-in-law. He had intimated to him the uncertainty attendant upon the investment of capital in stocks; and also, that he himself already had reason to fear he should repent of having sacrificed his real estate and thrown his capital into the stock-market. The ex-

perience of every week confirmed this impression. Anxious days were followed by restless nights ; and he found himself in a state of constant feverish excitement, from which, he felt it to be impossible to relieve himself, except by the entire relinquishment of its cause. Upon this, after one year's painful experience, he had resolved, when he soon discovered how much easier it is to dispose of, than to recover large sums of money when once permitted to pass beyond immediate control. It was just at the time also when the community was paralyzed by a universal suspension and depression of the monetary systems of the country ; and before he could save himself, nay, almost without the slightest warning, he was hurled from the pinnacle of affluence to almost absolute want : and he stood amidst the universal wreck of his princely fortune, a ruined, disconsolate and broken-hearted man. He had not the spirit of true religion to sustain his sinking bark, and, tossed upon the remorseless waves of corroding want, he sank hopelessly, a prey to the hideous monsters of that boundless sea of dark despair.

Not so Pauline ; she sustained the shock of the announcement of their changed circumstances with heroic firmness ; and, strange as it may appear to those who are not accustomed to watch the workings of the human heart, even with a species of pleasure mingled with the regret, which it would be idle and unfeeling to suppose she did not feel both on her own and her father's account. From the moment when her father uttered the cruel fiat of her disownment and banishment from his presence, she had never been permitted to return to it. She lived an exile in her father's house ; but when by the inscrutable permission of a wise Providence the affluence, which had ever been lavishly showered upon

them, was snatched away, and when they were thus obliged to seek an humbler and more contracted abode, she knew, and drew a certain degree of joy from her knowledge, that the distance which separated them must now be diminished; and although she could not have anticipated the afflictive circumstances which attended it, yet she found some cause of consolation even in the darkest hour of her tribulation.

The shock, as has been already seen, prostrated her father. The duty of procuring a new abode and of superintending the change now rendered imperative thus devolved upon herself, and though she was necessarily inexperienced, and in many respects inadequate to the task, she finally triumphed. With the remnant of furniture that remained to them after the breaking up of Mordant Hall, together with those favourite pieces from which the associations connected with them rendered it impossible for her to part, she succeeded in rendering their new home comparatively comfortable. Mr. Seward was conveyed thither, alike insensible of the change and whose was the gentle, uncomplaining spirit that superintended it and smoothed his bed of anguish. Here did Pauline offer up her prayers for the being whom she idolized; here did she watch his changing symptoms, night and day hovering near him to soothe and tend him, eager to administer to his wants, to catch the first glimpse of returning reason, to prove to him her unchanging love, to exhibit the superior sustaining power of true religion; to show him what she had done, and to tell him how happy and contented they should be in their humble home; how much more truly happy, and how much more truly contented than they had ever been in their splendid home of affluence. This was the source of the joy that inspired her devoted heart

These were the thoughts, these the motives that animated her in the discharge of her filial duty, and by divine grace buoyed her up superior to every trial.

Let us pause and contemplate the scene before us. He, whose powerful intellect, whose manly bearing, and whose experience of the world should have borne him triumphantly over every trial and fitted him for courageously sustaining its wildest vicissitudes, is crushed and beaten down by the fierce blasts of adversity; while the tender and fragile being kneeling at his side, helpless, and without experience, bows in calm resignation, without one murmuring sigh. Could he have taken the comforting words of holy Writ, and applied them as balm to his wounded heart, could he have leaned upon the sweet promises of the Gospel, or resorted to the inexhaustible treasures of grace in the sacraments of true Faith, then might he, as did Pauline, have stood unshocked by the storm which had made him as helpless as an infant. His home, his element, was the world; the living, acting, bustling world; his position in that world was his pride; and when these were lost, to him life was not worth possessing, and he died a moral death. Pauline's element, her world, was living, active Faith, divine Religion; her home, that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; with respect to which the Redeemer, in view of whose sorrows hers vanished like the shades of night before the rising sun, had said, "Let not your heart be troubled.—In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you: I will come again, and I will take you to myself, that where I am, you also may be." What then is this world to her? A prison house, in which she is detained from joining

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her Redeemer in his palace in the skies. What is its wealth? Splendid allurements, by which the enemy of our salvation beguiles the soul of its everlasting reward. The stumbling-block, in the possession and love of which, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for the possessor to attain heaven.

All sublunary things were now of indifference to Pauline. She had but one tie to bind her to earth: this was the love she owed to the being whose almost inanimate form lay before her. And as she still knelt beside him, with bright visions of her heavenly inheritance inspiring her devotion, she prayed for him: "Father, who alone canst prolong the term of our days, preserve the life of him so dear to me. Oh! sever not the tie which binds him still to me. I ask not this for myself—but for thy greater glory in his salvation. Yet, if it be thy will to take him from the world, and leave me here alone to struggle with its sorrows,—amen; thy will be done. I yield without a murmur. It becomes not me to sound the profound depths of thy judgment. First teach him to know thee, cause him to love thee, and enable him when called hence to breathe his soul with confidence into thy hands. Father, this is all I ask." Pauline's heart was full, and the last words of her prayer gushed from its depths in audible sounds, when a voice tremulous with the tenderest devotion breathed a fervent "Amen." Rising, she the next instant found herself clasped to the throbbing bosom of her friend, Miss Worthington, who, having entered the room, unknown to Pauline, had knelt beside her, and blended her prayer with that of the beautiful sufferer.

Since the acquaintance of the new friends they had had ample time to discover and to appreciate each other's qualities, and their hearts had long since learned

to beat in harmony of reciprocal affection. But it was not until sorrow had so bitterly drugged the cup of our heroine, that the rich treasure of Miss Worthington's friendship was fully developed. Every day found her at Pauline's side, pouring into her afflicted bosom those heavenly consolations, which only the truly pious can either give or experience; repeating those divine maxims, which have ever been the support of God's own children in the hour of trial, and shedding around her new home a thousand comforts, whose value was the more enhanced from the mode in which they were bestowed.

"Dear Pauline!" was the fond exclamation of Miss Worthington as she still held Pauline clasped in her arms; "you possess the only real consolation, which, during the dark hour of trial, the afflicted can possess—Religion."

"Dear Louisa," she tremulously replied; "were it not for that, I too must have sunk under the weight of mine: though even now I fear I am but an impatient sufferer."

"Permit not your courage to flag, dear Pauline," said her friend: "I think it is the good Scupoli, who says; 'To be born, to suffer and to die is the history of the world. Our life is one continual scene of suffering. Our way through the journey of life is scattered with crosses, and each moment but increases the torrent of bitterness that inundates our souls;' and every day adds its testimony to the sad truthfulness of his words. But why is this, Pauline? is it because God delights in the sufferings of his creatures? No; he afflicts us for our good. Let us take confidence, then; for if he afflict us, we may rest satisfied that he will also sustain us in our affliction, he will console us, and

sanctify us in and through our sufferings. Our Redeemer has suffered for our sins, with joy: shall not we also with joy, suffer for his love? Oh! let us never forget that though we now sow in tears, we shall one day reap in joy; and that an eternity of happiness and of glory shall be the recompense of a few short years of trial. It is the same holy father, who, in another place says: 'The soul that knows not how to suffer, knows not how to love. True love has its birth and attains perfection only amidst suffering. Christ has planted the cross to point out the road to heaven; he presents it to souls to conduct them thither. There are many saints in heaven who without sufferings would have been lost; and there are many lost, who with sufferings would have been great saints. Let us then weep with the afflicted that we may rejoice with the elect.' "

"You have happily, my dear Louisa, pursued the train of thought which has consoled and encouraged me this day; and were it not for the dear being before us, there is not a burden, nor a privation, that I would not cheerfully bear for the sake of our afflicted Lord, and deem myself happy, yes, supremely happy, that I was one of those few whom he deemed worthy to suffer for his sake."

"But even the exception, which you make, Pauline, should be laid at the foot of the Cross, that the droppings of the precious blood of that Redeemer might fall upon it, and purifying it, render it like yourself willing to suffer as did our great Exemplar."

"I know it, Louisa, I know it, and endeavour to submit my will in all things to the will of God. But Oh! dear Louisa, if he should die without having at-

tained the knowledge of God, what misery would equal mine !”

“ Trust in the goodness and mercy of that God, Pauline, and leave the event to him : there is not a wave of trouble that threatens to overwhelm the sincere Christian, nor a cloud that hovers over his head, but it is made subservient to God’s divine purposes in his salvation.”

While they were yet speaking, and before Miss Worthington had time to give that direction to their conversation, which would enable her with delicacy and without wounding her friend, to propose to Pauline a plan that she had formed, yet hesitated to mention, Dr. Wirt, the friend and physician of Mr. Seward, drove up to the door and entered the house.

The plan which the generous girl had formed was worthy of her noble heart. It was that Pauline and her father should share the comforts of her home, and thus being relieved from the anxiety occasioned by present necessities, that his recovery might be rendered more certain and speedy. As soon as Louisa had communicated with her mother, she found a ready and active response to her wish. A suite of spacious rooms was fitted up, and they awaited but the consent of Miss Seward to appropriate them to her use. That day Miss Worthington intended to urge upon her friend her claims to their acceptance. She was just upon the point of doing so, when Dr. Wirt arrived, and feeling the necessity of some additional influence, she determined to make the Doctor an auxiliary to her design.

No better auxiliary could she have procured. Dr. Wirt was a man of sterling worth. He had long been the warm friend of Mr. Seward, and was therefore ready to further any project for his benefit. He practised his

profession not for its emoluments, but for the unostentatious exercise of the benevolence which formed so large an ingredient in his character. When he descended from the sick chamber of Mr. Seward, Miss Worthington accompanied him; and withdrawing with him into an adjoining room, disclosed to him her plan. With moistened eye he extended his hands to Miss Worthington. For a moment he paused, overpowered by his emotions, when he said :

“There are many of us, Miss Worthington, friends of Mr. Seward and his lovely daughter, who desire to make them forget their changed circumstances by the most liberal and disinterested offers. I myself, like you, Miss, was impelled to make them a similar offer, and I must confess that while I expected that his dignity would oppose some difficulty to my success, I was not prepared for what ensued. His bearing was such as to cause me to feel that it was I who sought the favour, and that he was granting one in refusing me.”

“But, Doctor, it might be effected at present without his knowledge; and once accomplished there would be no fear of its being revoked.”

“And think you, Miss Worthington, that Miss Seward would be less intractable in a matter which her father deems a point of honour?”

“It is on this account, Doctor, that I have first spoken with you, hoping that your influence might supply what was wanting in me to the attainment of success.”

“I will willingly, my dear lady, assist you to the utmost of my power; but, as it would be impossible, at present, to make the change without the most fatal consequences to Mr. Seward, you had better make no mention of your design, but patiently await the result of his present crisis.”

It was with reluctance that Miss Worthington waived or rather suspended the mention of her design. She had already been waiting some time in the hope of a suitable opportunity for proposing it, and she had determined that the present day should at least not pass without the effort being made. But the Doctor's intimation of the probable consequences, if now urged, of course, decided her; and as the worthy man bade her good morning, she ascended the stairs to rejoin her friend in the sick chamber. Let us leave her there, while we make some inquiry after a personage whose connection with this narrative is too important to admit of his being entirely dismissed from our attention.

CHAPTER II.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being?—— CHILDE HAROLD.

It has previously been intimated that Mr. Neville's presence in the library had been expected by Mr. Seward pursuant to his last visit to Pauline. But, as is known to the reader, Mr. Neville hurriedly left Mordant Hall without apprising Mr. Seward of the result of his proposal. This did not arise from a want of desire to repose the knowledge of his disappointment upon Mr. Seward. Him, Mr. Neville loved and revered as a son; and approached him as such, whenever he needed advice: but it arose, partly because of the pain he knew he should inflict as the bearer of such an announcement; and partly, from the wild tumult of passion and disappointment that racked his mind and rendered him almost irresponsible for what he did.

He rushed from the hall and strode onward through the streets towards his hotel, regardless alike of friend or stranger. Several nods of recognition were directed to him, but absorbed by the burning anguish of his disappointment, he heeded them not. When he reached the hotel he cast a hasty glance over the list of arrivals and

departures of the day. Seemingly satisfied with his scrutiny, he ordered his baggage to be immediately sent to No. 7 South Wharves; and three hours afterwards, while Mr. Seward was still awaiting him in the library, the unhappy and disconsolate youth had embarked in a West India packet, and was far out of sight of the scene both of his happiness and of his misery.

Morning found him tossed to and fro upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic. He had passed a sleepless night, and the peaceful calm of the majestic scene before him formed a dismal contrast with the tumultuous gush of feeling that racked his bosom. How gladly would he have laved his burning temples in its deep dark waters. How willingly, had it been permitted him, would he have plunged into its unexplored depths and made the bounding waves his winding-sheet. What was life to him? The sun of his existence had set to him for ever, and life had become a burden too weighty for him to bear. Days passed on, but the very monotony of his position served only to increase the burning anguish of his mind. "May I not have been too hasty?" he pondered. "What is there in that detestable faith, which, simply because the idol of my existence has embraced it, has caused me to shrink from her as from a poisonous reptile, as from one infected with the plague? What know I of that faith? Alas! nothing good. And yet, how much of goodness has it swallowed up in her! Oh! thou ambitious, bloody thing! would that I could pluck thee root and branch from existence and write oblivion on thy grave!" The compressed lips, the clenched hand, and the tension of his nerves, gave fearful indication of how deep and how profound that sentiment of detestation was implanted in his mind.

Unhappy man! had he but looked dispassionately upon

the cause of his present anguish, instead of abhorrence he would have found reason to admire the divine influence of that Faith which he despised. What was she who had just embraced it? She was the first in the hearts of all; the ornament, the centre, the soul of society; a being of inimitable grace and loveliness; the idolized of her father; the adored one by her lover. Yet she embraced that "ambitious, bloody thing." And at what price? At the price of position; at the price of caste; at the price of fortune; at the price of the love of a fond father and his own! Was this ambition? If so, it was ambition of celestial birth; ambition worthy of an immortal mind: it was the ambition of the true Christian soldier, which leads him to glory in tribulation and the cross; and which makes him most happy when he has the most to bear. Or had he followed, as he might have done, those myriads, candidates for martyrdom, who, leaving all in the name of Jesus and for his love, pour out their blood in heathen lands, he would have had an impression of the ambition of the children of Faith, which might have caused him to esteem them models of imitation, rather than as the objects of his abhorrence.

After a tedious and dismal voyage of about three weeks, he once more found himself at his paternal estates in the West Indies; amidst whose luxurious retreats he hoped to bury the recollection of his grievous trials. Tobago, though small, is one of the most beautiful of the Caribbee islands. Its soil is rich and fertile; it abounds in all the tropical plants, and produces in inexhaustible abundance all the fruits common to the neighbouring islands. There, the orange groves are ever laden with their golden treasures; the cocoa perpetually yields its fruits; and there the papaw, banana, plantain,

manioc and yam, abound in endless profusion. There, endless spring-time reigns: there, choicest flowers ne'er cease to bloom or scent the air with their fragrance; while birds of every plumage enliven the groves with their ceaseless warblings. Its varied surface of hill and dale is watered by a hundred rills, whose sparkling waters wind through fragrant groves, or leap in glittering cascades from point to point until they mingle with the bounding billows of the neighbouring ocean and blend their tiny song with its tremendous roar.

Here, in this Eldorado, this Eden of the western world, set like a pearl in a wilderness of waters, was the luxurious home of Eugene Neville. Here, in this terrestrial paradise, adorned with every luxury, crowned with every delight, was he to bury the remembrance of his disappointment, and forget his grief. But did he, could he, hope to succeed? Not while the guiding star of his existence refused to shine on it and him: not while Pauline denied her presence to his fairy-land of magic rills, of birds and flowers. He passed his days in moping, morbid melancholy; his nights in restless, weary, waking dreams.

Scarcely two weeks had elapsed when he received a letter from Mr. Seward, imperatively urging his instant return. On recovering from the shock of his daughter's announcement, his first inquiry was for Eugene. Finding that he had not returned to the Hall, he immediately despatched a servant to his hotel, and when he received the unexpected information of his sudden departure, with a sad heart and with a trembling hand he dictated and despatched the letter. In it, he lamented Eugene's hasty and, as he termed it, rash precipitancy; censured him for not having first made him acquainted with the determination of his daughter; cursed the Faith which

he said had by hypocrisy and double dealing first corrupted the pure mind of his daughter and consummated the villany by persuading her to desert the faith of her childhood to embrace that detestable idolatry; and ended by urging him to return without a moment's delay that he might force Pauline to assume those vows and obligations, which she had taken it upon herself to reject.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I will go, but not to him. Oh! that I could fly from myself, and from the world!" A few days afterwards he left the island without intimation of his object, or of the probable time of his return.

Pauline herself would gladly have made any concession to her father, which did not conflict with her sense of religious duty; that, it was neither just to demand of her, nor had she any right to concede. She knew that the Church discouraged mixed marriages, and always withheld the nuptial blessing when, through weakness, any of her children contracted such alliances; and that she permitted these unions only to save them from more grievous scandals. Her first desire therefore was to observe the strict letter of her spiritual mother's instruction and avoid the engagement altogether. But, as she was not entirely free in her own actions, she was willing to make such concessions as comported with her sacred obligations and the liberty of her conscience. While therefore, if the peculiar conditions which connected her with Eugene had not already existed, she would not for an instant have entertained the thought of their union, yet, as they did exist, and in a measure beyond her control, and as the Church permitted a certain liberty, she would not have wholly withheld her consent could she have obtained from him those pledges which the law of the Church and of conscience exacted in each individual case. This, after the first shock which

her decision had occasioned her father was past, she still hovered near his pillow to catch the first glimpse of returning reason to tell him; but when she was about to speak, he sternly repulsed her, and — dismissed her forever from his presence. During the whole of the two sad years which followed this affliction, she had not once been permitted to seek the presence of her inexorable parent. And it was only when the frowns of fortune had lowered upon them, and he, broken down by the weight of his trials, was as unconscious and helpless as an infant, that she found opportunity to fly to him in his distress, and by her unexampled devotion to soothe and win him back to health and happiness. With stoical indifference to her own necessities she watched night and day beside his couch; and when it became imperatively necessary to remove him from his affluent abode to one more suited to them in their humility, it was still Pauline, the disowned, who like an angel of mercy hovered near him, and, with the sweet influence of a daughter's love, soothed his bitter anguish. Yet as she sat beside him day by day waiting for his returning reason, she could not but tremble at the reflection of what might be the consequences to himself, of her temerity in thrusting herself unbidden into his presence, and whether she might not be called upon to bear the repetition of the shock she had already received—a trial which she felt must be for ever fatal to her peace of mind.

It was at a period of the illness of Mr. Seward when his disease must either terminate fatally or take that favourable turn which would render his final recovery almost certain, that Pauline's mind and spirits were more than usually oppressed with these gloomy apprehensions. She had completed those attentions which her father's condition demanded, and had seated herself at a little

distance from his bedside, at her desk, to finish a piece of music at which she was engaged. It was the third piece which she had thus, at momentary intervals during her father's illness, composed. The two former pieces were successful beyond her highest expectations; and she was sanguine enough to hope that this might not be less so. She had finished the mental labour of composition and had merely to execute the mechanical part of copying it. Her thin hand trembled as she traced the musical characters; two unnatural spots glowed upon her pale cheeks; while her eyes shone with an unwonted brilliancy; yet she ceased not to toil until she had completed her allotted task; when, being overcome by her intense anxiety and her physical strength having been sustained solely by her mental exertion, she sank forward upon her desk, under the influence of an indescribable dizziness, accompanied by total insensibility. So perfectly were her senses paralyzed that she was utterly unconscious of passing events. She had not heard the well-known footstep of her faithful friend ascend the stairs and approach the chamber door; nor had she perceived any change in her position, and when she at last had somewhat revived she found herself reposing in the arms of Isabella Crawford.

At first the flush of pride tinged her pale cheeks, but that yielding to the overpowering affection of her generous nature, she buried her face in the bosom of her friend, and her oppressed faculties gained relief in tears. Isabella had read at a glance the true cause of the depression she had so unexpectedly witnessed. She knew that Pauline's anxiety and bodily powers were taxed to the utmost in administering to the wants of her father; but had not discovered, until this morning, that our heroine was also employing her cultivated mind in compo-

sition. Although Isabel in common with all other lovers of music had been perfectly enchanted with the "New Melodies," yet had she not the remotest idea whose was their authorship; both the preceding numbers having been published under a fictitious name; but when she saw before her a manuscript bearing the same title and the identical "No. 3 of the New and Popular Melodies" which she had seen announced that morning, she no longer doubted but that Pauline was the authoress of those beautifully touching and plaintive strains which were universally eliciting such unbounded praise.

She knew that the independence of Pauline would render it useless to expostulate with her upon such a slow and wearying pursuit, and yet she could not but admire the courage, the true heroism of her character, which elevated her above despair in her trying circumstances, and urged her onward in her aspirations after ultimate success. Inspired by this discovery, with increased affection for her friend, Isabel clasped Pauline still closer to her bosom, and bending over her, pressed her lips upon her burning brow, as she spoke:

"Dear Pauline, you overtask your feeble strength. Let me persuade you to give up this pursuit."

Pauline at once recollected what she deemed her imprudence, for she had intended that no human being should ever have the most remote idea of what was the source whence the new music came; and blushing as she arose from her recumbent position, she regarded her friend with an inquiring gaze, and then exclaimed:

"Dear Bel! what have you done? You have discovered what I had determined no being whatever should know. Dear Bel, I would not for a world have revealed it to my dearest friend. You will not betray me, dear-

est: promise me. You will never speak of what you have seen, not even to me."

"I promise, Pauline, that I will never speak of it to any except you. But to you I must speak of it, and beg of you to relinquish it at once and for ever; at least until your health has much improved. At present, dear Pauline, you are not fit for any exertion, and if you would accept of my—"

"Dearest Bel, do not, I pray you, wound me by any allusion to what I should deem myself unworthy of the name I bear could I accept."

"Your first duty is the preservation of your health, but by this," pointing to the elaborate manuscript before her, "you are undermining that constitution which has already sustained more than it can well bear. You must not, Pauline, indeed you must not continue this."

"It would be unworthy of me, dear Bel, nor could I, remain inactive, under the trying circumstances in which it has pleased God to place us; and——"

But before she could complete her sentence, a heavy groan broke the stillness of the room. Pauline's face was blanched with terror; it was the first audible token of suffering her father had given for many days; and scarcely suppressing a shriek she sprang forward to his bedside. He had been sleeping calmly for several hours; but at present, though still asleep, he was evidently disturbed by some pain, whether of body or of mind. His lips were compressed and his brows knit. Some change was evidently taking place. Pauline hung over him with breathless anxiety. "What," she whispered, "if his consciousness should be reviving! What if these be the signs of returning reason!—What if, when he awakes, he will once more recognise his daughter! Oh! what happiness would then be mine, even though he should

still disown me.—God be merciful to him and soothe his pain. Dearest father, didst thou but know how fervently I love thee, thou wouldst once more smile upon thy daughter, and call her thine own Pauline.”

Thus, in broken exclamations of disconnected thought, she hung over him, gently bathing his feverish brow. His lips moved: was it in prayer? or, was it but the wild ravings of delirium? In vain she strives to catch the muttered sounds. Inarticulate, they die upon his lips. And yet—can it be?—Yes, it is, it is,—“Pauline—how have I wronged thee!”

“Nay, dearest, best of fathers, say not so; that is all passed now, and forgotten.”

“All, all gone,” he continued to murmur; “well, so it might, if she had stayed.”

Her tears fell on his face as she drank in the welcome words. Oh that they had been the words of sober, waking reason! But the tears fell as she kissed the pale lips which uttered sounds so sweet. As she did so, his lids parted, and his dark eyes beamed full upon her face; not in a wild, unmeaning, restless stare; but steadily, and animated with intelligence. After gazing at her a moment, he closed them again as if he thought it might all have been a dream, or as if he would shut out objects which prevented him from recalling something that was painful; and then with a feeble tone said abstractedly:

“My love, I thought you too had left me.”

“No! no! dear pa!—your own Pauline is here,—she will never leave you,” she replied in broken accents.

“I must have been dreaming.—Why do they come here to bother me?”

And Pauline’s heart sank within her as she saw his mind again give way before the influence of his disease. The relapse was but momentary. When consciousness

again returned, he regarded Pauline, who still hung fondly over him, with a look of calm but intense affection; and after a pause, feebly, but with thrilling distinctness said :

“My love, my own Pauline, can you forgive the cruelty of your wretched father?”

He spoke clearly, and evidently in the full possession of his reason, and the joyful surprise was too much for the gentle being to whom he spoke. She sank upon his breast and only replied by sobs. Isabella approached to raise her friend.

“My Bella here too!” he feebly said, “how kind my sweet children are to me! But speak to me, my love, and say that you forgive.”

“Dearest pa, your daughter has nothing to forgive. Although I have acted contrary to your wishes, I have done so from a sense of duty, not with a view of offending you; I have always loved you, and never more so than now.”

“Kiss me, my love, the only cloud that has ever darkened the horizon of my existence has passed away. Now we shall again be happy and at rest.”

By this time Dr. Wirt, for whom Pauline had sent on the instant of her first alarm, had arrived. He knew that a change for the better or worse must soon take place, but that change had occurred sooner than he had expected, and immediately on the receipt of the message he had hastened to his patient. The moment he entered the room, he perceived that his hopes were not disappointed, and his benevolent countenance beamed with joy as he contemplated the wonderful change that a few short hours had wrought. But without knowing the cause of it, he was concerned to discover his nervous system in an extraordinary state of excitement, and warning his fair nurses to avoid the slightest cause of excitement, as it

might produce the most disastrous effects, he took his leave.

“ This change then, Doctor, you consider decidedly favourable ? ” inquired Isabel, as she descended the stairs with him.

“ Yes ; Miss, it is decidedly favourable ; and if Mr. Seward can be kept from nervous excitability I confidently hope to see him perfectly restored in a very few weeks. Permit me to urge upon you to guard in every way that he shall be kept profoundly composed.”

The doctor departed, and Miss Crawford, without intimating that there was cause for his suspicions, returned to caution her friend and to assist her in complying with the prescriptions which they had just received.

CHAPTER III.

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.—SHAKESPEARE.

ONE month may have elapsed since the scene described at the close of the last chapter took place. Mr. Seward, propped up with pillows, was sitting in an easy-chair. His fine proportions were no more. He was wan and thin, and though his eye may not have lost all its brilliancy, yet extreme debility deprived it of that sparkling animation which gave such vivacity to its expression. The bones of his face and hands protruded from their thin covering of skin, and his hair was sprinkled with many a dash of white. Twenty years added to his life could not have produced a greater change in his appearance than did the two past years of sorrow.

Pauline sat upon a low stool beside her father. Her *tout ensemble* was that of perfect simplicity. Her thin and wasted figure was plainly and neatly attired. Her countenance, traced with the pencil of grief, was expressive of serenity and resignation. It was clear and calm, but of an unearthly paleness. Her dark eye rested upon her father, who seemed to be absorbed in meditation. Heaving a deep-drawn sigh, he raised his languid eyes, which, subdued by affliction, no longer bore a reproachful look, and intently gazed upon his daughter.

"My love," at last he feebly articulated; "the past seems like one long, wild, and troubled dream."

"It does, dear pa; but let us now forget the past. Riches are only lent; they are not given. Let us thank God that he permitted us to retain them so long; and let us seek what happiness may be derived in our present state."

"Happiness! my love; for us there is none. Had we always been thus, then should we have had our share according to our condition; Heaven seems to have given us prosperity but to mark us as objects of its vengeance."

"Dearest pa, let us not charge Heaven with misfortunes, which may be but the consequences of our own sinfulness and pride. It matters not how mysterious may be the dispensation of Providence, or how dark and terrible the trials which God allots us, we may rest assured they are sent either as punishments for our sins or to impel us onward in the discharge of our duty by causing us to feel our dependence upon Heaven."

"Were I young, my love, or even in the prime of manhood, I might not then regard it so despairingly: but why? Oh! why should Heaven deal so terribly with an old and feeble man?"

"But I am young, dear pa, and—"

"You! my child;" said he, clasping her delicate hands with fervour to his lips; "what can these tender hands effect? Nothing, my love; nothing. It is I that must quick recover strength, and toil for thee:" and his voice died away, tremulous and broken from despair at the hopelessness of the prospect before him.

"Grieve not yourself, dear pa; I can do a thousand things. See what I have already done. And then remember, Heaven assists those only who despair not, but strive to assist themselves. Think of righteous Job; he was once crowned with every thing that in this world could

be desired to make one happy ; health, family and fortune. Heaven, permitting him to be tried, sent him adversity ; sickness, bereavement and poverty. It was as if a devastating whirlwind had swept over him and left him nothing but his life ; yet he preserved his integrity to his Creator, and reprehending himself repented in dust and ashes, and God raised him up and restored him two-fold for all the evil that had happened to him."

"We cannot expect God to work miracles in our favour, my love."

"No, dear pa, but we can humbly discharge our duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Him to place us, and accept with thankfulness whatever he may allot us. Let us have confidence in God. It is the Psalmist David, who tells us : 'I have been young, and now am old ; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread.'"

Mr. Seward made no reply to his daughter. He sat seemingly absorbed in meditation, and after a lengthened pause he said, slowly and with deliberation : "Pauline, I have hated, with a deep and persevering hatred, the religion of which you have made profession."

Pauline trembled as he proceeded.

"I have endeavoured to drive it from my mind, and have ever particularly avoided to refer to it in your presence. A change has passed over me ; I know not how or why : but I feel compelled to refer to it now."

"Nay, dear pa, do not speak of it. It will only excite you, and then that dreadful fever will return again."

"I am calm now, my love, and I wish to know if the religion you profess teaches you these lessons."

"It does, dear pa, and," she timidly continued, not knowing to what the conversation might lead, "many others equally sweet and consoling ; and did I not fear

that it would weary you too much, or perhaps excite you, I could read to you from this book, whose divine maxims have sustained me in many a dark hour, lessons of wisdom little short of inspiration."

"Proceed, my love, I desire to hear all you have to say."

"I will commence then, dear pa, where I left off this morning. The author is speaking of sufferings, and how they should be borne; he says:

"We suffer, and we are vexed, we complain, and are tempted to murmur.

"But does our inquietude soften our sufferings? Do we not rather see that we embitter them, in losing before God the merit of them, by rendering ourselves unworthy of his grace and succour, and perhaps drawing down upon ourselves new trials and new misfortunes?

"You suffer; but would you not have something to lay at the foot of your Saviour's cross? You will there find his blood: is it too much that he should there find your tears?

"Sinful and culpable men! Let us return to the source of our evils, let us enter into ourselves and let us see what we merit before God; let us consider that if we suffer, it is our sins which bring upon us our sufferings; and far from breaking out in complaints, far from accusing Heaven with rigour, our fellow creatures with injustice, or fortune with blindness, we should charge them upon ourselves and upon our sins. These are the fatal torch, which has kindled the anger of God, and the fire of his vengeance. These are the deadly poison, which spreading through the world produces affliction of soul, bitterness of heart, desolation of families, the ruin of provinces, and the decadence of empires. God, himself, erects his tribunal of vengeance upon earth, from

which he exercises his dreadful judgments upon sinful men, either to punish their disorders, to arrest their scandals or to reclaim prevaricators to the observance of his law.

“Let us examine our misfortunes, and far from imputing them as we often do to blind chance, to the malice of our enemies, to our unhappy lots, and to, I know not what fatality, as we call it, let us re-ascend to the first principle of evil, and we shall see that it is the arm of God justly raised against us. We have sinned, and he has afflicted us; we have abandoned his law, and he has abandoned us to our own calamities; we have despised his mercies, and he has delivered us to the rigours of his justice. Our miseries increase because our iniquities multiply; we become every day more unfortunate, because we daily become more culpable. The scourges of God are not arrested, neither are the treasures of his wrath exhausted; his hand is still raised against us. Would we then have our miseries to cease? Let us renounce our sins, let us deplore our iniquities, let us humble ourselves under the hand of God, let us kiss the hand that strikes us; then the anger of Heaven will be appeased, then the vengeance of God will be calmed, and the dark clouds, whence issued thunder and lightning for our destruction, will beam with the roseate smile of Heaven, the forerunner of our sanctification: and we shall have the consolation, that as it was sin which produced our sufferings, so now will our sufferings in their turn serve for the expiation of our sins, contribute towards our salvation, and, one day, attain for us the promised recompense for suffering souls: ‘Blessed are they who mourn.’

“Remember then the sentiments, with which, being Christians, we ought to receive our sufferings; it should

be with sentiments of penitence, of confidence, and of love.”*

“And believe me, dear pa,” remarked Pauline, as she closed the book, “that though God may have permitted these misfortunes to fall upon us, he will not desert us if we be but faithful to our trust, and patiently endure our afflictions.”

“I cannot reply against what you have said, my daughter, though I cannot understand why these evils have fallen upon us.”

“They may not be evils, dear pa, they may be but blessings in disguise; but let us not continue this subject longer. I fear lest you should overtask your strength.”

“Be it so, my love,” he replied, tenderly kissing his daughter, “I will only add, that notwithstanding my repugnance to the faith whose lessons you have learned, I shall no longer esteem it altogether destitute of good, since it can teach my daughter not only to be resigned in poverty, but still to bless God in her affliction, and to cling to a father, who, though fondly loving her, spurned her in the day of his prosperity.”

“Oh! say no more, I beseech you, kindest of parents; it was not through caprice that I have so grievously displeased you,” said Pauline, weeping; “I have longed for the privilege of showing you that it arose from a motive superior even to the obedience which a child owes to its parent. Conviction, duty to God, the salvation of my soul, all, all, impelled me forward to the step which I have taken; and Heaven is my witness that I have loved you more and more each hour of my existence.”

“I know it, my love, and am the more culpable in restraining you as I did; but that sorrow at least has

* *Spiritual Combat*, pp. 303-306.

passed away, and whatever else may befall us, nothing shall ever again disturb our love."

Deep and grateful feeling welled up in Pauline's heart. She had the forgiveness, and she enjoyed the love, of her father, and smiling through her tears, she surrendered herself entirely to the influence of the happiness which her parent's restored love afforded her: nor did she suffer her many other trials to mar its effects, or dim the radiance which overspread her fair face.

It was just at this moment, when her heart was bounding within her, and had already shed the blush of happiness over her cheeks, that Betty entered the room.

It will be remembered that Betty was the servant whom Pauline had protected from the mistaken prejudice of her father under most trying circumstances. The gratitude which this inspired in her breast for Pauline was now exhibiting itself in her devotion to her benefactress. When Pauline had dismissed her servants, Betty had refused to leave her mistress; and when she was informed that circumstances rendered it utterly impossible to retain her, and when some allusion was made to her not being expected to labour without pecuniary recompense, she still nobly and generously insisted, saying:

"La me! ma'm! what do I want with wages, ma'm; why I can work without that for you, and support myself besides: now ma'm, you will please not turn me off, it will break my heart if you don't let me stay with you; at least, ma'm, you will please let me stay a little while, ma'm."

Pauline overcome by her earnest entreaties complied, at least temporarily, with her request.

"Well, my good Betty, what do you want?" inquired Pauline, as she entered the room with a courtesy.

"Plase, ma'm, there is a gentleman down stairs, that wishes to see you, ma'm."

"A gentleman wishes to see me, did you say, Betty? Are you sure you are not mistaken?" Pauline not only spoke with marked surprise, but she also trembled.

"Yes, ma'm; I am not mistaken, ma'm; he said Miss Seward."

"What shall I do, dear pa? I cannot see any one," she said, with distress depicted on her countenance.

"Use your pleasure, my love; but there is no reason that you should refuse to respond to the politeness of your visitor."

"But, dear pa—what is the *name*, Betty? Did you ask the name?" said Pauline, confused and hesitating and not knowing what to say or do.

"Yes, ma'm; and he said it was Mr. Lirzirck."

"Mr. Lirzirck? I am not acquainted with any one of that name. Are you sure that is the name, Betty?"

"Not so perfect sure, ma'm, but it was something very like it, ma'm."

"Did you ever see him before, Betty?" inquired her mistress.

"I think I have, ma'm, at the other house," she replied.

"Lirzirck?" repeated Pauline to herself, endeavouring to correct, by memory, what she felt convinced was Betty's mistake; and suddenly the truth flashed across her mind. It must be Mr. La Zourk.

"Betty, was not the name La Zourk?" inquired Pauline, with she knew not what emotions.

"Well, la! ma'm, yes, ma'm, I do believe it was."

"Tell Mr. La Zourk that Miss Seward sends her compliments, and regrets that she cannot see him."

"I did tell him, ma'm, that you do not resave visit-

ors, ma'm; but he said it is very important, and that he could not go, ma'm, without seeing you."

"Convey to him the message that I have given you, Betty."

Betty obeyed, and soon returned with Mr. La Zourk's compliments and earnest hopes, that Miss Seward would not deny him the privilege of making a very important announcement to her.

"Very important," pondered Pauline. What can it mean? Well, I suppose I must go down, for a few minutes, at least."

When she entered the parlour, Mr. La Zourk was slowly pacing the floor, his hands crossed behind him and his head inclined forward as if in a profound study. Pauline glided into the room as he turned towards the door of entrance. He started and coloured deeply as, bowing, he advanced towards her.

"I would fain hope, Miss Seward, that this, no doubt unexpected call, might be attributed by you to the motive which has prompted it."

"Mr. La Zourk's visit," she replied, "is certainly most unexpected, but as Mr. La Zourk has assured me that it is of importance, I have excused myself from my father's sick chamber for a few moments to listen to what he may have to say."

"It would afford me the greatest happiness, Miss Seward, could I know that the subject, which is indeed of great importance, might not have been wholly unanticipated by you."

"In truth, Mr. La Zourk, I have not accepted of this visit to solve a problem; and I hope if Mr. La Zourk has something of importance to communicate, he will do so, and relieve me at once from the distress which this mystery occasions."

Mr. La Zourk was, as it might be said, feeling the ground before him, and it must be confessed felt somewhat chagrined at the cold and distant manner of our heroine: yet was he not discouraged. He reasoned that when his object were known, and the interest he felt in her, expressed, the reciprocal warmth engendered by sympathy would take the place of cold formality; and he therefore continued:

"I must beg Miss Seward's pardon while I explain, and express the hope that she will deign to regard Mr. La Zourk as being prompted by the highest and most honourable motives that can actuate the human breast."

Miss Seward remained silent, though she began to question the propriety of prolonging the scene. He proceeded:

"Miss Seward has been brought up in a sphere which her unrivalled beauty and accomplishments have clearly indicated as the position peculiarly her own."

"Pardon the interruption, Mr. La Zourk, but I am at a loss to know what this has to do with the important business on account of which Mr. La Zourk has favoured me with a visit."

"That, I was upon the point of explaining to Miss Seward. Every thing indicates that this is not the sphere in which Miss Seward is destined to move and seek her happiness."

"Mr. La Zourk will again pardon me, but as Miss Seward's happiness never depended upon the possession of wealth, so its mere loss cannot have diminished that happiness."

Not seeming to observe her remark, he proceeded: "It is in the power of Miss Seward to regain, if not all her former princely fortune, at least, her former position

in society, and enough of wealth to satisfy the loftiest ambition."

"Miss Seward has no ambition above that position in which it has pleased God to place her: and she again repeats to Mr. La Zourk, that unless he is pleased to speak intelligibly, Miss Seward will be obliged, however painfully, to withdraw."

"Pardon me, Miss Seward, but could I hope that you would not spurn the offer, that I had hoped to have had the courage to make, then would I no longer hesitate."

Pauline could now no longer conceal from herself the scope of Mr. La Zourk's (we must say it) noble, generous and disinterested intentions. The crimson arose in her face, in spite of her; she was speechless; and she could no longer look her noble suitor in the face. He mistook her embarrassment for the first evidence of success, and with impassioned fervour continued:

"Yes; Miss Seward, I will no longer hesitate; I have come here to lay myself, my heart, and my fortune at your feet; but too happy if you will deign to smile upon the offering and accept it."

Pauline would have fled from the room, but Mr. La Zourk was between her and the only door of egress; and she feared in his present excited state to approach nearer to where he was. And yet, she had too much sense not to appreciate his noble intentions: indeed, had it not been for this conviction, she would have requested before this to be left alone, or by any other means relieved herself of the unwelcome visit; besides, being become somewhat more calm and collected, she was willing, and on account of his motives, even desirous so to act, that Mr. La Zourk might both feel the delicacy of her refusal and the utter hopelessness of his ever succeeding in any renewal of his proposition.

Mr. La Zourk somewhat imploringly continued :
“ Has Miss Seward no word of encouragement to offer to one who has dared long and fervently to love her ? ”

“ Mr. La Zourk, Miss Seward is utterly at a loss to discover when or where, either by word or manner, she has ever given Mr. La Zourk the slightest encouragement to hope that any thing that he might have to say upon such a subject would be patiently listened to by her.”

“ Alas ! Miss Seward, I have nothing to plead in extenuation of my temerity but Miss Seward’s clemency.”

Miss Seward was touched by the melancholy tone in which the young gentleman addressed her ; and it was with difficulty that she could muster either the composure or the resolution necessary to carry out her intentions. But summoning all her fortitude, she said : ‘

“ Miss Seward appreciates all the honour which Mr. La Zourk proposes to her ; she also gives him full credit for all the delicacy and respect which he has shown to her in what no doubt has proved as trying a scene to him as it has to herself, but she must add, and she hopes that Mr. La Zourk will regard it as final and imperative, that under no circumstances whatsoever will it be agreeable to Miss Seward to experience a renewal of this subject.”

It was some time before Mr. La Zourk could recover from the astonishment and chagrin which so unexpected a termination of the affair produced. He attempted to offer reasons to Miss Seward why this should not be made by her the final reply to his suit ; but finding her unalterably settled in the determination which she had expressed, he withdrew, even more conscious than he had ever before been of her worth and superiority.

Pauline, confused and agitated with nervous excitement, returned to the chamber of her father. He saw that something unusual, and of a painful nature, had occurred. She approached him and threw her arms around his neck. She attempted to speak, but her voice failing her, she sank silently by his side.

"Be comforted, my love," he said, "do not distress yourself to tell me what has happened to trouble you: wait till you are more composed." With these words of comfort he supported her feebly in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.

She heard the tale—she did not weep—
It was too strangely sad for tears.—WHITTIER.

RAINFUL though it be to contemplate them, the sorrowful fortunes of little Marie now demand our attention. Sweet child, we shall find her sadly changed since last we saw her bowed in deep devotion before her humble altar in the cave.

The miserable being, who, while she was in the city, had attempted to snatch her from the happy home of her benefactress, was only momentarily foiled. He had never lost sight of his prey; and had been deterred from seizing it only by the vigilance of her friends. And though it might have seemed that her removal from the city would place her beyond the reach of danger, it in fact had not only the more exposed her to it, but aided the consummation of his nefarious design.

Before proceeding, however, it becomes necessary to explain the motives of her persecutors, as well as the origin of their knowledge of, and connection with her.

When her mother arrived a stranger in the city, her circumstances reduced her to the necessity of seeking the humblest lodgings for herself and daughter. These she procured, but had scarcely entered the wretched chamber, when her health, long enfeebled by her sufferings, suddenly declined. Soon afterwards she died. The pittance that still remained was not enough to save her poor body from the cruel charity of a poor-house burial,

or to supply her daughter with more than a few weeks of boarding in the room of a neighbour. When that was exhausted, so also was the benevolence of the covetous being who had undertaken to fleece her of all she possessed; and, her purpose being attained, and finding that there was nothing more to expect, she dismissed the orphan to gain her living by begging.

A few doors from the house whence she had just been dismissed, lived two of the most debased and deplorable of wretches. They were a man, if man he could be called, and his wife. They subsisted by begging through the day, and by plundering at night. They had reduced begging to a system; and had a number of children trained to act their parts on all the various occasions to which their operations gave rise. In this hovel, upon the same morning, something like the following elegant conversation took place between the amiable pair.

"Vell, this are a purty kittle o' fish," said this lord of creation. "There's Sal gone dead: that's one less to do the needful."

"There's plenty more o' 'em," was the consoling reply of his better half.

"Not the like o' she," said her liege.

"Better," she replied sententiously.

"There never vas nur a better pal a goin'," said he: "that face o' hern 'ou'd git more vittles o' un day nur the hul gang 'ou'd git o' a veek: sich a handy un too for taut places to push back o' the bolts."

"I tell ye there are a better 'un," insisted his spouse: "don't yer mind the viddy as died t'other day?"

"Yes," sneered her lord: "an' I mind how old mammy Scragget grabbed her."

"She grabbed at the sil'er," insisted his spouse; "an' when she gits all o' that, she'll be gladder o' her

room nur her company, an' so ye ha' better beein' a lookin' arter her."

The suggestion seemed a reasonable one to the ruffian, and with a peculiarly sinister expression of countenance he immediately arose to take the necessary measures to secure the coveted prize. He had not proceeded ten steps from the house when he saw the object of his thoughts seated upon the ground, and in tears. Assuming as amiable a look and tone of voice as he was capable of, he approached the child and asked her:

"Vy do ye cry, my little gal?"

"Little Marie has no home, and nobody will love her."

"Vy, didn't mammy take ye?"

"Dear mother's dead," she sobbed; "and they turned little Marie in the street."

"Vell, my purty Molly, if that be yer name, come with me, ve'll take ye;" and extending his rough hand, he raised her from the ground. At first, she shrank from his sinister and repulsive look, but overwhelmed by the sense of her destitution, she suffered herself to be dragged along to the den of iniquity from which he had just issued, little suspecting so easy a consummation of the object of his *sortie*, as chance seemed to have thrown in his way.

Here it was that her real sorrows commenced: here it was that her gentle nature was wounded and lacerated by every species of cruelty: here was she beaten and bruised until she had not the strength longer to resist the determined efforts of her tormentors to mould her to their nefarious practices. Several weeks elapsed under this treatment before they ventured to send her out to beg: and when at last they had humbled her sufficiently to inspire her with the obedience of fear, they sent her forth in tatters and with a small basket on her arm.

Being unacquainted with the streets, she lost her way, and never returned to her tormentors.

Indefatigable were the efforts made to recover her, and inexhaustible the imprecations of vengeance to be heaped upon her inoffensive head when discovered. They were a long time fruitless, when at last, after more than a year had elapsed, she was unexpectedly encountered in the street, and her changed circumstances and place of abode at once made known. From this period, a perpetual watch was set over her every motion, so that no opportunity of recovering her should escape unimproved.

Pauline, warned by the attempt that had been made upon her ward, near her city residence, was too watchful to admit of another such attempt being successfully made; but, thrown off her guard by her supposed distance from the seat of danger, she had not thought it necessary to continue such unremitting diligence; and little Marie, as unconscious of danger as her benefactress, roamed at will through wood and vale of the peaceful and retired Leflore.

She repaired to the grotto on that fatal afternoon, unconscious that her lynx-eyed enemy was watching every movement. She had finished her devotions and had seated herself with her face towards the rustic altar, intently reading the little prayer book which was ever her companion, when the mouth of the cave was suddenly darkened; and turning, she beheld the miserable wretch whom she had had so much cause to dread. Shrieking with terror and surprise, she sprang forward, and was out of the cave before the ruffian could intercept her movements, but he soon overtook the fragile child and held her in his powerful grasp, convulsed with fear. He returned with her into the cave, where he tied up

her mouth in order to prevent her screams, and then sallied forth in the midst of the storm with his precious prize.

The storm had at once favoured his attempt and completely covered his retreat. The lanes and fields were entirely deserted by the villagers, and he met with no impediment to defeat his nefarious design. Onward he sped with rapid strides through fen, and bog, and brake; now and then crossing a field, but chiefly directing his course through the woods or along the dark defiles of the mountain passes that skirted the valley; now bearing his terrified and helpless burden in his arms, now tossing her across his shoulders, or momentarily, to relieve himself, cruelly dragging her after him over the rough and jagged ground, until her tender limbs, lacerated and bleeding, refused to bear her weight; then with an imprecation swinging her behind him, he would press onward, heedless of every obstacle.

He had passed the mountain barrier of the valley before the storm had spent its fury, and as the country beyond was chiefly open and cultivated ground, he deemed it prudent not to issue from the cover of the woods, until nightfall should shelter him in its obscurity. This was the only respite the bleeding sufferer had gained; and it was but of short duration, for almost as soon as the storm retreated before the angry winds, the sun had gone down behind the blue hills; when, issuing from his shelter, he pressed onward. Two miles of open country lay before him ere he could arrive at the main highway, which led directly to the city. This, aided by the increasing gloom, he passed without discovery, and dragging her after him over the stile, bounded into the road. There, exhausted and senseless, poor Marie sank upon the ground at his feet.

“Curse the brat! vill she never git done o’ actin’?” was his brutal exclamation, as he gave a low, shrill whistle.

His signal was answered by a similar sound; and a few moments afterwards, a light covered wagon drove up to the stile. Into this, with many an oath that his accomplice would not suffer his prize to escape, the ruffian tossed the defenceless child. Muttering in a low tone of voice some further directions to the person in the wagon, it proceeded in one direction, while he, on foot, took another. This was a necessary precaution. He had been observed prowling about the woods of the Eglenton estate, and, from his peculiarly sinister expression of countenance had been so closely scrutinized as to render his detection, in case any thing requiring it occurred, a matter of simple pursuit. It became necessary therefore for him to forego the luxury of his intended ride to the city, and, separating from the precious object of his long and dangerous expedition, to proceed thither alone, and afoot. In doing so he was careful to avoid the public ways; and only once, impelled by hunger, had ventured to expose himself at a public house in order to obtain some refreshment. But, being in advance of the pursuers of the stolen child, his presence attracted no especial attention on the part of the loungers at the public house, until it was too late to profit by the information obtained at a late hour of the next day from some of Miss Seward’s messengers, that a child had been stolen by some unknown person, who had been seen lurking about the valley.

The wagon proceeded at a smart trot over the rough and miry road; moving, perhaps for a moment, with sufficient smoothness not to cause any additional pain to its tender burden, but then again suddenly plunging into some rugged hole, or jolting against some

projection in the way, increased the agony of her already torn flesh, as she lay feeble and helpless as a lamb led to the slaughter. It was at the darkest hour of the morning that the silent movement of the vehicle over a country road, was exchanged for the rough and rattling sound of paved streets. The lamps were still dimly burning, and the night-watch were making their last rounds. It advanced through an unfrequented part of the city, and after many evasions and useless turnings it at last halted before a miserable hovel in a retired and dismal street.

The innocent sufferer was conscious of the cessation of motion, and knew that she had been lifted out of the vehicle, but by whom, or whither conducted, she was too utterly helpless and exhausted to notice, even had the darkness, which was still intense, permitted her: she also felt that she had been conveyed under shelter of some kind, and that, when placed upon the ground, instead of standing, as it seemed to her she was desired to do, she sank helplessly, unable to sustain the weight of her own body. The first emotion, of which she was fully conscious, was the vivid, stinging sensation of a blow, and the shrill voice of a woman vociferating:

“So ho! yer a comin’ o’ that game o’er us, are ye? vell, take that, an’ that, and mayhap ye’ll think better o’ it:” administering to the passive child, at each pause in her invective, a smart blow. “Ye’ll run away vill ye, an’ turn up o’ a fine lady: vell *ve’ll* make a lady o’ ye, ve’ll gi’ ye this dud for yer fust ball, ve vill.”

As she spoke, she held up a filthy and ragged dress; at the sight of which, some half dozen squalid little wretches who had been awakened by the noise and were now sitting up on their beds composed of loose straw scattered upon the ground, simultaneously raised a shout of laughter; trembling however, not knowing at what

moment they might themselves become the objects of their tyrant's anger. Little Marie, for an instant revived by the tingling effects of her cruel treatment, turned her meek, blue eyes imploringly towards her tormentor, a voiceless appeal for mercy; when animation almost forsook her and her blood curdled around her throbbing heart, as she recognised the miserable beldam, whose heartlessness she had formerly so bitterly experienced. With a moan of hopeless despair, she fell senseless to the ground.

Whether the wretched creature was herself terrified at the sight of her insensibility, or that she had for the once exhausted her spleen, she left her alone to recover as best she might, while she threw herself down upon her own litter of straw and resigned herself to a little more slumber before she should arouse her "pals" and despatch them upon their various expeditions of pilfering or begging, according to the peculiar training of each.

The evening of the following day was far advanced before the head of this precious brood made his appearance, after his long and tedious journey. He had been long enough upon the road to hear of the widespread pursuit that the child's loss had occasioned, and although he had not altogether escaped suspicion and observation, he succeeded in regaining his home unmolested.

Many weeks elapsed before it was deemed safe to send her upon the precarious errands by which she was again doomed to seek subsistence. And in the mean time, she was destined to pass through a terrible ordeal of degrading and cruel servitude; that being humbled and completely moulded to the will of her persecutors, and being inspired with fear for them, she might never again make the attempt by which they had been so long

deprived of the advantage which they hoped to gain through her. Incapable of making any defence, or of exerting herself to escape from her miseries, she moaned her plaint in secret, and inspired by the hope of future relief, awaited with patience until it might arrive.

Though not severely cold, it was a dismal hazy morning late in the fall of the year, when three little beggars miserably and scantily covered with soiled and tattered garments, issued forth from the wretched hovel, and commenced their accustomed rounds. Two of them were emaciated to the last degree; the third was little Marie. She looked as if she might be upon the verge of the grave. Her cheeks were pale and sunken; her dark blue eyes had entirely lost their animation. Tears streamed down her face, and she shivered as her feeble limbs conducted her slowly along. Even her wretched companions had some pity for her forlorn condition.

"Don't yer cry, Molly;" said one of them, compassionating her; "vy it's nuthin' ven yer used to't."

"Vy no," says the other: "an' yer'll on'y git more o' blows; so vat's th' use o' makin' on so?"

But it was neither abuse nor her sad condition, which was at that moment exciting her grief. She was just then passing the house in which she had last seen her fond mother. She recollected it; and a gush of sorrow irresistibly burst from the almost petrified fountain of her heart. Perhaps,—and her religion taught her it might be possible,—the spirit of her mother, who had there suffered and died, was now hovering over her forlorn babe. She knew, for she had often been so taught, that God careth for little children more than for the little birds; that Jesus took them in his arms and blessed them. She herself, on the brightest, happiest day of her life, that of her confirmation, had helped to arrange the

words in which he proclaimed them welcome to come unto him, and she doubted not but that he would soon take her to himself, and to her dear mother, who had from that very place gone before her to heaven.

It did not need the audible voice of her angel, who then before the face of her heavenly Father looked down upon her misery, to pre-admonish her of this happy release. The blessed messengers of death were already playing about her vitals, and with their icy fingers were busily tracing upon her lovely face the pallid hues of the grave.

CHAPTER V.

Certes, it was a fearful path! Enthroned,
There horror sat, and scowl'd with furrow'd brow!
Rocks crash'd, streams roar'd, pines to the tempest groan'd,
Struggled and smote each other—till each bough
Was blanch'd and shatter'd: then from hills beyond
Burst the dread avalanche! and where were now
The pilgrim or the path? The snowy surge
Has swathed him, and the tempest howls his dirge.—BEATTIE.

Two travellers were urging their toilsome way, through a wilderness of snow, along one of the rugged passes of the Alps.

A clear morning in the Alps is ever inspiring. The glorious sun had lit up the glaciers of Mount St. Gothard with all its splendour and effulgence; the clear cold air invigorated both the mind and body; and our travellers set out from Val-Laventine, their resting place of the previous night, determined to scale the lofty summit of St. Gothard. The Ticino and the Reuss, flowing along in the deep chasms which form their beds, glittered in the sunbeams, thousands of feet below the slippery height on which they stood. They had already crossed Mount Cenere and the Livinen-thal, and were advancing towards the village of Bernardino, whence, after a short repose, they intended to commence the ascent of those steep and rugged cliffs, the accomplishment of which inspires the enthusiasm of all Alpine travellers.

The whole route extending along the Val-Tremola and the Madonnai-liet, is one of the most dangerous, which those, whom adventure or necessity urges to

cross those dreary regions, have to encounter. Whirlwinds of snow, or torrents of rain surprise the impotent wanderer, and overwhelmed with their fury, he is borne away like leaves before autumnal winds. No friendly roof, throughout the whole extent of this route, offers its shelter to the hapless wanderer, overtaken by these tremendous hurricanes of snow and rain, until he reaches the spot where the hospice of St. Gothards elevates its granite pinnacles towards the sky. If overtaken, therefore, by the roaring *tourmente*, there are no means of escape, save in the hands of Him, who stills the tempest's roar. The Alpine thunderbolt descends upon his devoted head, and hurls him immeasurable depths below. But it needs not the howling winds to detach these air-hung palaces of snow. The sudden condensation or rarefaction of the atmosphere, the scream of the vulture, the noiseless bound of the startled chamois, a foot-fall, a tinkling bell, or a whisper, oftentimes is sufficient to hurl them from their dizzy heights.

The *tourmente*, or snow hurricane, to which we have just alluded, is always a most formidable, and too often a destructive, phenomenon in the Alps. In power and appearance it may be compared, not inaptly, to the sandy whirlwinds of the desert, under which, entire caravans have, at times, been buried. During the *tourmente*, the light superficial snow of the higher valleys is carried aloft in clouds, whence it descends in such profusion along the deep and narrow defiles through which the road is conducted, as completely to obliterate all traces of the path, and even to bury the poles, or *stazes*, which serve as the only safeguard in these inhospitable regions. The cold, under these circumstances, becomes so intense and so increased by the momentum with which the snowy particles are driven

along, that the skin becomes inflamed and blistered—the joints wrung with excruciating pain, and the eyes affected with partial or entire blindness. In this dilemma, deprived of all succour, and the means of proceeding with safety, the unhappy traveller loses all presence of mind, resigns himself to despair, and perishes where the hurricane overtakes him.*

There are certain phenomena which as certainly indicate the occurrence of these *tourmentes* as the barometer indicates the weight or pressure of the atmosphere. Astounding explosions are heard, which seem to rock the mountains to their base, and which, according to the peculiar state of the atmosphere, vibrate through the unfathomable caverns and gorges, thrilling the traveller, and impressing him with greater awe, than the most terrific thunder or the roar of artillery. The atmosphere increases in temperature, producing an overpowering lethargy, which indisposes and unfits the traveller for exertion: while the air sinks into profound repose. To defy these ominous signs and proceed, is to court destruction, and rush on to certain death.

Our travellers had resolved to pass the summit at every hazard. To the warnings of nature and the remonstrances of the mountaineers, they turned a deaf ear; and accoutred for their perilous undertaking they were on the point of setting out alone, when a powerful and experienced inhabitant of the Osogna, finding them determined to make the effort, and hoping by his skill and habitude to mountain difficulties to be of service to them, determined to accompany them. Anxious and trembling hearts beat with fear for the rash and daring strangers, and many a fervent prayer was offered

* See *Switzerland Illustrated*, vol. ii. p. 128.

by those simple villagers, as they receded from their lingering view, that their worst fears might not be realized.

They proceeded with courageous hearts and determined wills. For hours they kept on their rugged and varying course with unhesitating firmness. They had penetrated far into the trackless defiles of the Livinenthal. Three thousand feet beneath them dashed the foaming waters of the Ticino and the tributaries of the Rhone; while, heaved in dizzy heights above, towered rock on rock until the very heavens seemed to rest upon their snow-capped peaks. On every side, far as the eye could penetrate the chilling scene, gigantic promontories of glistening ice heaved their threatening points above their heads; palaces of sparkling crystal, crowned with unsullied snow, seemed suspended in the air, threatening at the slightest breath to fall in shapeless ruin upon their unresisting heads.

As if awed by the profound sublimity of that vast solitude, the winds had died away into fearfully impressive stillness; stillness, from which the unaccustomed wanderer shrinks with a sensation of pain, and yet is powerless to break even with a whisper.

Impeded by the yielding snow, exhausted by their exertions to proceed, and rendered breathless by the extreme rarefaction of the air at that immense altitude, their progress had become almost an impossibility. To retreat was as dangerous as to advance was difficult. The scene before and around them, was one universal wilderness of gloomy rocks, lashed and undermined beneath by foaming, turbid streams; above, crowned with immeasurable heaps of snow. Heavy masses of storm-clouds hung gloomily and threateningly over their heads, at once portending their destruction and

closing up the only avenue which had afforded them an unobstructed view. The vast solitudes, through which they breathlessly toiled, were now, at intervals, disturbed by muttering sounds, like the distant boom of artillery, waking the dead echoes of the rocky caverns, and thus prolonged in undulating sounds. Suddenly, as if the accumulated thunderbolts of heaven had been driven through the air aimed for their destruction, rolled above their heads the sound of bursting glaciers. Their narrow, air-hung path, quivered with the concussion. Turning their observation in the direction whence proceeded the direful sound, they beheld a mountain of snow hurled from its dizzy height, moving towards them with the speed of lightning. Pyramids of glittering spray foaming like the crest of the angry wave, when tossed by opposing winds, marked the course of the snowy mass, as broken and jagged it dashed impetuously against the jutting cliffs, and bore along trees and detached fragments of rock in its headlong descent.

Lashing the roaring winds to frenzy, onward and past them sweeps the shapeless mountain. Shivering by its weight and fury the slender ledge on which the travellers stood, it bears them in its onward course, plunging two of them sixty feet beneath, while the third, who had been more deeply overwhelmed by its weight was borne along in its still increasing fury and buried in its depths, perished in the foamy cataract thousands of feet below. The survivors, though stunned and bruised by the fall, and almost frozen, had still sufficient courage and presence of mind to grope about their gloomy ice-bound prison, in hope of finding some passage through which to make their escape.

Night lowered upon the scene and added to the

horror of their situation; while the clouds which had been threatening them with its fleecy burden, now burst upon them with alarming fury. The only outlet that could be discovered was a tunnel made by the melted snow, through the centre of a mass of ice. Almost palsied with fear and the benumbing effects of the cold, they entered the gloomy passage, ignorant whither it might conduct them. The wind, driving through it, seemed to howl the dirge alike of the rash adventurer and of his humane guide. They crawled upon their hands and knees through the gurgling waters that trickled along its slippery bed, hopeless of ever again beholding the light of day. The pangs of insufferable cold paralyzed their limbs, and the chill of death seemed to settle around their hearts; when, almost in despair from the hopelessness of their condition, and from the difficulties which they had to surmount, they at last discovered a ray of day's fading light peering into the opposite opening. They attained it; but it was only to exchange the horrors of an uncertain death to stem the fury of an Alpine storm. The mountain passes were hid from their view by masses of falling snow. To pause, even for reflection, was death; to proceed, was to risk taking a wrong direction or a false step, which must hurl them from the brink of ruin where they stood, into unfathomable depths.

Trusting to Heaven and his own experience, the guide pressed on, cheering his drooping companion by words of encouragement to continue his exertions. Life depended upon it, and it was their only hope. They clambered up the rugged ascent and once more found themselves upon the treacherous path whence they had been hurled. But that path was now embanked with

massive wreaths of snow, through which they must, almost hopelessly, endeavour to make their toilsome way. Exhausting their strength with every effort, onward they plunged, until they arrived at the gigantic gorge of the Platifer; where to their dismay they found the pass entirely broken up. On one side, the mountain presented a cold, unbroken front, four thousand feet above them; on the other, a rugged surface, with here and there a gnarled pine or oak springing seemingly from the bare rock, overhanging the dark waters of the Ticino, which roared and chafed the eternal rocks, in vain essaying to burst the barriers that had for ages held them fettered there.

The passes of St. Gothards, the Simplon, and Bernardino, were equally obstructed; and having failed in all their efforts, there yet remained but one hope; the pass by Mount Cenis. But what human strength is equal to such exertion? Eugene Neville, for he was the forlorn survivor, had striven to the utmost of his power. Despair alone had nerved him to effect as much as he had already done; and, insensible to the courageous efforts of the sturdy mountaineer in his behalf, he sank beneath the pitiless, pelting storm, and yielded himself to certain death. Solitary, and alone, the guide pursues his hopeless way, struggling against fatality. The rain, now mingled with the falling snow, froze as it descended, and momentarily increased the horrors of his path. Hope, almost exhausted, was rapidly yielding to despair; when, through the dim storm, the beacon light of St. Gothards beamed upon his weary sight. An ejaculation of gratitude sped from his quivering lip as he bounded forward to attain its hospitable shelter. His reinspired hope increased his strength; his blood beat more warm and freely through

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his veins, and winging his way up the rugged steep on which the welcome eyrie was perched, he fell speechless upon its ever open threshold.

The holy monks whose lives are there devoted to the perishing wayfarer came to his relief. He still retained his senses, and seemingly forgetful of his own necessities, and hoping that his lost companion might still be saved, he pointed to the gloom without. His intimation was understood; and fired with a charity which no other faith displays, two monks set out, to brave the storm. Away they hie, accompanied by their faithful dogs, pass crag and cliff, bound o'er the mountain torrent, plunge the deep gorge, and bid defiance to the storm, while on swift wings of love they succour the distressed. Scenting the back footsteps of the rescued guide, the unerring messengers, which preceded them, approached the precipitous cliff, where the traveller sank into the embraces of his snowy winding sheet, and where his unresisting form lay deeply buried in its icy grave. Plunging into the yielding snow, the powerful animals scatter it, and lay bare the body, just as the holy men approached. They applied the accustomed restoratives, but no returning consciousness rewarded their charitable efforts. Hopeless of his life, they bore his inanimate body to the Hospice of their order. There they plied every stimulus to break that slumber from which few revive to describe the horrors through which they pass in their advance towards the chambers of death. But all in vain;—the sealed lids remained closed, the lips compressed, and the life-blood stagnant in his veins.

Father Casali, the superior of the Hospice, who had himself issued forth to the rescue of the stranger, filled with intense desire to arouse from its lethargic slumber

this victim of the storm, still chafed his frozen limbs, inspiring them with their natural glow of heat and driving the warm blood through its stiffened channels. At length his exertions are rewarded with a faint and almost inaudible sigh. But even this is sufficient to fill the heart of the holy man with joy and hope. He lives! and under the fostering care of St. Gothards his restoration to life and health may yet be perfect.

Heroic band of holy brotherhood! what meed of earthly praise can recompense your heaven-inspired deeds? Hard must be that heart, cruel the tongue, and only inspired by hate, that could conceive or utter aught to detract from the glory of such achievements. What but true faith? what but a heaven-descended religion could actuate the heart of man to such heroic abnegation of self, such courageous daring for the preservation of the lives of their fellow man? for man, without regard to nation, creed, or clime? And what is the priceless boon for which ye are willing thus to brave the terrors of the Alpine storms, defy the fury of their piercing blasts, traverse the unbounded regions of their snows, and scale the glittering glaciers in quest of the bewildered, lorn and lost? It is no earthly boon for which ye toil: it is the luxury of doing good; it is the love of souls, a love which fires the breast to shrink from the accustomed abodes of man, to live in solitudes, where men impelled by wild adventure go to die; there to pluck them when no other arm is near to save, from present and from everlasting death; and there, in the sole presence of the Deity to ruminate—

“To sit on rocks—to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
To dwell in solitude; and there to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

Yes; and there to rise from nature up to nature's God; to see the "Almighty's form glassing itself in tempests;" to hear the thunder of his voice; to see the lightning of his eye; to feel the everlasting mountains quiver at his tread; and yet, amidst the whirlwinds of his fiercest ire, still to reflect, that, it is God—God, their Father—Friend—who smiles upon his children in their work of love; amidst the thunder of whose storms and glittering fires, is ever heard the "whistling of a gentle air," the still small voice, the whisper of the Lord of hosts comforting his chosen sons, and breathing into their courageous hearts the softest, gentlest influence of his love. Hail! ye saintly children of St. Gothards! Hail! ye chosen ones of the Most High! Ye court not human praise, nor toil for perishable dross. Your deeds are written in the record of the Eternal King; and when the Archangel's trumpet shall sound, an Archangel's voice shall, with immortal eloquence, rehearse them, before the assembled choirs of heaven and listening tribes of earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits.—BYRON.

THE convent of St. Gothards was in part hewn out of the lofty rock on which it stood. Its façade, its massive walls and towers, were built of native black granite. Standing upon the southern face of a snow-capped cliff eight thousand feet above the sea, amidst dazzling domes and gorgeous palaces of ice, its sombre outline formed a grateful relief to the eye, weary from the incessant glare of endless pyramids of glittering white. Its architectural style was designed with a view to strength rather than beauty. And though its appearance was cold and sullen, yet was it the more in unison with the imposing grandeur of the whole scene.

The embrasures of its walls and towers opened upon a scene of indescribable sublimity and magnificence. The cliff descended almost perpendicularly, exposing to view a lake of ice glittering in the sunbeams like molten silver, and bounded by interminable wastes of everlasting snow, rising in "cold sublimity" to regions far above the clouds; assuming the while, fantastic, fairy shapes; or shapes of scowling horror, frowning and threatening ruin to the vales below; which, decked

in all the livery of perpetual spring, sit smiling in beauteous contrast and meek defiance of the wilderness of ice and snow, that, air-hung, wait for a breath of wind to plunge in furious anger down upon their fragile glories.

In one of these southern embrasures or openings, three weeks after his providential rescue, sat Eugene Neville, who, reckless of himself, was seeking to bury the painful recollections of his disappointments far from the scene of their occurrence. Propped up with cushions in a portable chair, he gazed with an abstracted air upon that gorgeous scene; fitfully tracing the ten thousand fantastic figures, formed by the snow-wreaths and crystal glaciers on the heights by which the range of his vision was bounded. It was the vesper hour; and the mellow rays of the evening sun illumined those magic domes and glittering minarets; peopling that icy world with myriads of beings, and castellated halls and towering columns decked in ever-changing hues. The convent bells melodiously chimed the hour of prayer; the consecrated hour, which closed the day of toil and care. The holy brotherhood of St. Gothards had left the scanty fields, which yielded them but a poor return of golden ears for their hard labour. With their implements of husbandry upon their shoulders they ascended the steep artificial stairs, cut in the surface of the rock, that rose from the vale which formed the scene of their daily industry. As they approached the convent, the evening air rang, vocal with their hymn of praise.

“Brothers! the day declines; above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hundwyl pines the vesper halo lightens;
From hamlet, rock, and chalét, your grateful song be poured,
Till mountain, lake, and valley, re-echo—Praise the Lord!

"The sun sleeps in the west; the stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest to the shepherd and his fold;
Now swell the mountain chorus to Him our sires adored,
Whose glorious works before us still whisper—Praise the Lord!

"And hark! below, aloft, from cliffs that pierce the clouds,
From blue lake calm and soft, lulled in its twilight shroud—
Fresh strength our anthem gathers; from Alp to Alp 'tis pour'd,
The song that soothed our fathers—Ye shepherds, praise the
Lord!

"Now from forest, flood, and fell let the voice of old and young—
All the strength of Appenzell—true of heart and sweet of tongue,
Th' grateful hymn prolong, and tune the shepherds' chord,
Till yon stars take up our song—Hallelujah to the Lord!"

Eugene intensely listened; his breast beat with contending emotions, and he leaned breathlessly forward that he might drink in the rich melody of their voices. He had resolved to travel until either he was himself convinced of the truths, which he had been taught to despise; or else, till he was able to bring back with him the undeniable evidence of their falsehood and deception. In his wanderings he had, it is true, found much to censure, but likewise he had discovered much to praise; and also in the more intellectual parts of his investigations, while he was sometimes forced to doubt, he saw much that compelled the assent of the mind; and now, to crown these unexpected advances in the discovery of divine truth, he finds himself heroically rescued from death and restored to life and almost to his accustomed health by a class of beings whom he had regarded with supreme contempt. Towards those, for whom he once entertained naught but hatred, his bosom now glows with fervid charity; and, since they had thus inspired his unwilling heart, he longs to learn still more.

“The scene—the hour—the convent’s mellow chime—
Revive the legends of departed time;
And flitting round him, forms and shadows dim,
With mystic voices swell the vesper hymn.”

As the long line enters the convent gate, the bells cease their silver sounds, the sacred hymn fades upon the ear, and all that teems with life and motion sinks into profound and awful silence, while the evening sacrifice of prayer arose from pure and grateful hearts, like sweet incense up to the throne of heaven. The deep stillness, the solemn awe, in that sublime solitude was overpowering; it was irresistible; and Eugene sank upon his knees, raising his heart and voice to Heaven, in prayer, for the first time in unison with the children of a despised Faith.

Thus absorbed, he remained bowed in prayer, unconscious of the lapse of time, until Father Casali,—who was not only his deliverer from death, but his physician, nurse and friend,—approaching the place where he knelt, gently touched him upon the shoulder; and in his native tongue aroused him to a sense of the imprudence of his exposure in the still delicate state of his health.

“Alzati sù, figliuol mio, non fà d’uopo, che tu ti esponga, stante lo stato delicato di tua salute.”

He arose, and taking the father’s proffered arm, for he was still very weak, left the embrasure where his thoughts had so recently taken such a new and pleasing turn, replying to him in his own tongue :

“Io non pensava di commettere alcuna imprudenza, o padre, ma mi lasciasti semplicemente trasportare dall’ impulso irresistibile della sensazione causata in me dalla viva scena dell’ ultima ora.”

On reaching the apartments, which had been allotted

to him by his unostentatious hosts, he found his frugal evening meal spread out awaiting his return.

“Father,” said he, continuing to speak in the same beautiful language—as they seated themselves to partake of the homely fare; “you promised that as soon as my strength permitted me to indulge in conversation, you would endeavour to clear up from my mind several—to me seemingly insurmountable—difficulties in the way of your church. The devotions of this evening, and, if I might be allowed to call it so, the panoramic scenes that have passed so gently and soothingly before me, have fitted me in a peculiar manner for the enjoyment of an intellectual repast.”

“My son,” replied the holy man; “while making use of all human means for the ascertainment of truth, we must never in our efforts lose sight of the true source whence conviction of, as well as conversion to, truth is derived. God alone can remove the veil that clouds our understanding. This he never fails to do for all those who seek him with sincerity of heart.”

The meek, unassuming bearing of Father Casali, deeply, and favourably impressed his listener.

“I think, my son:” he continued; “that your great objection against our holy faith lies in what you term—for it is horrible on the lips of a Catholic—the idolatry of the Mass—”

“Pardon me, father,” interposed Eugene; “if I have spoken harshly. I meant not to use offensive language, but, simply to state the full force of the greatest obstacle, by naming it undisguisedly as I have ever been taught to regard it.”

“Your language has not offended me, my son; I appreciate all you would say respecting your use of it, and am now disposed to endeavour to relieve your

mind of an error, which, however you may have imbibed it, is both pernicious and false. But what are your objections to the mass?"

"I have several objections, father, but there is one which seems to me so great a departure from the primitive institution of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, that I must be permitted to say of it, that I do not see how the Roman Catholic Church can be said to have retained the sacrament at all. Our Lord instituted the sacrament, and administered it to the apostles, both in the element of bread and also in that of wine. It would, therefore, seem to me—and I believe I stand not alone in the apprehension—naturally to follow that this is the model, from which all future administrations of the sacred rite should be copied; and that those who deviate therefrom, whether in the material elements of the first institution, or in the mode of administration, equally fail to fulfil the precept of Christ, and by consequence do not administer the sacrament at all; and this is precisely the ground—as far as this one rite is concerned—upon which I have ever heretofore regarded our separation from Rome justifiable. Rome seems to me, to have rendered herself heretical, on this point at least, when the Council of Constance, (1414,) in condemning the doctrine of John Huss, that the cup should be administered to the laity, decreed that, 'Communicating in one kind should be received as a law, which no one, without the authority of the church, might reject or alter.'"

"One of the most simple lessons, my son, which Protestants have to learn, with reference to the elucidation of Catholic practices, and Catholic doctrines, is, in reality, the most difficult. What could be more simple than to distinguish between that, which, by

divine precept, one is bound to perform or to believe; and that which may be optional to do or to believe? Nothing—and yet, it is from default of making this distinction between Opinion and Precept, that the simplest usage remains to them as the most impenetrable of mysteries. Now, although, as you have remarked, our divine Lord instituted the Sacrifice of the Mass, in both the species of bread and wine; yet, nowhere has he commanded to administer both these elements in the celebration of the sacred rite; nowhere does he declare, or intimate, that the reception of either the one or the other of these elements, is not a true and real participation of himself; on the contrary, he plainly intimates, that the one or the other may be taken to the preservation of the soul unto everlasting life; and in several places, he expressly says this of the element of bread, and administered it *alone*, at least in one instance, (St. Luke xxiv. 30,) while the apostles both administered it in one kind, simply, (Acts ii. 42,)* and taught the sufficiency of it, for the purposes designed—namely, the sanctification of our souls and their preservation unto everlasting life.—1 Cor. xi. These texts are too explicit to need explanation. I will therefore waive for a moment my remarks upon them, in order to carry on in a continuous manner the history of the customs, which rest upon their authority, and which prevailed throughout Christendom from the earliest age. That it was the custom of the primitive Christians, to give it under one kind to children, to the sick, and to the faithful in times of persecution; and that men on a journey used to carry it with them, is attested both

* St. Augustine alleges both of these texts as instances of communion in one kind. Aug. L. Cons. Evan. cap. 49.

by ancient writers, and modern historians. St. Augustine attests that it was the practice of the church, to communicate under one kind only, or else under both, as every one thought good, for the first four hundred years after Christ; and that the first precept of receiving under both kinds, was given to the faithful, by Pope Leo I., in the year 443, and confirmed by Pope Gelasius, 490, not for correcting any abuse that had crept into the Church, but for the discovery of the Manichees, who, being of opinion that Christ had no true blood, and that wine was the gall of the devil, used to lurk among Christians, and receiving under the form of bread only, as the rest did, remained undistinguished, till by this obligation of all receiving the cup, which they judged unlawful and abominable, they were detected.* You may readily perceive therefore, from this brief account of the various customs which have prevailed in the Church at different periods of its history, that the condemnation of the heretical doctrine of John Huss, by the Council of Constance, in 1414, was no innovation: but that, as formerly, when in the fifth century the wine was extensively in disuse, Pope Leo the Great, and, forty-seven years after him, Pope Gelasius, issued their decrees that the wine should be everywhere administered in order to detect the Manichean heretics; so also in the fifteenth century the disuse of the element of wine was ordered by the same authority, and with a similar object—namely, the destruction of heresy, as well as to prove that the Church held, and that it ever held the sacrament to be valid, whether one or both of the elements might be administered to the non-officiating

* See Catholic Misrepresented, p. 47.

clergy, and to the laity. I might here, also, add a fact which may not be generally known, that although the Greek Church continues to use both elements, she does not offer the wine to the people to drink, but first dips the bread into the wine, and, thus saturated, presents it to the communicant in a spoon; which, of course, has not Scripture for its authority. But before I can proceed in my argument and Scripture proofs of the propriety of administering the holy sacrament under one species, it is proper, and in fact necessary, to a full understanding of the whole subject, to explain in what the sacrament consists. It consists in receiving Jesus Christ, whole and entire, his sacred body, his precious blood, his blessed soul, and his adorable divinity, into our souls; who, by his blessed presence within us, communicates to our souls all those heavenly graces, which are the effects of the holy communion. This we know to be the sum and substance of its institution, since Christ himself hath said: 'If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: the bread that I shall give, is my flesh for the life of the world.'—St. John vi. 52. 'Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.'—ver. 54. 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life.'—ver. 55. 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him.'—ver. 57. 'He that eateth this bread shall live for ever.'—ver. 59. And, finally, since he himself on the night in which he instituted the mystic rite, taking bread, blessed it, and said of it: 'This is my body'—St. Matt. xxvi. 26: also in verse 28, and elsewhere, of the cup, 'This is my blood.' Now, it is rendered plain by these declarations of Christ him-

self, that HE, God-man, his body and blood, his soul and divinity, are contained, whole and entire, both under the form of bread, and under the form of wine, and is the self-same in the one kind as in the other. So that when we receive the holy communion, under the form of bread, we receive Jesus Christ into our souls, whole and entire, a full and perfect sacrament, as the above texts of Scripture plainly show; and when we receive it under the form of wine, we receive the same Jesus Christ, whole and entire, the same full and perfect sacrament; and, though we should receive the communion under both kinds, at the same time, we would not receive two Christs, nor two different sacraments; but the same Jesus Christ, as in the former case, only in two different forms instead of one, and the same sacrament."

Your explanation is not wanting in clearness, father, but I do not fully apprehend your meaning."

"The following figure will render my meaning perfectly clear. The Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles in the form of fiery tongues; at that time they received the plenitude of that divine Spirit with all his gifts and graces; now, if he had come down upon them in the form of a dove, instead of that of fiery tongues, it is clear they would have received the self-same Holy Ghost as they did under the form of tongues; for, whatever outward appearance he had been pleased to take, it could make no difference in what was contained under it. But let us now suppose that he had come down under the form, both of a dove and of fiery tongues, at the same time, would they have received more than they did under the form of tongues alone? or, would they have received two Holy Ghosts?"

“No, father, they certainly would not : there is but one Holy Ghost.”

“It is plain, therefore, that though this divine Spirit had taken ever so many different forms when he came down upon them, they would have been no more replenished with his gifts and graces, than they were by receiving him under the form of fiery tongues alone, as it was not the appearance he took, but his divine presence which replenished them. The application of this to the holy communion is perfectly obvious. It matters not under what form Jesus Christ presents himself to us, whether in the spirit, or in actual human flesh, under the form of bread, or under the form of wine ; he who sees or partakes of either one, sees or partakes of one Christ ; in like manner, he who sees him in the spirit and in the flesh, and he who partakes of him under the form of bread, and under the form of wine, sees and partakes of nothing more than the self-same Christ.”

“But did not He command all to receive of both kinds?”

“Christ commands all to receive his body and blood ; because this is what the sacrament of communion essentially requires, and this is perfectly accomplished, as already shown, by receiving in one kind only ; but there is no command to be found in the whole Scriptures for all to receive it in both kinds.”

“There seems to me, father, to be an express command to receive both contained in those words of sacred Scripture, -which you have already quoted. Our Saviour says : ‘Except you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, AND drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.’ Does not this expressly command both

eating and drinking; and, therefore, receiving in both kinds, and that too under the penalty, ‘otherwise there is no life in you?’”

“In this, indeed, he expressly commands the receiving both his body and blood; but the stress of the command by no means lies upon the manner of receiving them, by the separate actions of eating and drinking; and this is manifestly expressed by himself a little after, when he says: ‘He that eateth me, the same also shall live by me’—St. John vi. 58; and, ‘He that eateth this bread shall live for ever.’—ver. 59. Where we see that eternal life is promised to the eating alone, which evidently shows, that by eating only, we perfectly fulfil the command given in the former text, where both eating and drinking were mentioned, and obtain that same life to our souls which is there spoken of; because, by eating alone, we receive both the body and blood.”

“But when he gave the chalice to his disciples, on the night in which he instituted the sacrament, he expressly said to them: ‘Drink ye all of this.’—Matt. xxvi. 27. This surely is plain and conclusive.”

“He did, truly, give that command; but to whom? who are the *all* spoken to? Surely the apostles who were present with him, and to whom he was speaking; and accordingly St. Mark tells us, that they all drank of it.—chap. xiv. 23. This, indeed, may imply a command to the priests, who actually celebrate the holy mysteries, to receive at that time under both kinds; but by no means contains a command for all the people, nor even for the priests, who are not actually celebrating, to do so. Accordingly, not even the sovereign Pontiff, nor any other Bishop or person, partakes of the element of wine, unless, as I have just

said, he be celebrating. But over and above all this, there are numerous and manifest grounds of Scripture authorizing communion in one kind. I have mentioned some of them: I will now more particularly refer to them. The first authority, then, for communicating in one kind, is: because our Saviour himself assures us, as we have just seen, that communion in one kind is a full and perfect sacrament, by which eternal life is procured to the soul: 'He that eats this **BREAD** shall live for ever.' Second, because it is also evident from Scripture, that under either kind we receive Jesus Christ, whole and entire, both his body and blood, in which the essence of the sacrament consists. 'Whosoever,' saith St. Paul, 'shall eat this bread, *or** drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body **AND** the blood of the Lord.'—1 Cor. xi. 27. Where by saying, 'eat or drink,' he manifestly shows, that it was the practice in his time to do the one or the other, to receive either by eating or drinking. And the force of this text is so strong in favour of communion in one kind only, that in all the Protestant Bibles, they have changed the word *or* into *and*, contrary to the origi-

* The Greek particle *ἢ*, which is found in the original text, is used to express separation, interrogation, and comparison; but never union or conjunction. When it is used to express separation, as in the text above, it is translated by the English word *or*; but under no circumstances, either here or elsewhere, is it ever properly translated by *and*. Upon this manifest corruption (it cannot be called blunder) of the translators of King James's bible, Scott very meekly remarks: "The needless *variation* in *our* version has caused some cavils of the Papists." To support a theory, men first deliberately corrupt the word of God, and then ease their consciences of the crime, by gilding it over with the gentle, easy term *variations*!

nal Greek from which they translate it. And third, because our Saviour himself, when he discovered himself to the two disciples going to Emmaus, communicated to them in one kind only; for, on receiving the divine bread from his hands, 'Their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out their sight.'—St. Luke xxiv. 31. Now, that this was the holy communion which he gave them, is clear from the manner in which he gave it to them, which was the same as at the last supper, 'He took bread, and blessed, and break, and gave to them.'—ver. 30. And still more from the effect it produced upon them, of opening their eyes, that they knew him, which surely common *bread* could not do. And lastly, to these weighty proofs, all-sufficient in themselves, there is still to be added the example of the apostles, who followed the same practice, as occasion required, which appears both from the text just cited from St. Paul, and also of the account given of the first Christians, in the Acts: 'And they were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers.'—Acts ii. 42. Which is understood, not only by the Fathers and later Catholic writers, but also by the Protestant commentators to have been said of the sacrament of the supper of the Lord.

"But, notwithstanding the abundant evidence, both from Scripture and Church history, to countenance the Catholic practice of administering the communion, I must repeat that the mere manner of its administration, whether in one kind only, or in both, or, as do the Greeks, by dipping the bread into the wine, is merely disciplinary and may be varied according as circumstances require; and in consequence of this,

the Church has, on various occasions, as remarked above, sometimes given it in one kind, sometimes in both, as is evident from all the monuments of antiquity, even from the earliest ages."

"But if one kind alone were sufficient for a full and perfect sacrament, and if our Saviour did not intend that all should receive it in both kinds, why did he institute it in both kinds?"

"Because this holy mystery was ordained not only as a sacrament, but also as a *sacrifice*. Now, though one kind alone be sufficient for a true and perfect sacrament, yet both kinds are required to make it a perfect sacrifice; for this reason, because the nature of this holy sacrifice consists in representing the death of Jesus Christ, and offering him up to his eternal Father under the appearance of death, which could not be done but by the use of both kinds.* Our Lord designed by the institution of this sacrificial rite, not only to communicate to his disciples of his body and his blood, but also to leave us a perpetual memorial, that it is by his death we are made partakers of his heavenly kingdom, and all the spiritual blessings thereof. This it is of which St. Justin† speaks, when he says: 'Inflamed by the word of his calling, as it were, by fire, truly we are the sacerdotal offspring of God; as he himself attests, saying that in every place among the nations, *we offer to him well pleasing and clean victims*. These victims he accepts from his priests alone. Wherefore, showing preference to all those, who, through his name, *offer the sacrifices which God ordained to be offered, that is, in the Eucharist of bread and the chalice*, which in all

* Sincere Christian, chap. xxii., sec. iv.

† Dialog. cum Tryphon. Judæo. p. 209.

places of the earth are celebrated by the Christian people, God declares, that they are well pleasing to him.”

“But, Father, I cannot see that our Lord intended by the institution of this sacrament really to give us his body and blood; I cannot admit that the bread and wine, when consecrated, become the body and blood of Christ: and that the communicating person really receives them.”

“That is certainly a very consoling belief, if true;” observed Father Casali.

“Yes, if true,” replied Eugene; “but I think that it involves the philosophical absurdity that the same material body can be in two places at one and the same time. In other words, that the body of our Lord, though seated at the table, in instituting the sacrament, was at the same time in his divine hands; and though now seated at the right hand of God is on a million different altars of the Catholic church.”

“I have lived long enough in the world, my son, to know that while religion is true, philosophy may be false. Undoubtedly you believe the sacred Scriptures. Now, if the sacred Scriptures support the, to you seeming absurdity, which will you sacrifice, my son, Scripture or philosophy?”

“I must, of course, believe the wisdom of God before the wisdom of man; but I am mistaken indeed, if in this case, Scripture supports so manifest a contradiction.”

“And yet, my son, I must assure you, that mistaken you are indeed. We read in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. xiv., that five thousand men, besides women and children, followed our Lord into a desert place, whither he had retired to pray; and that he fed that vast multitude with five loaves and two fishes; and

that, after they had eaten and were filled, more fragments were collected than there was food at the beginning of the miracle. This is a philosophical absurdity ; but we must both sacrifice philosophy to sacred Scripture. But again ; you say, and wisely, that we must believe the wisdom of God before the wisdom of man. The wisdom of man calls this mystery an absurdity. God, on the night in which He instituted this mystical sacrament, and sacrifice, took of the elements of bread and wine ; He blessed them, and handed them to his apostles, saying : **THIS IS MY BODY : THIS IS MY BLOOD.** He did not say this *represents*, this is the *remembrancer of*, this is the *figure of*, but this is, my body. And though it were to be distributed, not to one, simply, but to a million of worlds, still we must bow to the wisdom of God, though every man be a liar, that he may be justified in his words. Rom. iii. 4.

“ But let me not appear to be proving more than true faith requires. The terms of your objection imply a misconception of our belief. ‘ We always offer,’ says St. Chrysostom, ‘ the *same Christ*. Therefore, the sacrifice is the same. Are there many Christs because he is offered in many places? No: Christ is everywhere the same. He is entire here, and entire there, and has but one body. As therefore his body is the same, though offered up in different places, so the sacrifice is the same. He is our High-Priest, who offered that victim which cleanses us. We now offer the same which was offered then, and which cannot be consumed.’* If you ask me *how* the same body can be in different places at the same time, I answer, God has not been pleased to reveal it ; He simply offers it to my

* Hom. 17, in Epis. ad Heb.

faith. I cannot explain how Christ could penetrate with his material body a material door, and the particles of neither be displaced.—John xx. 19. I know not how the same person can be both God and man: nor how three divine persons can be only one God: and yet, these three mysteries are equally presented to my faith, and we cease to be Christians when we cease to believe them.”

“I find it very difficult to surmount the prejudices of my education on that, as on other subjects connected with the Catholic Faith. It is full of mysteries; and could I but remove from my mind the impression that these mysteries are not an invention by means of which to induce men to believe what is really irreconcilable with reason, then would one great obstacle that opposes my conviction be removed. It seems to me to be an aim of the Catholic Church to sustain, if not actually to *create* mysteries.”

“Are there no mysteries in that faith in which you, my son, have been educated? The hypostatical union of the divine and human natures of Christ, is not that a mystery? The Trinity in Unity, is not that a mystery? As well might we say, I will not believe the creation or the existence of nature and providence, because both are full of mystery. Nay: we must with some modern philosophers, doubt, disbelieve, deny our own existence, and maintain ourselves to be a mere *idea* of an existant, because we ourselves are full of mystery, ‘fearfully and wonderfully made.’ ”

“I cannot deny the truth of your words, father; I did not however refer, just then, so exclusively to absolute mysteries, if I may so express myself, but to those *practices* of a church which seem needlessly made mysterious: as a prominent example of what I mean, and

also as an objection to the Catholic mode of worship, I will adduce the Roman Liturgy; which, being in an unknown tongue, must necessarily be to the vast majority of those who hear it a profound mystery. And I believe that it is admitted by some of your standard writers, that this is a departure from primitive practice. The compiler of a work entitled *The Faith of Catholics*, says: " 'That the apostles and first founders of the Christian Faith, preached the gospel, and *celebrated the holy mysteries* in the language of the several people whom they converted, seems to be a point clearly admitted. The languages at that time most dominant, were the Greek, Latin, and Syriac, in which, consequently, the liturgies, or the forms of public prayer, would be principally compiled; while the Armenians, Copts or Egyptians, Ethiopians, and other less distinguished people, enjoyed also their particular liturgies.' "

" That is true, my son, but permit me to continue the quotation which you have made, and we shall then have the entire history of this *usage*. It must be observed, however, that it is simply a *usage* and has no reference to the *doctrines* of the church, except as a mere preservative of the formula in which they have been handed down to us. The author proceeds: ' But when, in process of time, from various causes, changes took place, and new tongues were spoken, the old still retained the place of honour; and the church, ever tenacious of antiquity, judged it proper not to depart from the forms which she had received. The *Deposit* of her *Faith* was intimately interwoven with the primitive expressions of her Liturgies. Thus, when Greek ceased to be spoken in many

nations that formerly constituted what is called the Greek Church, and even, as now, was not understood, the language of the Liturgy remained as originally written. The Syrians, Copts, Armenians, and Ethiopians; are instances in point; and in all places where the Greek Church is established, the Greek Liturgy is used; as for example in Russia, where the Greek language is not otherwise known.' ”

“ I disapprove of the use of the Greek Liturgy, as much as I do that of the Latin; and upon the same grounds.”

“ I understand you so, my son, and having now given you a brief sketch of the history of the usage, I am prepared to offer convincing reasons of its utility. In the first place, the use of a Liturgy in a dead language renders the Faith incorruptible and indefectible; while that of a living language is ever changing, and must by consequence subject the religion to the same variable-ness and instability. Apply this to religion in your own language and make the comparison. It matters not what dead language we take as a test of its superiority over the living, but since the Latin is the most extensively known of all languages, whether living or dead, let us make that the basis of our test. Our Lord taught his disciples to pray. His words at that time, in the Latin language, would be: ‘ Pater noster, qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum: fiat voluntas tua sicut in cœlo, et in terra,’ &c.

“ Suppose the same prayer to have been taught, at the same period, in Brittany. At the close of the sixth century, the ancient language of Britain gave place to another, the Gothic or Teutonic, as totally unlike the former, as it is unlike the dialects of the North American

Indians: Here then the Lord's prayer must be again taught, as if to an entire different people. The Gothic or Teutonic, together with the Angli or Anglo-Saxon, forms the basis of your English. About the year 700, Eadfride, bishop of Holy Island, wrote a gloss on the books of the Evangelists. This is the oldest specimen of Saxon writing extant. In this work the Lord's prayer runs thus:

“‘Uren Fader thic arth in heofinas, sic gehalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin ryc. Sic thin willa sue is in heofnas, and in eortho.’”

“This is the second great change. Bear in mind, as I proceed, that the most important doctrines, the vital truths of revelation, as well as mere formula of prayers, were subject to this constant whirl and instability, and you will then have some idea of the importance to be attached to ‘a form of sound words’ which admits of no variableness or shadow of change.

“Two hundred years afterwards, (900,) occurs another perceptible change in your English; and the same words *translated* are:

“‘Thu ure Fader the eart on heofinum, si thin nama gehalgod; cum thin ric. Si thin willa on eorthan swa, swa on heofinum.’”

“By the middle of the twelfth century another manifest change occurs in the flimsy vehicle of the living tongue: Pope Adrian, an Englishman, wrote the Lord's prayer in rhyme; thus:

‘Ure Fader in heaven rich,
Thy name be hayled ever lich.
Thou bring us thy michell blisse:
Als hit in heaven y-doe
Evar in yearth beene it also.’

* This curious collection was originally made by Mr. Greenwood.

“About one hundred years later:

‘Fadir that art in heaven blisse,
Thin helge nam it wurth the bliss,
Cumen and mot thy kingdom,
Thin holy will be it also don,
In heaven and in erdh also.’

“In the fifteenth century, it reads:

“‘Our Fadir that art in hevenes, halewid be thi name, thi kingdom come to thee, be thi will don in eerthe as in hevене.’ And, in the sixteenth century:

“‘O oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name: let thy kingdom come, thy wil be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heven:’ when, at last, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, you have *almost* the present English form of words, ‘Our Father,’ &c. And now, remembering that through this whole period, during all these variations, the everlasting ‘Pater noster’ of the Catholic church ascended to the throne of the heavenly Grace, unalterably the same, indefectible, Catholic; the immeasurable superiority of the dead over the living tongue is clearly manifest.

“Suppose for a moment that the original ‘form of sound words,’ in which the Faith was at first delivered to us, had become annihilated, and there were none but living languages through which to derive your knowledge, or by which to test your possession of the true faith, upon what would you rely for the certificate of your being possessed of the religion revealed by Christ? Nothing better than the ever-changing media which I have just exemplified. Suppose the original Hebrew and Greek of the two Testaments were now annihilated; on what authority could you be certain that you had the pure Word of God? Outside of the Catholic Church there would be no authority whatever.”

“But, at the risk of being tedious to you, I must add still another testimony. The Catholic stands not alone in his partiality for a fixed formula of faith. He is supported by the universal testimony of the world. The Jews of old ever preserved their Hebraical ceremonial; and at the present day, wherever they may be scattered, whatever be the secular language they adopt, the ancient Hebrew still resounds in all their synagogues, is still the language in which their sacred ritual is mystically enclosed. The Greek church, whether on the Acropolis or at the Kremlin, still chants the mystic numbers of the awful sacrifice in the unchanged language of eighteen centuries. And who opposes this universal custom? Protestants alone. Science has a language of its own: philosophy speaks in a phraseology peculiar to itself. Every thing that is made to endure is constituted in such a manner as to inspire the multitude with respect, is clothed in such a garb as to save it from the desecrating frenzy of wise fools and proud fanaticism.

“These reflections irresistibly force me to the conclusion that one cause of the instability and rapid decay of Protestant institutions rests in some measure upon this erroneous principle. They have removed the old landmarks of religion, dismantled its invincible bulwarks, and cast it forth, naked and unprotected, as a plaything for each to use or to abuse, as to each may seem good. The result? It is dying from *exposure*; perishing for want of clothes to hide its nakedness and inspire the ignorant, who are incapable of reasoning, with respect.”

“But is it not to the poor, the ignorant, that the Gospel is preached? and as many are incapable of becoming learned, is not a liturgy in a dead language a barrier to their attainment of the knowledge of spiritual things?”

“The Gospel is preached to all alike, but since it is

the poor who particularly listen to and accept it, it may indeed, with truth, be said that to the poor, the ignorant, the Gospel is particularly preached; but the use of a dead language, so far from being an obstacle, is an advantage to them. For, while the Gospel is literally preached to them, in all nations, in their vernacular tongue, it is only the *formula* of Faith contained in the Liturgy that is clothed in a dead language; and the mere fact of its universality and its antiquity, while it inspires them with reverence, is a convincing proof to them of the antiquity of the Catholic Faith. What church confessedly has the most of the poor? Is it not, without doubt, the Catholic church? It has the poor of all nations crowding around its altars. Ask *them* if the Latin Liturgy is an objection to their Faith? Besides, it is a misapprehension to suppose that they are ignorant of their Liturgy. They are not ignorant of it. The Council of Trent, careful not to allow the children of Faith to suffer for want of spiritual nourishment, ordains: 'Though the sacrifice of the mass contain great instruction for the faithful, the Fathers judge it not expedient that it should be everywhere celebrated in the vulgar tongue. Each Church, therefore, will retain its ancient and approved rites. But that the sheep of Christ may not suffer for want of food, and that the little ones may not ask for bread, and there be none to break it to them, the Holy Synod orders all Pastors, and them that have the care of souls, frequently, and especially on Sundays and Feasts, to expound some portion of what is read, and some mystery of the holy Sacrifice.*' Who, that is acquainted with the perpetual and immense labours of the Catholic Priest, will say that this command is not rigorously obeyed? The people

* Sess. XXII. c. VIII. p. 194.

are faithfully instructed ; the service fully and copiously explained ; and the Roman Liturgy translated into every known tongue on the face of the globe.

“I will refer briefly to but one other point of view, in which, a universal language stands pre-eminently above the use of the vulgar tongue in the sacred ceremonies. When in the perpetual fluctuations and revolutions to which all states, more or less, are subject, the children of Faith are driven forth upon the wild waves of faction, or otherwise are compelled to seek an asylum in foreign lands, and they enter the sacred temple, they find themselves as perfectly at home in every essential particular as if the strange land were that of their nativity. The same divine ordinances are obeyed, the same sublime mysteries are taught, the same awful Sacrifice is offered from the rising to the going down of the sun, all in the same universal, unchangeable sounds—sounds, which from infancy they have been accustomed to hear, and which are, in some sense, to them more truly their mother tongue than that of their nation. Let the American Indian go to Rome, or the Roman to the heart of China, and they find at least one spot where they can unite heart and voice in intelligible sounds, namely, in the Church of God, our true and faithful Mother, who speaks alike to all her children, and changes not her teaching or her tone of voice. But not so with the faith which you have been taught, nor with any other form of Protestantism ; cold, selfish and exclusive, the number of their creeds is not greater, nor their diversity more extreme than are the various dialects in which those creeds are written ; and neither in the one nor in the other, is there any bond of union. There is only change, diversity, and perpetual instability.”

“But is not the use of unknown tongues in the

Churches forbidden by the sacred Scriptures? and does not St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, occupy nearly the whole of the fourteenth chapter of his first epistle in dissuading the Christians from using them?"

"No; my son, not from using them, but simply from abusing them. In primitive times, the gift of tongues, was among the miraculous fruits of the descent of the Holy Ghost. Some of the Corinthians, who had received this gift, through ostentation abused it, by making extemporaneous prayers, by preaching, and even by disputing—none of which things are done by Catholics—in the public assemblies, to the great disedification of the faithful, and to the scorn of infidels and unbelievers. With reference to the confusion thus created, and respecting scorers who might be attracted to their assemblies, he asks: 'Will they not think you mad?'—'when you come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a revelation, hath a tongue, hath an interpretation.' St. Paul rebukes the Corinthians then,—not for the *use* of unknown tongues, which were the gift of the Holy Ghost, and neither were, nor could be, objected to by him, but—for their *abuse*, their ostentatious perversion of them; hence, he concludes the twenty-sixth verse with the exhortation, 'Let all things be done to edification,' and in the following verses lays down rules for their guidance in the use of unknown tongues in the Churches. 'If any speak with a tongue,' says he, in verse twenty-seventh, 'let it be by two, or at the most by three, and in course, and let one interpret.' Here we see, as I have just remarked, that so far from condemning the use of unknown tongues in the Churches, he directs the Corinthians how to use them, and thus avoid the objections which alone had elicited his animadversions.

“But the Apostle does not, as you suppose, here refer to the use, nor yet to the abuse, of *Liturgies* in unknown tongues. As you at first observed, the public services of the primitive Christians were, in general, performed in the vernacular language. The use of such Liturgies, therefore, is not touched by the Apostle’s remarks. But, even granting that he could be understood as referring to them, I have just now shown that he does not rebuke their use, but simply their abuse; and that, in order to guard against the latter, he lays down rules by which Christians must be guided in their use of tongues in the Churches.”

“But admitting what you have made so plain, Father, and what I now confess I do not feel disposed to deny, yet, as far at least as I am acquainted with the Catholic customs, they do not fulfil one of the most important parts of his regulations. The Apostle says, in verse twenty-seventh, ‘Let one interpret,’ and in the next verse, ‘If there be no interpreter, let him hold his peace.’ I am not aware that you have interpreters in your Churches.”

“Yes, we have many of them. Every worshipper holds the interpreter in his or her hand. Every word is accurately translated, into the vernacular tongue; each one knows all that is said or done; and in this, as before remarked, consists the incomparable advantage of having a fixed formula of worship; for, while each one understands and is edified, faith subsists firm and unalterable; and though interminable ages roll their varying round, the Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of truth, her teaching and *her very words*, remain the same.”

CHAPTER VII.

But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose—
How light his footsteps crushed St. Gothard's snows!
How dear seemed e'en the waste and wild Schreckhorn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms!—CAMPELL.

It was near the close of one of those glorious days which impart a spirit-like influence to Alpine scenery, that Father Casali and Eugene stood upon the gigantic pinnacle of the Helvetian Alps, midway upon which, stood the convent of St. Gothards. They had started from the convent early in the day, with ample provision for passing the night amidst those sublime solitudes, in case their return should be impeded by any unforeseen occurrence. They had attained a height to which Eugene had never yet aspired; and if he had before been overawed by the sublimity of those wild scenes, his soul now seemed to melt within him in view of the oppressive grandeur spread before and around him, in his seemingly near proximity to heaven, the invisible abode of that mysterious Being, upon the work of whose hands he gazed in speechless, trembling awe and fear—whose name is Wonderful, the Almighty God, the Everlasting Lord; and whose works are, like Himself, mysterious, wonderful, almighty, everlasting.

Above them, covered like the rocky promontory on which they stood, with beauteous wreaths of unsullied

snow, arose peaks inaccessible to man, over whose eternal and boundless wastes might be seen herds of wild chamois, leaping from point to point towards their solitary lairs. No sound disturbed the solemn stillness of the scene. The birds of prey had already sought their eyries amidst those gigantic precipices, and their screams were hushed in sullen silence at the approach of night. Far beneath the daring height to which they had attained, in beautiful contrast with the bleak prospect above and around them, peacefully reposed wooded vales, undulating slopes, vine-clad fields, with here and there bright patches of vegetation; and still more remotely down the interminable cliffs, in dim perspective, villas and hamlets, with their contented inhabitants; and flocks, and herds, in pigmy forms, appeared, all wending their devious way towards home and stall, the peasant's customary evening song, and the mellow lowing of the cattle, alike dying on the air, long ere they reached the eminence from which Father Casali and Eugene musingly gazed upon the panoramic scene. Even the boisterous roar, the tumultuous gush of the mighty cataracts, which, dashing along the yawning chasms below, rushed in angry foam to pay their hourly tribute to the lake that forms the source of the Reuss, seemed calm and noiseless as the icy cliffs reflected from the bosom of their mirrored waters.

The sun had sunk halfway beneath the horizon; his fading beams had already vanished from the vales below, enfolding them in the sable robe of night, while yet the lingering rays of departing day still painted in prismatic hues the castellated battlements and towers of nature's frosty temples. As the last

bright ray of rosy light expired, and the last blush of day faded from the sky, the solemn music of a distant bell floated gently on the evening air. The unexpected sound, not long previously, would have startled Eugene; but he had now learned that fly whithersoever he would, he could not escape the signs and symbols of the omnipresent Church—and more, he had learned to love the sound, and when Father Casali knelt to offer up the consecrated hour of closing day to Him, on whose tremendous works they gazed, Eugene knelt by his side, subdued in deep devotion, and overpowered with the full sense of the insignificance, the nothingness of man, when brought as it were in near proximity to his God, or measured by his stupendous works.

The transition from light to darkness in those elevated regions is not of long duration. Twilight speedily deepens into the gloom of night, and when the worshippers arose from their kneeling posture, and once more looked abroad upon the sublime scene that was spread before them, the ejaculation: "Almighty God! what is poor weak man when compared with Thee!" involuntarily burst from Eugene's lips. The scene, sublime as it had at first appeared in the light of day, had indeed undergone a change which might well have excited the surprise and admiration, as well as the exclamation of one to whom it was so perfectly new. The last faint trace of the golden tinge of day was still upon the sky, when Eugene bowed his head obedient to the vesper bell. He had been so absorbed during the solemn moments of prayer as to have completely forgotten all save the one object of his devotion—God alone was in his thoughts; but when he arose, instead of the familiar glories of the departing

day, with all its varying shades of light, the full round moon had asserted her nightly sway. Her clear, pale beams diffused their placid light over the face of nature. The magic towers and lofty pinnacles of snow, which before had glittered in the sun's dazzling rays, were now bathed in translucent beams of silvery white. In that elevated and rare atmosphere, far above the region of the clouds, where no mist floated to obscure the splendor of her beams, and but few stood to gaze upon her unveiled queenly charms, she shone with unshrinking splendour. "Her lovely tresses glow with starry light; stars ornament the bracelet on her hand; her vest in ample folds, glitters with stars; beneath her feet they shine; her eyes lighten, all glorious with the heavenly rays," while unnumbered hosts and glittering constellations follow in her train. Virgo, her maid of honour, advances with stately steps, the foremost in her queenly train; radiant with beauty, shine her hundred brilliant fires. Then comes her uncouth page, Bootes, with his hounds. Armed with his heavy mace he still pursues the Bear; then the two Leos, rampant, bound along, their golden manes glowing with liquid fire. Next comes the beauteous Swan, "that on the silver stream when death is nigh, sings her own requiem and expires in melody." On her right Aquila wings his everlasting flight; while close at hand the golden Lyre takes up the Swan's last notes and breathes the music of the spheres.

"Look!" again exclaims Eugene, in the language of the "sweet Swan of Avon:"

" — Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

"It is most truly as you say," responded Father Casali, who was no mean astronomer, his life being devoted first to the service of the Almighty Architect, upon whose works he now gazed in rapturous delight; but who, subordinate to his devotion, magnified the Maker by profound and scientific study of his works; "although," continued he, "this doctrine of the poet respecting the celestial harmony, the music of the spheres, long antedates the period when England's bard so appropriately sang. It is with reference to this divine melody, that Grecia's tragic poet, Euripides, more than two thousand years before, exclaimed: 'Thee I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes encircle with eternal music.'"

"See!" continued Eugene, as Ursa Major, the most brilliant as well as the most conspicuous of the northern constellations again attracted his ardent gaze, "how gloriously bright his clusters shine!"

"Yes," responded the father, "that constellation has been an object of universal observation in all ages of the world; and by all nations, however remote from, or unconnected with, each other. The priests of Belus, and the Magi of Persia; the shepherds of Chaldea, and the Phœnician navigators, as well as the earliest Arabs of Asia, seem to have been equally struck with its peculiar outlines. And it is somewhat remarkable that a remote tribe of the aborigines of your own country, the Iroquois of North America, should have given to the same constellation the

name of 'Great Bear,' when the name itself is so perfectly arbitrary, there being in it no resemblance whatever to a bear, or any other animal. The fact, not without reason, stands prominent as one of the many proofs of the Asiatic origin of those enigmatical tribes.* But," continued he, "your first involuntary exclamation, my son, contains the germ of the thought, which it is ever my delight to pursue in the contemplation of this sublime theme. We may well exclaim, in view of these inconceivable magnitudes, of these immense orbs, and the circuit of their movements, what is poor weak man when compared with their omnipotent Architect! How insignificant we feel, even amidst these granite towers and icy walls, which form but a point upon the surface of our world! Look down that immeasurable chasm; how the brain reels in beholding its yawning depth. Again turn your view up to the towering columns which surround us on every side, but stop not at their lofty summits to take the measure of our pigmy nothingness, but bear your vision onwards, upwards, through heaven's azure dome; estimate the millions, the hundreds of millions, of miles which measure their unapproachable distances from us, and from each other. Study the inconceivable rapidity of their motions; the astounding magnitude of their dimensions. Consider the sun, whose beams, though at present lost to us, illumine these mighty planets which stud the heavens. It is a luminous globe, whose circumference would enclose twelve hundred thousand worlds as large as ours: but let your thoughts extend beyond our planetary system; for, immense as is its extent,

* See Burritt's Astronomy, and also Dick's Philosophy.

it forms but a single point in this universe of the Almighty's palaces. Now, soaring through this boundless space, whose extent baffles the utmost powers of created intelligence to determine, contemplate that wonderful galaxy which, as a belt, encompasses the circuit of the heavens. Of all the constellations, which the heavens exhibit to our view, the milky way fills the mind with the most indescribable grandeur and amazement. When we consider what unnumbered millions of mighty suns compose this cluster, whose distance is so vast that the strongest telescope can hardly separate their mingled twilight into distinct specks, and that the most contiguous of any two of them may be as far asunder as our sun is from them, we fall as far short of adequate language to express our ideas of such immensity as we do of instruments to measure its boundaries;* and when we consider that this is but one of the myriads of clusters which adorn the boundless regions of space, what a sublime idea do we derive of the omnipotence of God; and of his wisdom and beneficence in the harmony which guides them through their countless evolutions!

“How vast is the extent of creation! how numerous the worlds and beings which exist within its boundless range! and how great, beyond all human or angelic conception, must be the power and intelligence of that glorious Being, who called this system into existence from nothing, and who continually superintends all its movements! The mind is bewildered and confounded when it attempts to dwell on this subject; it feels the narrow limits of its present faculties; it longs for the powers of a seraph, to enable

* See Burritt's Astronomy.

it to take a more expansive flight, into those regions which 'eye hath not seen;' and, while destitute of these and chained down to this obscure corner of creation, it can only exclaim, in the language of inspiration, 'Who can by searching find out God?—Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite!—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!—Who can utter the mighty acts of Jehovah—who can show forth all his praise!'"* In view of this stupendous theme, this exhibition of almighty power, tell me, my son, wherein lies the impossibility of God,—this same mighty God, the inexhaustible fountain of Nature, Grace and Glory—wherein, I ask, is the impossibility of his giving us in the sublime sacrament of the Altar, his sacred body, and his blood, to be our spiritual food, our nourishment to everlasting life?"

Eugene, who had been wrapt up in the train of sublime thoughts into which Father Casali had by degrees led him in the contemplation of the glorious scene before them, started at the unexpected appeal thus made to him. Surprise held him mute, as, his gaze being diverted from the contemplation of the starry heavens to the calm features of his instructor, he continued:

"It is God, our Redeemer, the incomparable Architect, who, out of nothing, created yon immense and glorious orbs, and whirls them round their unvarying course with matchless speed. He is the Word, who was in the beginning, and by whom all things were made. The Word, for it was by his *word*, that out of chaos order came. He bade the glorious sun give

* See Dick's Christian Philosophy.

out his golden beams, to rule the day, and the pale moon, with feebler ray, to illumine the night; and worlds innumerable, to glitter in immensity of space. He pronounced the word, and into being sprang the mightiest orbs, swift shooting meteors, and fiery comets with their trains; and shall He say of the mere elements, which he himself hath called into existence, 'This is my body: This is my blood,' and not be believed? Of all his works, the most incomprehensible is man—poor, unbelieving man!"

The keenness of the evening air now reminded them of the necessity of making the descent of St. Gothard's, or at least of finding shelter for the night. Having determined upon the latter, Father Casali, who was familiar with every pass, led the way. Descending a few hundred feet, they deviated from the main route, taking a by-path, which conducted through the rugged and apparently inaccessible defiles of the mountain. They advanced with caution along their slippery way, and may have accomplished a half mile of their sidelong and winding course, when, suddenly, on turning an abrupt angle of the cliff, a granite cross, of gigantic dimensions, stood before them, a few rods from the humble abode of a solitary ascetic and his two faithful Alpine spaniels. The gentle summons of Father Casali was responded to from within by:

"*Benedicti qui veniant in nomine Domini.*"

"*Salve in nomine sancto,*" was answered by the Father.

"*Et salvete vos,*" responded the recluse from within, and opened the door of his cell.

As it swung back upon its oaken hinges, the venerable form of Father Sabas presented itself to view by the light of a pine-knot torch. Though he bore the

burden of fourscore years, his noble form gave scarcely any evidence of his advanced age. His head, half disrobed of its natural covering, alone gave evidence, in its thin locks of silver hair, that in the course of nature his span of earthly existence was almost measured. He had displayed, in early life, much of that enthusiasm which not unfrequently attaches itself to a choice of pursuit, even where religion may be concerned. He was born of gentle blood, and belonged to the Duchy of Modena, where he had every worldly allurements to entice him from pursuing the unfrequented paths of the self-denying ascetic. While, therefore, they exchange the friendly salutations of brethren engaged in the same labour of love, it may be permitted to allude briefly to the circumstances that attracted him from the luxuries of his ancient family and from the world, to assume the coarse habit, the meager fare, and dangerous life of an Alpine monk.

He was about twenty years of age, when, returning from a tour through southern and middle Europe, on arriving at that most dangerous of all the passes of the Helvetian Alps, the Val-Tremola, he became, as do most travellers, so enchanted with the sublimity of the scene, and excited by the daring prospects it held out for rash adventure, that he determined to pause in his journey and make himself familiar with its rugged passes. Day after day, equipped as a hunter, with his rifle thrown across his arm, he would sally forth, regardless of time or of the direction of his rambles. Untiringly he would pursue his devious way; now wandering listlessly along some towering path, now excited to admiration at the majestic scenes around him; then, fired with ardour in the hot and heedless pursuit of Alpine game, the bounding cha-

mois would fall before his unerring aim, or the wild fowl shriek its final song at his deadly shaft. At last, overtaken by one of those fearful storms against which human energy is impotent to contend, he sank a victim to his headlong daring, and must have perished but for the timely aid of St. Gothards' monks. He was rescued, and from that hour, feeling in the presence of the inexorable tyrant death the utter nothingness of mere human selfish pursuits, he sacrificed the aggrandizement which surrounded his name and family, and devoted his life to the service of God, in the incomparable charity of the monks of St. Gothards. The rescue of many a victim—and perhaps thereby the salvation of many an immortal soul—in the course of a long and useful life rewarded his self-denying emprise.

"*Salve frater—salve fili;*" were the affectionate salutations of the good old man, as, taking his guests by the hand, he welcomed and led them under the shelter of his abode. Rousing up the energies of his smouldering fire by a copious supply of native pine, the chill air of the night soon gave way to the genial glow of heat, and drawing out an oaken table and bench, he proceeded to lay before his visitors such fare as his means could provide. It consisted of raisins, dried figs, and oaten bread, with a portion of the mild wine which forms the universal beverage of southern Europe.

Uninviting as these viands might appear, to one unacquainted with the invigorating influence of exercise, or unsatisfying to an appetite sharpened by a day's ramble in the bracing air of an Alpine excursion, to judge by Eugene's method of disposing of them they might have been deemed of the choicest quality and flavour. Father Casali, accustomed to humble fare, as

well as to restraint upon his appetite, ate more sparingly, enlivening their repast from time to time with that calm and easy flow of language, which made him so pleasing a companion.

"My young friend," observed he, "would make a courageous mountaineer. He has to day attained the loftiest accessible point of Mount Cenis, and with greater ease than I ever knew traveller to effect it."

"He must needs be courageous, O frate," responded Father Sabas, "who ventures up the treacherous sides of Mount Cenis; but," continued he, turning towards Eugene, "you did not descend, I hope, figliuol mio, before night set in. It is a glorious prospect for him who can appreciate it, that may be had from thence; and many a son of science has there gazed upon the works of the Creator's power and sighed when the delightful vision had passed away."

"I shall never forget, Father," returned Eugene, "what I there beheld of the works of the incomparable Architect, or what I heard from the lips of my good Father beside me. I have never, until now, fully experienced what an absolute atom I am in the vast empire of Jehovah, how mean and insignificant I must appear in his eyes, and how utterly unworthy of his notice."

"I draw another lesson, my son, from the omnipotence of that incomprehensible Being," responded Father Sabas. "The more vast I discover his boundless empire to be, the more numerous its planetary systems, the more multiplied its worlds, and the more innumerable the myriads of its inhabitants,—though truly humbled at the thought, yet—the more do I rise in importance in the scale of created intelligences."

Eugene regarded the speaker with wonder and awe.

He had, in thought, annihilated himself, shrunk into nothing, in view of the stupendous exhibition from which he had so lately returned.

"I look upon the innumerable worlds that roll around their ceaseless course," continued the Father; "I contemplate their magnitude, the inconceivable distances which separate them, the immense rapidity with which they traverse their allotted orbits. I regard," he continued with increasing solemnity, "what revelation discloses to us of those rebellious spirits, who, forgetful of their allegiance to their Creator, rebelled, and were hurled from the high vault of heaven into everlasting ruin and despair: I then look upon man—poor, and vain, and impotent as he is—essaying to imitate the Arch-fiend and rebel against his God—I behold him, and measure his importance in the scale of created intelligences by the price, which was paid to redeem him from hell—the life-blood of the only Son of God!"

Such majesty sat upon his brow, such fire kindled in his eye as he concluded his eloquent application of the immensity of creation to the importance of the scale of being to which the aged hermit belonged, that neither Eugene nor Father Casali cared to interrupt the impassioned strain in which he continued to instruct his hearers. He spoke like one who knew that his course below was almost run, and that ere long he should be called, in reality, to try his wing in those happy regions of the just, where none may look on with invidious, misjudging eyes.

Eugene's pallet that night was straw; but, never were dreams so sweet, nor rest so refreshing on bed of down, as were those which he enjoyed in that humble tenement. Rising with the sun, the next morning, Father Casali and Eugene intimated their desire to be

dismissed from the hospitality of the holy monk. Departing with his blessing they commenced their homeward descent. The bracing atmosphere imparted vigour and elasticity to their steps. As they approached in their descent, the more habitable districts, the hum of busy life, the peasant at his daily toil, his bleating flocks and lowing herds, and all the objects of rural taste, formed the familiar scenes that gradually unfolded themselves to their view and imparted their animating influence to every motion. The sun had attained his meridian when the peaceful precincts of the convent of St. Gothards again welcomed their return.

Eugene had more than once fixed upon a day for his departure from the hospitality of the self-denying community in which his fortunes had compelled him not unwillingly to make his sojourn. He had made his high resolves, he had filled his heart with one inspiring thought: a thought which removed the heavy load that had now for more than two years weighed down his spirits and clouded his lofty brow; and a sweet inspiring hope now lights up his countenance with its full radiance. He longed once more to mingle with the scenes of early childhood; he longed to find himself once more in the presence of those he had known and ever loved; perchance, in that of hers, whose image was stamped indelibly upon his heart, whose love glowed in his breast as fresh, as pure, as strong, as when he first yielded to its heavenly influence, but from whom he had had no tidings since despair had impetuously driven him from her presence, and whose fortunes therefore remained to him unknown. But as each day approached, some new delight, some wild exploit, or daring enterprise in those wild regions in which he for the present made his home, would cause him to procrastinate his departure. And

still did he love to linger with, nor could he so rudely tear himself away from, those who had been to him *fathers* indeed ; whose courage had saved his life ; whose charity had blessed him both with respect to this life and the next, and whose claims to his gratitude still whispered, stay.

He had, at last, finally resolved upon a day for his departure, when the measure of his gratitude to the Monks of St. Gothards was most sorrowfully but providentially increased. The noble charity of those heroic men had, by an unexampled effort of daring, rescued another human being from a miserable death in those trackless wastes of perpetual snow. Eugene was sitting before a blazing fire of native pine, reading an interesting work belonging to the library of the convent, when Father Casali entered the room and informed him that one, apparently a countryman of his, had been discovered perishing on the Schreckhorn, and that his injuries and exhaustion were such that it would be impossible for him long to survive, and that he begged, if there was any of his countrymen within reach he might be sent for without delay.

“ It is possible, my son, that you may be of assistance to him. Will you at least accompany me to his bedside and see him ? ”

All the agonies which he himself had experienced rushed impetuously through Eugene's mind, and rising, full of sympathy, he accompanied Father Casali to the bedside of the dying man. Long locks of dishevelled hair covered his pale and hollow features. His eyes were sunken, and surrounded by discoloured circles ; his lips were of a ghastly, bluish white, and he was altogether so changed from the bloom and freshness of manhood, that had they ever met, Eugene must have failed to recognise him. He lay so perfectly motionless that when Father

Casali and Eugene approached the bedside, they thought that he had expired; but soon after, the convulsed movements of his features convinced them that he must still be numbered among the sorrowing children of hope. His eyelids were closed; but it was evident that their sunken balls, whether from pain of body or mind, were restlessly moving in their sockets.

As Father Casali approached to arouse his attention to the stranger, who had come to speak with him, he uttered a deep groan, and languidly raised his eyes towards Eugene. For a moment, they preserved their vacant look; then more and more expanded, until astonishment inspired their glazed expression, and his lips quivered with the excitement which had so marvellously crept over him. Eugene trembled in every limb. "Can it be possible?—yes! it must be so.—Why does he not speak?—yes! it is, it is my Charles! my brother! my long-lost brother!" And sinking beside the dying man, Eugene pressed his lips to the cold cheek of the sufferer and listened to catch his parting words.

The recognition had been mutual, but Charles was so far exhausted that the only audible sound which escaped his lips was the feeble utterance of his brother's name.

"Eugene," almost inaudibly expired on his tongue.

Eugene still kept his ear close to his moving lips. It was but too evident that he was fast sinking into his eternal sleep. Some time elapsed before Eugene could catch another intelligible sound; and then, they were but broken sentences, feebly muttered with long intervals between. Some agonizing thought, some heavy load, seemed to weigh him down and harass him with remorseless fury.

"Eugene—I—have done—wrong—injured—best of women—deserted—God now deprives—me—even of

the power—you'll find—letters—in my—O God!—have mercy—on—”

But before he could make his broken confession, or conclude his prayer for mercy, the vital spark had fled; and naught remained of Charles Neville, a broken-hearted, and erring man, but the inanimate clay, which once contained as noble a spirit as ever animated the breast of mortal.

Charles and Eugene were only brothers. They had ever been devoted to each other; and when Charles had first deserted his friends, Eugene was inconsolable, and would have made any sacrifice to have been able to discover and bring him back. Thus, then, to meet, and thus to part; so soon; so painfully to part, was more than he could bear. Father Casali was soon made acquainted with the circumstances of the distress of Eugene. He used every means of consoling him, that his experience suggested, but it was not until many weeks had elapsed that his young friend recovered from the heavy blow, and was able to put his oft-formed resolution into practice, and take his final leave of the Alpine grave of his poor brother; amidst the wildness of whose scenes, before this sorrow had pierced his heart, he had revelled with delight.

The zeal, the fervent charity of the good monks had won his heart. He had passed three months under their hospitable roof, and as the day of his departure approached, increased melancholy stole upon his heart. He regarded St. Gothards as a consecrated place; a house especially favoured of Heaven: and its inmates, men in whose lives was exemplified the spirit of the Gospel of Christ; peace, charity and good-will to all mankind; these were the traits which conspicuously shone in every act of their devoted lives.

St. Gothards was a spot whose memory was now indelibly engraven upon his heart. There had he been, as it were, raised from the dead; there, touched by the unobtrusive piety of those who had rescued him, had his heart been enlightened, and he at length brought to understand what the apostle calls the "knowledge of the mysteries of God." 1 Cor. iv. 1. There too was the last resting-place of his only brother, the last member of his family. There also was it, that should he ever want a home secluded from the sorrows, the turmoils, and the bitter disappointments of life, he felt that he should seek it. Now would he enter the convent library, whose shelves were laden with tomes of ancient lore, of science, of arts, and of religion; and stand, and gaze with wistful eyes upon the familiar friends of many an anxious but well-spent hour; and, communing there, he would seem to take his leave of them, as of living spirits congenial with his own. Then, with eager footstep, would he again retrace his way amidst accustomed scenes and lofty cliffs; standing upon the verge of yawning chasms, gliding over the dazzling glacier, or fearlessly sporting upon the mighty avalanche, so lately his terror and his foe. And then with a sorrowing o'erfraught heart, would he revisit and while away long hours of sadness and of gloom at the sacred spot, which enclosed the remains of the last scion of his race, and weep his hard, his mournful, his untimely fate. A fate which might have been his own, but for those messengers of Heaven, sent to rescue him and pluck him from the grave. How should his generous heart be unimpressed amidst the tumultuous gush of feelings so profound? Grief, and joy, and pain commingled, absorbed his varying thoughts.

The time was now at hand when he must say that word which "hath been and must be," that last, that lingering

word, Farewell. It is not strange that his heart should throb and his lips tremble with uncontrollable emotions of impassioned love, of sorrow, and of deep-seated gratitude for those, who had bound him to them with so many ties of unanimity and of affection.

The day of his departure dawned beautifully bright. He had risen at the first sound of the matin bell; and descending to the lower hall, he met Father Casali. Their smile of mutual greeting soon vanished before the feeling of sadness, which equally influenced them. Eugene had long entertained the desire to make him some more substantial amends than mere expressions of gratitude for the invaluable services which he had rendered to him and to his unfortunate brother with a kindness and devotion that knew no bounds. His extreme delicacy had caused him to postpone from day to day any reference to the proposition he had determined to make, and he had therefore deferred it to the last moment. But that moment had now arrived, and there was no time for further delay; taking the worthy Father by the hand, he said:

“Father, I know that, by what I am about to propose, I shall place myself in imminent hazard of incurring your displeasure.”

Father Casali regarded him for a moment with an inquiring look, and then observed:

“I know not, my son, how you could fear my displeasure; but if there be any request that you wish to make, and if it be in our power to grant it, you have, I think, every encouragement to speak freely.”

“I have a request to make, my dear father,” he replied, “but its delicacy has caused me to hesitate; yet, were you to grant what I am about to ask, you would

then complete the sum of the favours which I already owe you."

"Speak, my son, that I may understand you."

"Father, what is there that I do not owe to you? I owe my life, and in that all the interests which life involves."

"Say no more, my son, those acts are, by us, forgotten as soon as accomplished."

"They never can be forgotten by me; and I now desire to leave you some more substantial evidence of my gratitude than mere words contain."

A momentary cloud darkened the placid features of Father Casali. It soon however gave place to his usual gentle smile, when, pressing the hand of Eugene with increased warmth, he replied:

"Keep thy rewards, my son, it would be to us as the silver and the gold of Achan, which troubled the camp of Israel; and remember, that the Monks of St. Gothards toil not for the things of this world, but for treasures which are above, immortal in the skies."

"But, father," insisted Eugene, "it would relieve my mind of a weighty burden if you would permit me to prevail upon you to accept my offer."

"You have insisted enough, my son. It cannot be as you desire: but if you have wealth, distribute it to the poor: and you shall have treasure in heaven."

Eugene was reluctantly forced to yield, and he ceased further to urge his request. The hour of his departure at length arrived; the painful moments of adieu had transpired, and Eugene, with lingering steps, commenced the northern descent of Mount St. Gothard. Slowly the dark walls and towers of its convent disappeared, till, at length, the last pinnacle vanished behind the intervening cliffs. As he proceeds, fresh thoughts of

home and of his native land give vigour to his motions,
and with bounding heart and free elastic steps he wends
his toilsome way.

CHAPTER VIII.

Imperial Rome thou art still the same.—BRYANT.

Agés have witnessed thy devoted trust,
 Unchanged, unchanging.—The eternal hills
 Have stooped with age—the solid continents
 Have left their banks—and man's imperial works—
 The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
 Their haughty honours in the face of heaven,
 As if immortal—have been swept away—
 Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
 But time has shed no dimness on thy front.
 Nor touched the firmness of thy tread.—HENRY WARE, Jr.

WE must now return to persons and scenes with which the course of this narrative has made us more familiar. We may there discover events transpiring not less interesting than those may have been from which we have just taken our leave. Pauline sat in her own apartment adjoining that of her father. Her personal appearance is much changed from what it was when last we saw her, hovering like an angel of mercy over his sick bed. His almost restored health, his reconciliation to her, the renewed expression of his affection for her, greater familiarity with her new mode of life, but above all, the rich, the unbounded consolations derived from her religion, had conspired to restore to her much of that fullness of figure and freshness of complexion which made her beauty so irresistibly attractive to all who knew her, and shed such a winning grace around her every action. Fresh roses began to bloom upon her cheeks, and at the moment in which we introduce her to the reader, a vivacious smile is playing upon her lips, the pro-

duct of a joke just perpetrated by that child of a happy heart, her inseparable and devoted Bel. The subject of her badinage was no less a personage than Mr. La Zourk.

“Pauline, when had you the pleasure of seeing Mr. La Zourk?” inquired she, laying particular emphasis upon the word pleasure.

“Really,” replied Pauline, with assumed indifference, “I do not remember, Bel, when I had the *pleasure* of seeing him. Why do you inquire?”

“Because,” replied Isabel, looking archly at Pauline, “I have heard that he is paying attention to a particular friend of mine.”

In spite of herself the colour tinged Pauline’s fair temples; for, from motives of delicacy towards her honourable suitor, she had studiously avoided the mention of his proposals to any one, except to her father, and she could not imagine how any other person should become acquainted with it. Her astonishment, therefore, at hearing Miss Crawford refer to it, was too unfeigned to enable her to preserve the indifference with which she had replied to the first question. She regarded her for an instant with an inquiring look, but not discovering in her countenance sufficient evidence to prove that Isabel really knew any thing concerning the affair, she with some reassurance said:

“And who may that friend be, Isabel?”

Miss Crawford was not less surprised at the deportment of Pauline than was the latter at the manner of the former. Isabel knew that Mr. La Zourk was one of Pauline’s numerous professed admirers; and she had heard him express sentiments with reference to her that needed no comment for their explanation: but further than that she knew nothing. Consequently she was probing deeper than she herself had the slightest sus-

picion of doing. In fact, she had not spoken of Pauline at all, and the only reason she had for her playful discourse was Mr. La Zourk's known partiality for her. She now found herself in a dilemma, from which she scarcely relieved herself by saying:

"You have not then heard the talk of the day?"

Pauline knew that she was but too much the talk of the day; but, though still perplexed as to her friend's meaning, she ventured to reply with some confusion:

"No, Bel; I am happily too much excluded from the world to hear much respecting it."

"Well then I must tell you. Mr. La Zourk and Miss Clara Stephens were this morning married by Bishop Henrie!"

Pauline felt as if an incubus had been removed from off her breast, and drawing a deep, but silently suppressed sigh, she once more breathed freely. Her friend, then, was not intentionally probing her, but was in fact perfectly ignorant of the cause of her embarrassment. Isabel continued:

"But I have not yet told you the best of the news, Pauline. Before the ceremonies, the then Miss Clara, made her renunciation of Protestantism and was formally admitted to membership of the Catholic church; so that the same day has witnessed the twofold celebration of her earthly and her heavenly espousals."

At this announcement the varied emotions which had tumultuously filled Pauline's bosom during the past hour, gave way to one generous gush of delight and congratulation for the double happiness of her former confidant.

It will be remembered that Clara Stephens, as it then was, had in the first dawns of conviction confided to Pauline, that it was by no means improbable that she should become a candidate for fellowship with the per-

secuted and despised children of Faith. This, but for the cruel scoffs and reproaches which assailed her on every hand, both at home and among her acquaintance; and the hopelessness of her case,—should she openly avow her convictions and persist in making a profession of the Catholic Religion,—would have transpired nearly two years previously. She would have flown to Pauline, even in her changed circumstances, for consolation, but for that horrible deformity of *Christian* society which caused her family peremptorily to forbid her on any occasion or pretence whatever to hold any intercourse with her unfortunate friend. Clara, too feeble to contend against her cold, calculating family, was content to drag along her wearisome life, until such time as circumstances should empower her to act for herself. This occurred at last in her acceptance of the hand of Mr. La Zourk.

This question, as a mere matter of form, was referred to her relatives, her parents being deceased. On account of his *calling* himself a Catholic, it might have met with some objection on their part; but, as they pretty well understood, that the minds of the parties most interested were made up for an affirmative termination of the question; and moreover as it was known that he seldom or never troubled himself about religion, and there being no doubt of his being in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, the approbation, which they were pleased to express, came with but a very faint show of reluctance.

Miss Clara had resolved that the same day which crowned her worldly happiness should also smile upon her disenthralment from spiritual despotism; and before she had taken upon herself those solemn obligations, which resigned her happiness to the keeping of another,

she made her spiritual vows to her divine Redeemer, and assumed the easy burden of his service and the sweet yoke of his everlasting love.

"How wonderfully is the hand of divine Providence oftentimes displayed in the events which overrule our destiny;" musingly observed Pauline, in view of the example just presented to her.

"It is indeed," responded Isabel; "and is it not also wonderful, that persons calling themselves Christians should place such irrational bounds to their own principles and tyrannize over conscience, wherever an individual is disposed to favour the Catholic Church?"

"It is but too true, Bel, and I sincerely congratulate Clara that she is relieved from her former sad restraint, and pray God that she may long live to adorn the holy Faith whose value she has learned to appreciate."

Miss Crawford was now obliged to take her leave, but she had scarcely bid Pauline adieu for the day, when Betty presented herself to her mistress with a very low courtesy, and with a very broad smile brightening her countenance, as she announced:

"Please, ma'm, the bishop sends his respects to you, ma'm; and has called to see you."

"Give the bishop Miss Seward's compliments, Betty; and tell him that she will be down in a few moments," said Pauline, joy sparkling in her bright eyes.

The pleasure which Pauline experienced was animated both on her own and her father's account. Bishop Henrie had several times called to make his respects to our heroine; and on two occasions at least he had seen and conversed with Mr. Seward. In both of which instances he had left the most happy impression upon Mr. Seward's mind. It would be erroneous to suppose, however, that his visits were made with an officious

spirit of proselytism ; for although he was ever ready to communicate instruction in the doctrines of holy religion, and although Mr. Seward's conversion would have filled him with sincere delight, yet he knew that it was God alone that could inspire the heart with conviction of the divine truths which it was his office to teach, and courage to embrace them when believed. While, therefore, he suffered no opportunity of instructing the inquirer to pass by unimproved, provided he were in a proper state of mind to receive instruction, yet he waited for the application rather than sought to impose it upon those whom he knew dissented from the doctrines that he preached.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Seward is to be regarded in the light of an inquirer after Catholic truth, with a view to embrace it. Such is not the fact. His prejudices had merely been softened, not subdued, by affliction and the filial devotion of his daughter. He thought, and justly so, that a religion, which could inspire such meekness and forbearance, under the most trying circumstances, such as the terrible ordeal through which Pauline had been made to pass ; and which, in the reverse of fortune, had empowered a delicate child courageously to rise superior to all her difficulties and preserve the equanimity of mind which she had shown, while he himself, who ought to have set her an example of courageous endurance, trembled like a reed shaken by the tempest, and sank helplessly a prey to despair, must possess a secret power, which should entitle it to more consideration than he had ever before been willing to accord it. While thus, in the silence of his own thoughts, he contemplated the heroic deportment of his daughter in her unyielding struggle against adversity, and in the thou-

sand nameless comforts, with which she, by her own unaided exertions had provided their humble abode, when he was insensible and incapable of action, he had resolved that as soon as the opportunity was offered to him, he would allow the natural freedom of his disposition to surmount the bitterness of his prejudices, and make inquiries, even though he should be unwilling to yield the homage of his heart in submission to a system of religion like the one in question.

Such then was Mr. Seward's precise position at this date of the narrative; and when Pauline entered his room, on her way to pay her respects to the bishop, and announce to her father that Bishop Henrie was in the parlour, he experienced quite as much pleasure as did Pauline, and charged her to invite the bishop up stairs and express how happy he should be to see him.

Pauline descended with a bounding heart, and warmly welcomed the estimable man, who had been to her as an angel of light, by whose ministry she had been exalted to the coveted society of the children of God, and by whose wisdom and advice she had been sustained in her grievous trials, and thus far made triumphant over them all. How sweet the confidence with which she approached the holy prelate, and how rich the benediction she received at his hands. Desiring to share with her fond parent the happiness she experienced, she almost immediately on joining him, delivered her father's message; and a moment after had the pleasure of conducting him to his presence.

Mr. Seward received his guest with the greatest urbanity and cordiality; and with the ease and freedom of a polished gentleman, at once removed every shadow of that undefinable distance which is so generally a bar

to free discourse between those who are known to be diametrically opposed to each other on leading questions, by referring to a topic which was as much the subject of conversation among Protestants as among Catholics—the popularity of the newly elected Pope. It might have been in bad taste to have referred at all to a subject, which, however remotely, might tend to a controversial direction ; but Mr. Seward had an object in view, and this course both enabled him to relieve the bishop from the necessity of choosing a subject for conversation, and afforded him an easy and unembarrassed opportunity to converse upon a Catholic question, which he had for some time past a strong desire to hear defended by some able and responsible member of the Church.

“Bishop,” said he; “it must be to the Catholic a source of the highest satisfaction, and pride, that so determined and energetic a man should have been chosen to assume the tiara as is the newly-elected Pope. I have just finished the perusal of a production, the writer of which is no friend, truly, to the Catholic, and whose letter, therefore, is not only the more surprising; but, if according to the facts, almost sufficient to induce me to join the universal cry; ‘Evviva il Papa.’”

“That would certainly be a revolution, my dear sir,” rejoined the bishop laughing, “which even the most sanguine amongst us could not have hoped to witness, a Presbyterian uttering the evviva of the Roman populace for their spiritual Father.”

“We live in an age, bishop, on which is inscribed, the magic words ‘Onwards, upwards;’ and I welcome improvement, wherever it appears. I acknowledge that I have had strong prejudices against the Catholic church; but no one would more readily than I extend

to her the right hand of fellowship and meet her halfway on the great road of reformation."

"But I fear," continued the bishop, still preferring the jocose vein in which he had first replied; "that were you to utter *evvivas* at Rome you would be under the necessity of adding, '*ib sono presbiteriano*,' before your liberality and true position would be duly appreciated."

"But seriously speaking, bishop, I believe the present to be, without question, the greatest Pope since Sixtus V., who raised your Church from a condition of comparative weakness to the pinnacle of power and glory. He ascends the papal chair, not so much with the triple crown to subject the potentates of this world, as in the meekness of his divine Master to discover the corruption of accumulated ages, to dispel the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, and to exhibit in his life the forbearance, the forgiveness, and the love of Him, who spake as never man spake."*

* A Protestant gentleman, a writer of some celebrity, recently wrote a letter on the accession of the present Pontiff, in which he holds the following language: "The morning of a brighter day seems to dawn on beautiful Italy. Pope Pius IX. is a determined, energetic reformer, and by his position at the head of Catholic Christianity cannot but shake the despotisms of Europe to their centre. He comes not with the triple crown to subject princes to his sceptre, but as the humble vicar of his great Master, to set the world an example of Christian love and charity; that the peace of the Lord may again dwell with them, and that they may cease persecuting each other for the sake of Him, who spake, '*This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*'" The vein of bitterness, which runs throughout the entire production from which this is an extract, while it detracts from the merit due to the author, on account of the display of some liberality, adds brilliancy and effect to this involuntary testimony to the Sovereign Pontiff.

“Catholics certainly congratulate themselves upon the accession of so illustrious a Pontiff to the chair of Peter,” rejoined the bishop; “and while they regard the noble acts of clemency and of charity, by which he has commenced his Pontifical career, with unqualified delight, yet are they far from supposing that he stands alone in these acts, amidst the bright galaxy to which he has been, with such unanimity, promoted. There are multitudes in the long line of his predecessors, whose illustrious charities have brightly illumined the path by which they entered Heaven; and it is not a little remarkable, in the signs of the times, that Protestants should so vociferously laud the opening deeds of this reign, when, for the last three hundred years, the same class of men have unanimously branded the names of Pontiffs whose meekness, whose charity, whose paternal solicitude for the welfare of Christendom may be equalled, but can never be surpassed.”

“But I must be allowed to venture the opinion, bishop, that, during the ages to which you have referred, so much of despotism and of ambition was mixed up with the better motives which prompted the action as well of prelates as of kings, that it were sadly erroneous to point to them for models of Christian simplicity and piety.”

“The characters of those ages, my dear sir, buried as they are in the tomb of prejudice and misrepresentation, require but to be exhumed,—I will not say by the good and charitable among Protestants, but by the most uncompromising foes of Catholicity,—to shine before the world in all their pristine glory; when their deeds of charity and the benefits which they have conferred upon mankind would be found far to out-

number those produced in this driveling age of infidelity and cold formality."

"I do not withhold from the Pontiffs of the middle ages the merit due to them on account of the good they may have effected in the legitimate exercise of their *priestly* office, but when I regard them as wielding the temporal power, dethroning princes by divine right, trampling upon the neck of kings, and gratuitously interfering with the civil affairs of nations, I find it very difficult to separate the odium attached to such gratuitous assumption of power, from the Popes themselves, whose ambition impelled them to usurp it."

"I am fully sensible, my dear sir, that your observation is in concurrence with what many intelligent members of the denomination to which you belong, assert; but I am equally certain that it is a misapprehension of the facts of the case, and that there are not wanting numbers of eminent and learned Protestants, who have courageously endeavoured to remove that misapprehension. It is a misapprehension that the Popes exercised civil influence by divine right of their office, as priest, or bishop. This is predicated upon an error very common among Protestants; namely, that since the Primacy of the Apostolic See and the Supremacy of the Pope are held to be of divine right and essential to the existence of the church, therefore whatever incidental powers may be voluntarily attached, by Christian nations or people, to the incumbent, must be of equal authority. Nothing could be more illogical; yet it is a specimen of reasoning in close keeping with that upon innumerable other points in which dogmas, or articles of Faith, are confounded with mere discipline, or conventional usage.

"Without entering into a lengthened argument to

prove its fallacy in regard to the alleged usurpation of the temporal power, I will simply adduce the French nation, which never admitted its obligation to be influenced by it. Bossuet, speaking of the controversy of Philip the Fair with Boniface VIII., says: 'Whilst Germany and England and other countries submitted to the temporal power of the Pope; (in temporalibus colla subdidissent,) the French believed, that the dignity and liberty of the kingdom of France had been maintained by their kings beyond that of other kingdoms: the kings of France, equally Christian and powerful, were more submissive than any others, to the Sovereign Pontiff in spiritual things; but in respect to temporals, (in temporalibus,) they have not at all submitted to his authority.*' If the temporal power exercised by the Popes had been of divine right, a dogma of Faith, France could not have refused her acknowledgment of it and remained in the unity of Faith; the contumelious rejection of one dogma being sufficient to authorize her excommunication.

"Neither was the exercise of this power a usurpation. This the above sufficiently proves; but should you prefer the authority of a Protestant writer, Leibnitz will afford us essential aid. He expressly recognises, not merely the existence of, but the advantages of this 'Public law of Europe.' In his celebrated work, *De Jure Suprematus*, he notices the fact, which I am proving, and shows that the authority exercised by the holy See, *was by the princes* CONCEDED to the Pope in virtue of his office of vicar of Christ; and they received the holy unction at his hands in the same manner as did the kings of Juda from those of the Jewish high-priests.

* Def. Declar. part 1, lib. 3, c. 24.

He observes: 'It is certain that many princes were feudatories, or vassals of the Roman Empire, or at least of the Roman Church; that kings and dukes were created by the Emperor, or by the Pope; and that they were not consecrated, without at the same time doing homage to Christ and His Church, to which they promise fidelity; upon which they were anointed by the bishop; and hence is verified the expression, "*Christus regnat, vincit, imperat,*" *since all history testifies* that the West for the most part submitted to the Church with equal *eagerness and zeal.*' He adds, 'I do not regard whether all these things be of divine right. That which is certain is, that **THEY WERE DONE WITH UNANIMOUS CONSENT.**'

"Gibbon cannot be suspected of yielding too much praise to the Popes in the exercise of this power, nor of giving a too partial view in their favour of its origin. He says: 'By the necessity of their situation, the inhabitants of Rome were cast into the rough model of a republican government. . . . The want of laws could only be supplied by the influence of religion, and their foreign and domestic councils were moderated by the authority of the bishop. His alms, his sermons, his correspondence with the kings and prelates of the West, his recent services, their gratitude and oath, accustomed the Romans to consider him as the first magistrate or prince of the city. . . . Their temporal dominion is now confirmed by the reverence of a thousand years; and *their noblest title is the free choice of a people, whom they had redeemed from slavery.*'"[†]

* In like manner do the princes of England pledge themselves to be faithful to and maintain the Protestant Church of England, and to maintain the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

† Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. ii. ch. x. p. 178.

“Neither is it more in accordance with the facts of the case, to suppose that the Pope at his own sovereign will and pleasure dethroned princes, trampled upon the necks of kings, or gratuitously interfered in the affairs of foreign nations. The deposition of princes, and the releasement of their subjects from their oath of allegiance were not the arbitrary acts of the Pontiff. Certain regulations governed him. Just cause must exist. He was not the unsolicited judge of what might be just cause. When such existed, the aggrieved party regularly presented their complaint: it was duly examined; the whole subject fairly canvassed; the parties summoned and questioned; and when the cause was thus fully made known, and was found to merit the rigors of deposition, the decree of deposition went forth, and was sustained and enforced by the universal suffrage of Christendom. Thus Pope Zachary deposed, or rather *counseled* the deposition of Childeric. The French nation asked the advice of the Pope as of a wise and experienced man and their spiritual Father. In reply, he made no arbitrary decree, and as of divine right, to relieve the groaning subjects from their oppressive and tyrannical sovereign. Had he done so, the French barons would have resisted him to the last extremity. The Pope did not even pretend to take away or to confirm the royal prerogative; he simply declared, in his reply, that it ought to be taken away, *by those*, in whom the sovereign Pontiff recognised the right. It is therefore manifestly unjust to charge the Popes with arbitrarily, or by assumed divine right, deposing and reinstating kings; hurling down and setting up, as toys, crowns and crowned heads, as fancy or caprice should dictate.*

* See Bossuet, *Défens. Declar.* part 1, lib. ii. c. 33.

“I do not suppose that Bishop Henrie would dissuade me that ‘the temporal power by divine right’ has never been advocated by writers on Church polity.”

“I do not deny that some have advocated it; nor that some have assumed its exercise upon those grounds and abused it. I spoke simply of the exercise of the power, without reference to its origin. ‘The general question as to the origin of the civil power has been often discussed with great vehemence, some maintaining as a revealed doctrine that God is its author, since the Apostle says: “There is no power, but from God:” Rom. xiii. 1: whilst others affirm that it originates with the people, and is a trust to be exercised for them. The two opinions may, perhaps, be reconciled by saying that the governing power, inasmuch as it involves the right to inflict death, and as it binds consciences, can only come from God, who alone is Lord of life and death, and who alone, by his supreme authority, can bind the consciences of men; but that it is a trust to be exercised for the people, and emanates from them, as the immediate channel, whenever by their free choice they designate their ruler. Whenever it is seized by violence, or passes, without any act of the people, to the heir of a royal line, it is still a trust for the common benefit, and may be said to come from the people, virtually, or remotely, inasmuch as they originally formed the framework of society, or as they now acquiesce in the actual order of things.’”*

“But may not the extravagant pretensions sometimes put forth by the Roman bishops be justly urged in opposition to so extraordinary a power? Adrian IV. relying perhaps upon an authority considered by your

* Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated, chap. xv. p. 230.

own writers as chimerical, the Donations of Constantine, authorized Henry II. of England, to invade and subjugate Ireland to the British crown ; thus pronouncing an edict by which the most sacred laws of nations and the rights of a free people were violated to gratify the ambition of a proud monarch."

"Were we to consider all the circumstances and motives of that bull, it has all the appearance of a fictitious one, under the borrowed name of Adrian IV. Though Baronius quotes it, he gives no date ; which looks suspicious. It remained unpublished for seventeen years. It is said to have been fabricated in 1155, and not made public until 1172, which Nicholas Trivet ascribes to the opposition it met with from Henry's mother.* But whether these doubts of the authenticity of the bull be well or ill founded, I have no desire to disguise the odium which has been attached to the Holy See by the part which that pontiff took in the designs of the English monarch ; yet I may be allowed to remark, that the character of Adrian for integrity and zeal, whereby, from the condition of a poor scholar, he arose to the pinnacle of ecclesiastical power, does not permit me to believe that he was influenced by unworthy motives ; and the grant of Ireland to Henry, although expressed in pompous terms, is, in the judgment of eminent Italian writers, no more than the sanction of the enterprise. The justice of the sanction depends upon the truth of the facts alleged, namely, that disorder prevailed among the rival princes, and anarchy and licentiousness among the people, and that the hierarchy itself suffered from the general corruption.

* Abbe Mac-Geoghegan, *Hist. de l' Irlande*, chap. xv. See O'Kelly's Translation, p. 246.

Whether in such circumstances a neighbouring king could interfere, on the invitation of one of the rivals, may be left for writers on the laws of nations, and on civil polity, to determine.*

“The Popes never pretended to have received from Christ universal dominion, or even any dominion in temporal matters; but in the middle ages they were at the head of the Christian confederacy, and they used the influence, authority, and power wherewith they were invested by the force of circumstances, for the benefit of all, sanctioning the governing authority by their blessing, and directing and controlling it by religious principles. ‘The Popes,’ says Luden, a Protestant, ‘acquired the full consciousness of the power, which, in those ages of vicissitude and tempest, the wants of man had accumulated upon their See.’ A modern writer, (London Quarterly, February, 1836,) speaking of the papal power in the middle ages, says: ‘It was a moral sway, not, like the temporal sovereignties of the time, one of brute force. It had comparatively nothing narrow, or personal: IT UNITED CHRISTENDOM INTO A VAST FEDERAL REPUBLIC!’† It would confessedly be a desirable consummation if all the enemies of the papacy, of the present day, would regard this question in the same light as the eminent Protestant examples here adduced; then, instead of the bombastic philippics by which the worst passions of the vulgar are sought to be aroused, charity and good will would again inspire the heart, and confidence be engendered, where now rankle hatred and distrust.

“Fears, not more groundless than idle, are indulged, that the Pope seeks temporal dominion in America.

* Primacy, p. 244.

† Ibid. p. 245.

Where is the evidence of such a desire? South America has been for two hundred years almost entirely Catholic; and yet who hears of such a power being exercised over it, or claimed. Mexico, with all her internal resources of mineral and agricultural wealth, might be supposed to offer sufficient inducement to put forth such a claim, did any exist; but Mexico is free.

“In the whole history of the church there probably never has been a period when its members were more numerous, wide spread, and rapidly increasing; and at the same time there never has been a period in which the exercise of the temporal power was so contracted in its sphere. Why is this? Not because of imbecility, not from want of confidence in the integrity of the sovereign Pontiff; but because the lawless condition of society, which originally prompted an appeal to it, has passed away. Europe was at that time peopled by newly converted barbarian hordes; which, however they with zeal and alacrity submitted to the teachings of the Christian Faith, were, nevertheless, novices in civil jurisprudence, and not always being able to restrain the impetuosity of the barbarian impulses from which they had been but half redeemed, frequent occasions arose, in which the prerogative of umpire was invoked to prevent the shedding of innocent blood, and to relieve the weak and oppressed from the overbearing tyranny of unjust men. As the bounds of Christian society were extended by the conversion of nations, the respect and confidence entertained for the decision of the sovereign Pontiff caused that its importance should also increase. Society has passed from that crude state in which we then find it, to one more improved in its organization. Extensive and well-digested codes of law now form the basis of modern civiliza-

tion ; the arts and sciences are better understood, and shed the mild but certain influence of their light upon society ; education is more generally diffused than the circumstances at that time could possibly admit of ; baronial disputes, the quarrels of petty dukes and princes, the strifes of individual families, are now held cognisable to the general government. At that time there was no general power or influence, save that accorded to the Pontiff, to control the elements of discord and to restore order and peace to the troubled elements of partisan discord ; and if there be one powerful evidence of the superintendence of a divine and benevolent Being over the welfare of his creatures ; if there be one striking proof of the faithfulness of his promise and care for his church, it would seem to have been the raising up of this majestic influence, which, when kings were powerless and emperors impotent to save society and the Church from annihilation, simply spoke, and all was calm.

“Although the causes for the exercise of such a power have in some measure passed away in the reorganization of society upon a different basis, that the respect and confidence in the sovereign Pontiff is not thereby diminished, is now attested by the increasing loudness and frequency of the echoes which are borne on every breeze, from every part of the world, on account of the glorious and well-timed acts of the newly elected Pontiff. This,” concluded the bishop, smiling, “none of our Presbyterian friends, who unite their evvivas to the universal cry of joy, will, I am certain, feel disposed to deny.”

CHAPTER IX.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
 Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
 Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
 She seems to soar and beam above them all!
 Not that her heart is cold; emotions new
 And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-strings knit,
 And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
 Her virgin soul, and softly rustle it.
 For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
 To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
 Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
 Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
 Yet life 's not to her what it once hath been—
 Her soul has learned to look upon its gloss—
 And now she hovers like a star between
 Her deeds of love—her Saviour and the Cross.

Mrs. A. B. WELBY.

THE Gothic spires of St. Helen's arose majestically towards the empyrean, but faintly tinged with the first rays of the opening eye of day. The sombre hues of departing night had not yet vanished from its venerable walls; while the interior, the Holy of holies, was still enveloped in its sable pall.

Sacred fire, before the altar, shed its glimmering rays upon the golden tabernacle: and, as the star of Bethlehem gleamed in the pathway of the wise men, who came to seek the divine infant, so this perpetually glowed within the consecrated nave, inspiring the hope of the speedy advent of the Saviour of the world, daily offered there. Six lighted tapers, that burned, expressive of the Christian's joy, and in honour of the triumph of the approaching King, scarcely served to dispel the solemn shades,

which lent their mysterious influence to fill the heart with awe.

Clad in the emblematic robes of the sufferings and passion of Christ, the Priest of God approached the foot of the altar, and with lowly reverence and in the adorable name of the Holy Trinity, began the august sacrifice, acknowledging his sins before God, and before all the heavenly citizens. Pauline, unconsciously observed by moistened eyes, among the worshippers bowed her pure heart in deep devotion, in gratitude and love. Let us accompany her through the devotional exercises of the mystic rite. Wrapt in heavenly contemplation, she sighs: "My dear Redeemer, and my God, why have I not for thee a seraph's flaming love? Why does not my heart glow with fervour like that of thy saints, in contemplation of the inestimable sacrifice here mystically consummated for me? Fill my heart, O God! with thy love: consume my soul with its sacred influence, and touch my lips with a live coal from off thine Altar."

Then uniting her voice with that of the sacred Priest, she, like the publican in the Gospel, smites upon her breast, exclaiming: "I have sinned through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault;" when the priest approaching the altar renews his petition both for himself and the people, that God would be pleased to hear and grant their humble prayer, while from every heart and every tongue is raised the plaintive cry: "Kyrie Eleison, Lord have mercy on us."

God has pledged his sacred word that where two or three are gathered together in his name he will grant their requests. In the blessed hope of the fulfilment of this gracious promise, Pauline now unites in heart and voice, with priest and people, in the canticle of joy: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace to men

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of good will. We praise thee ; we bless thee ; we adore thee ; we glorify thee. We give thee thanks for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son. O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayers. Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For thou only art holy. Thou only art the Lord. Thou only O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

Inspired by the exhilarating influence of this glorious hymn, Pauline continued : " May my voice, O my God, be ever united to that of the angelic choirs to entone the canticle of thine infinite mercies. Glory be rendered to thee in the heavens, and may thy faithful servants, burning with love for the accomplishment of thy will on earth, be blessed. Grant, O Lord, that mine may be the unspeakable joy of being numbered with the just, so that after having celebrated thy mercy in time, I may have the ineffable consolation to celebrate it in heaven."

Her mind was now prepared to listen, with reverential awe, to the sacred Scriptures, read at every mass, sighing as she listened : " Why have I not for thee, O my God, a heart like that of the saints of this thy will and testament ? Why cannot I desire thee with ardour equal to the Patriarchs, to know and to revere thee as the Prophets, to love and to attach myself only to thee as the Apostles ? It is no longer thy interpreters, it is thy only Son, that instructs me in this His Holy Gospel. To Him then will I go. To whom else should I go, if not to Him, who has the words of eternal life. I yield, I yield,

sweet Jesus, to thy sacred words with all my heart, with all my mind, and all my soul."

After listening to the divine words of inspiration, and after pondering upon the words of the holy gospel, what could be more appropriate? what more perfect acknowledgment could an assembled multitude make, of their assent to all therein contained, than with one heart and one voice to give utterance to an epitome of the Christian doctrine? Accordingly, the Nicene Creed rises on the morning air, like fragrant incense, ascending to the Author of our Faith, the Triune God, therein adored and glorified.

The last salutation, before the Offertory, has been made. The voice of the celebrant fades away; and silence deepens as the divine sacrifice proceeds. Not a sound disturbs the awful stillness of the place. Pauline tremblingly exclaims: "How terrible is this place! it is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Wrapt in the contemplation of the wonder-working miracle of eternal love, her soul seemed to lose all consciousness of sublunary things, and arose upon the wings of heavenly desire. What was wealth, what was poverty to her at that awful moment? All things were alike indifferent to her. She only Jesus saw, and him adored. His name inspired her heart; His coming filled her soul with ravishing delight.

"Yes! God of heaven and of earth!" burst from her surcharged breast; "Saviour of men, it is thou, thyself that art coming to me,—thou whom I shall have the unspeakable joy to receive; thee shall mine eye behold, and not another! Who would believe this prodigy of love, if thou hadst not thyself revealed it? Yes, Lord, I believe; it is thou thyself whom I shall receive in this adorable sacrament of thine altar; thou who wast born

in a stable, and wast willing to die upon the cross, and who, all-glorious as thou art in heaven, refuseth not to conceal thy glory under this mystery of thy love. I believe, because thou hast said it, and I adore thy holy word: This is my body ; this is my blood ! Yes, blest Jesus ! broken and shed for me !”

“ Jesus, the only thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on thy beauty feast.
No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame ;
No thoughts can reach, no words can say
The sweets of thy blest name.

“ Jesus, our hope when we repent ;
Sweet source of all our grace ;
Sole comfort in our banishment ;
O what, when face to face !
Jesus ! thy name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light ;
More than I ask, in thee I find,
And lavish in delight.

“ No art or eloquence of man,
Can tell the joys of love ;
Only the saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.
Thee, then I'll seek, retired apart,
From world and business free ;
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for thee.”

Here the subduing influence of humility and contrition bowed her in the dust before the cross, sanctifying the ecstatic bliss of her devotional fervour.

“ Who am I, or what, O God of glory and of majesty ? who am I, that thou shouldst deign to cast thine

eyes upon me? Whence comes this excess of happiness, that my Lord and my God should come to me?—to me! a sinner, and permit me to approach him, a God so holy! to eat the bread of angels! to be nourished with his divine flesh! Oh! my Lord, I am not worthy; I never shall be worthy!

“Alas! that my sins should separate me so far from thee. Sensible of the displeasure which they have caused thee, touched with thy infinite mercy, sincerely resolved no more to commit them, I detest them with all my heart, and most humbly ask thy pardon. Pardon them, my Father, my amiable Father, since thou lovest still to permit that I this day approach thee in this heavenly banquet.”

The solemn silence that prevails during the *Secreta*, is once again broken by the voice of the Priest, crying aloud to the faithful to raise their hearts to God, and give him thanks for his innumerable blessings and mercies showered upon his unworthy creatures.

P. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

P. Lift up your hearts.

R. We have lifted them up to the Lord.

P. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

R. It is meet and just.

“It is truly meet and just, right and available to salvation, that we should always, and in all places, give thanks to thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God. Through Christ our Lord: by whom the Angels praise thy majesty, the dominations adore it, the powers tremble before it, the heavens, the heavenly virtues, and blessed Seraphim, with common jubilee glorify it. Together with whom we beseech thee, that we may be admitted to join our humble voices, saying:

“Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest.”

At the commencement of the trisagion, the people, who had risen at the exhortation of the celebrant to lift up their hearts, again prostrate themselves in humble but exulting joy; crying Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Hosanna in the highest. With what delicious fervour beat the warm heart of Pauline; what exulting rapture tuned her notes of praise; not more elastic and buoyant did the sacred incense arise to the high Altar of heaven than mounted her hosannas to the Lamb that was slain, and is once again about to descend upon earth, to consummate the mystic sacrifice upon his earthly Altar: he, the High Priest and victim, the author and consummator of our salvation.

Peace, be still.—The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him. Again his sacred body is mystically broken for sin, again his precious blood flows to wash out the hideous stains. He bears his heavy cross again; again he toils up the rugged hill of Calvary; again he bleeds, he suffers, and he mystically dies.

“Oh! my glorious, wounded, stricken Lord, thou art indeed my victim. Yes: Lord, it was for me that thou hast died, unworthy me. Ah! that I had seen thee upon the accursed tree; that I had knelt beneath the droppings of that sacred blood; and there been washed and purified. But no, it need not be; since here I see thy cross, thy flesh, thy blood, thy sacred self: and Oh! miracle of miracles! passing wonder! feed upon the heavenly, life-giving food, drink of his precious blood, and bathe my weary soul in seas of heavenly love. Can it be possible, that thou, my Lord and my God, dost condescend

to come to me, a miserable sinner, to unite me to thyself in everlasting bonds of love! Oh! ineffable goodness! Oh! the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of Jesus's boundless love.

‘Jesus, in thy blest steps I’ll tread,
And walk in all thy ways;
I’ll never cease to weep and plead,
’Till I’m restored to grace.
O King of Love, thy blessed fire
Does such sweet flames excite,
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills it with delight.
Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with thy flaming dart,
And ever-shining light.’

“Oh! come, then, best beloved of my heart; come, Lamb of God, adorable flesh, most precious blood of my Jesus; come, come, sweet Jesus! and nourish, cleanse and purify my soul. Come, oh! God of my heart, my joy, my delight, my love, my God and my all. Come, most amiable Jesus, and, all unworthy as I am to receive thee, thou shalt speak but the word and I shall be purified. My heart is ready, and if it were not, one glance from thee would inflame it with thy love. Come, Lord Jesus, come.”

Such were the holy aspirations that glowed upon Pauline's lips, and consumed her heart with divine, unearthly love, in the order of the unspeakable mystery at which she assisted. Her soul mounted higher, until, like Elias in his fiery chariot, the earth seemed to vanish from beneath and around her, and she breathed the atmosphere of heaven. Tear-drops, from the purest fount of sacred joy, still trembled on her cheek; the holy, the ineffable name still trembled on her tongue, when the

profound and awful stillness that had again prevailed throughout the sacred temple, was broken by the sweet accents of that inimitable prayer. "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," gushed from each heart, arose from every tongue.

Then follows the thrice-repeated, plaintive cry for mercy :

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, give us thy peace." Priest and people, like the poor publican, striking their breasts in token of repentance.

Before consuming the heavenly banquet, thus bountifully spread for all who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the voice of humility still meekly cries :

"Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof ; say but the word and my soul shall be healed."—————

"Adorable majesty of my God ! at last I have the happiness to possess thee ! How shall I respond to such infinite mercy ? Why, oh ! my precious Jesus, am I not all heart to love thee ; to love thee as much as thou art good, to love none but thee ? Embrace me, O my God, in the arms of thy love ; fire my soul with infinite desire ; consume my heart in the heavenly flame. Now, my well-beloved is mine. Jesus, my amiable Jesus, gives himself to me—angels of heaven, mother of my God, saints of heaven and of earth, lend me your hearts, give me your love, to love my amiable Jesus.

"Yes, I love thee, O God of my heart ; I love thee with my whole soul ; I love thee with a sovereign love ; I love thee for the love of thyself alone, and with a firm

resolve to love none but thee supremely, and all things else in sweet subordination to thy sacred will."

Thus passed the consecrated hour of holy mass, in one continued strain of love and adoration to the all-powerful Author of redemption. "Sweet Jesus," first and last its only theme of love, and praise, and fond commemoration. To fix this thought, this end, this object, all the powers of earth and heaven combined, are momentarily invoked. All that the art of man can devise, all that the revelation of God has disclosed, are here invoked to link the heart in one unbroken chain to heaven. The crucified One is still presented at every new feature of the august rite. Is the crucifixion the sum and substance of the mystic sacrifice? The crucifix ever stands upon the altar before priest and people to remind them of its end.

The Priest, who says the Mass, as saith the apostle, is "the ambassador," the representative of Christ; the Mass itself, the mystical representation of the passion of Christ. Does the priest, therefore, clothe himself in certain robes? It is that he may more fully, more perfectly carry out the figure. The Amice represents the rag with which the Jews covered the Saviour's face, when striking him they bade him prophecy, who it was that inflicted the cruel blow. The Alb designates the white garment, in which Herod clothed him. The Girdle, Maniple, and Stole, represent the cords and bands with which his sacred limbs were bound. The Chasuble, the purple robe of scorn; while the cross upon its back represents that, under the burden of which he sweat and toiled up the rugged hill of Calvary!

But while they bear a direct relation to the various points of the passion, they also bear a symbolical signification; and respectively point out those virtues with

which the Christian must be clothed as with a pure unspotted garment. Thus the Amice, first put upon the face and head, typifies the helmet of the Christian—Hope. The Alb denotes that innocence of heart which must adorn the Christian's life. The Girdle, his truth, patience and submission. The Stole is the sweet yoke of Christ, to be worn, that we may attain the blessedness of heaven. And the Chasuble placed over all, teaches us that charity, with which we should cover over the failings and faults of others, and without which the Apostle teaches us, all that we do profiteth nothing, but is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*

Pauline had finished her protracted devotions, and subdued with solemn awe had left the Cathedral, and slowly turned her steps towards her humble, and once more happy home. As she advanced musing upon the unspeakable happiness which the practice of the duties of her holy Faith procured her ; and as she especially renewed the divine emotions of the past hour, the thought forced itself upon her mind : “And this is the Faith, which those who never sought to know its worth deride, abuse, and withhold not to blaspheme ! This is the holy, heaven-inspiring sacrament and Sacrifice, they call idolatry ! Blest Saviour, let me live, and breathe, and move, and die, only absorbed in this consoling rite ; still let me cling to this fond idol, and eat and drink the angelic food. O God ! thou hast redeemed them, remove the veil from their eyes, the darkness from their understandings, and the weakness of their wills ; and breathe upon them that they may see, and understand, and firmly believe what thou hast said : THIS IS MY BODY ; THIS IS MY BLOOD.† EXCEPT YE EAT THE FLESH OF THE SON OF

* 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

† St. Mat. xxvi. 26, 28.

MAN, AND DRINK HIS BLOOD, YE SHALL NOT HAVE LIFE IN YOU.*

Pauline had not been unobserved. Eugene Neville had arrived the evening before, and had sought the sacred temple, at that early hour, to return his humble thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the many blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which He had so profusely showered in his path; and chiefly for his call to the faith of eighteen centuries, and for his preservation and safe conduct once more to the city of his choice as well as of his happiest recollections. Unobserved by Pauline, he had entered the Cathedral, and made his devotions; which being finished, he returned to his hotel previous to presenting himself at ——— Mordant Hall.

* St. John vi. 54.

CHAPTER X.

Yet why recall those blissful themes,
Alas! that never may return?
Why do we brood o'er pleasant dreams,
E'en while our hearts with sorrow burn
That they are naught but fantasy?
The lingering of the sun's last rays,
E'en while they cheer us make us sigh;
So to the joys of other days,
The mind reverts, yet fills the eye,
And beats the heart tumultuously.—T. J. MILNE.

EXCEPTING the letter, which Eugene had received from Mr. Seward on his return to Tobago, he had not had the slightest intimation as to the effect upon Mr. Seward's mind of the course he had been pleased to pursue and the inattention he had exhibited to his urgent entreaty to return: neither had he the most remote idea of the sad events, which, in the mean time, had lowered upon his devoted house. He, therefore, once again found himself in the city of his disappointment, of his hopes, and of a thousand faded joys, with a tumult of contending emotions agitating his troubled breast. The morning had considerably advanced before the force of these emotions had sufficiently subsided to enable him to sally forth and present himself before the inmates of Mordant Hall. At last, summoning all his resolution, he issued from the hotel, and turned his anxious steps in the direction of Mr. Seward's house. As he approached the square, on which it stood, he hesitated, paused a moment, and, irresolute, suddenly turned and walked in a different direction.

"I will return," he mused, "and write: for I shall never be able again to present myself there, until I first hear from them;" but he had not proceeded a dozen steps towards the hotel until the ardour of his desire again impelled him forward towards the Hall. Its familiar portal at last stood before him. Approaching it, he raised his trembling hand, and with a kind of desperation in the effort, gave the necessary summons for admittance.

A strange porter, in an entirely different livery from that by which Mr. Seward distinguished his servants, answered the door. To the inquiry:

"Is Mr. Seward at home?"

The obsequious servant replied: "Mr. Seward, sir? I have not the pleasure, sir, of being able to inform you. Mr. Seward does not reside here, sir."

Eugene was at a loss to divine so unexpected a reply; and with some astonishment visible in his tone, asked:

"Since when has Mr. Seward ceased to be the occupant of the Hall?"

"I really, sir, know nothing about the gentleman whom you have named, sir; but, sir, if you will walk in, I may perhaps, sir, obtain the information you desire."

Eugene, bewildered and amazed, and in some indefinable manner connecting the difficulty of the Leflore estate with the present mystery, mechanically entered the house, and being ushered into one of its newly and elegantly furnished drawing-rooms, awaited in suspense the resolution of the enigma. This was not doomed to be of long duration. In a few minutes, a gentleman entered the drawing-room, and bowing to Mr. Neville, desired to know what service he should have the happiness of rendering him.

Mr. Neville arose, and presenting his card, stated : "That the last time he was in the city, Mr. Seward, a particular friend of his, resided here; and not having been informed of his movements for two years last past, it was with some astonishment, that, upon calling, he should not find Mr. Seward at his accustomed city residence."

"I have the pain to inform you, Mr. Neville," replied the present owner of Mordant Hall: "that since the sudden reverses of Mr. Seward's fortunes, the Hall has passed into other hands, and that he has withdrawn to some retired part of the city; though to what part, I am not able to inform you."

Eugene's brain reeled under the force of the astounding announcement. The colour vanished from his face; and too much overpowered even to wish to inquire the particulars, he thanked his polite informant and hastily withdrew. On his way to the hotel his mind was racked by a thousand perplexing fears. But feeling how impotent and useless it was to give way to these, he disposed himself to take the proper steps to resolve the mystery which hung about the obscurity into which he judged their delicacy must have impelled them to retire. He first thought of despatching a servant to her warm-hearted friend, Miss Crawford, but not wishing to reveal his presence first to so intimate a friend, his intention of seeking the desired information was diverted from that source, and directed to the Cathedral, as the least obtrusive, and at the same time most certain means of receiving the desired information.

An hour of painful suspense transpired, when his messenger returned with Mr. Seward's address, "Park Row, West end." Losing no time, he set out with his noble purposes already formed. As he proceeded, he be-

came less and less prepossessed with that portion of the city, through which the impetus of his feelings was now driving him with such rapid strides. The narrow and unfrequented streets, and the meagre appearance of the houses, rendered it impossible for him to realize that the object of his anxiety and search could there be found. He paused a moment to recover from the bewildering sensations which oppressed him, and to obtain some information which might more certainly lead him to those from whom, according to the direction, he could not be far removed. To his inquiry for Park Row, his attention was directed to a number of small houses within sight, but at the extreme end of a street which he was in the act of passing, when he had arrested the speed at which he had been moving.

Without a moment's delay he advanced, and soon stood before the house, towards which he had been drawn by such powerful impulses. His hand was upon the knocker; and the next instant it announced the presence of a visiter. The door swung slowly and quietly back, obedient to the hand of the faithful Betty. She instantly recognised Mr. Neville. Her upraised hands, her extended eyes and mouth, and a suppressed shriek, were the first symptoms of her astonishment; and before Eugene could give her the slightest intimation to observe prudence, the well-meaning woman had turned, and was already half-way up stairs. It being impossible to detain her, and being made certain by her appearance at the door, of having arrived at the house, whose inmates he sought with such tumultuous feelings, he entered it, and gently closing the door, approached a small parlour, the door of which was open; and entering, awaited in suspense the result of Betty's imprudent and hasty announcement.

She burst into her mistress's room, but not finding her there, turned to the door which communicated with that of Mr. Seward. She knocked; but without waiting for a reply, hastily opened the door and at once stood in the presence of both Mr. Seward and Pauline. They saw the extraordinary effect, and waited with impatience for her announcement of its cause. But such was the impression which this apparition of Eugene had produced, that her faculties of articulation seemed entirely suspended. Pauline looked and really felt alarmed; while Mr. Seward, not altogether able to suppress his agitation, addressed her somewhat sternly:

"This is very extraordinary conduct, Betty: will you be so good as to explain the cause of it?"

"Oh! sir; please, sir," panted she; "it's so wonderful, sir, so very wonderful."

"What is wonderful? Will you speak at once and let us know what has happened?" continued Mr. Seward.

"Oh! my dear sir, and good ma'm," she continued; "to think he should have come ——"

"That who should have come?" inquired both father and daughter in the same breath.

"Yes, indade, sir," she gasped; hardly knowing what she did say; "he came and he's down stairs now, sir; if he ain't gone; indade he is, sir."

"Who is down stairs?" inquired Mr. Seward, rising as he spoke to intimidate the excited creature to a direct reply.

"Oh! sir; yes, sir; do go down, sir, and see," she continued; and Mr. Seward finding it useless to question her, descended the stairs with agitated and embarrassed steps.

Pauline, followed by her faithful servant, entered her

own room ; and there soothing Betty's excitement, endeavoured to obtain a connected report of the cause of her present deportment.

" Oh ! yes, ma'm ; indade, ma'm ; he looks jist for all the world like he used to look, ma'm ; only, I must tell you the whole truth, ma'm, he looks a deal inore pale."

" But tell me, my good Betty," said Pauline soothingly, " of whom you are speaking."

" My heart told me, ma'm, that it would all happen so ; didn't your heart tell you so, ma'm ? and there, ain't that my drame come ? I dramed he would have white hair ; and it ain't, its raven black, and that's the rewerse. If you drame of death you'll be sure to have a weddin', and I do belave I did drame that too."

Pauline knew not why it should be so, but do what she would, her heart beat as if it was trying to escape from its spotless sanctuary. She clasped her hands to her bosom as Betty proceeded, as if to keep down its emotions and suppress the whisperings it began to raise.

" No, it cannot be," she tremblingly murmured to herself ; " it is impossible that he has returned. Oh ! be merciful to me, benign Father ! thou hast brought me victorious thus far through the troubled waters of affliction, let it not be that an unexpected billow shall now overwhelm me ;" and speaking to Betty, she said with serious emphasis :

" I charge you to tell me at once who it is that is now down stairs."

" Oh ! don't be displased with me, ma'm," implored she ; " indade it is him."

She was now labouring under the impression that she had mentioned the name.

" Who ? I ask you, Betty ?"

“Indade, ma’m, it is him, ma’m ; Mr. Eugene.”

Pauline, overpowered with her excitement, sank helplessly back in her chair. She was almost certain what would be the reply, as soon as she should be able to draw it from the unskilful messenger before her ; and while she wished to persuade herself that she did not desire to hear the name mentioned, a strange and contradictory emotion compelled her to insist upon hearing it, though she well knew, that when it was pronounced, and when she should be placed beyond the influence of doubt, she would not be able at once to control her feelings should her surmise prove true.

Eugene was pacing the floor of the small but neatly furnished room, into which he had entered, on being deserted by Betty, when Mr. Seward, utterly unsuspecting who his visitor might prove to be, advanced towards the door. As he approached it, he caught a glimpse of Eugene’s form : entering with a faltering step, the next moment found them in each other’s arms.

Never was true dignity, never was moral grandeur more truly portrayed than at that moment in the person of Mr. Seward. His manly form was erect and motionless ; his noble brow as clear and calm as if a shade of sorrow or a wrinkle of care had never crossed its placid surface ; his eye trembled with emotion, yet was as tearless, as though it had not been made to weep. Not a word was spoken ; not a sigh breathed its complaint in the ear of sympathy ; not an emotion betrayed its weakness. It was too much for Eugene. The calm, fixed look ; the ardent gaze ; the warm embrace of his broken-hearted friend. His knees tottered beneath him ; his body shook like an aspen leaf ; and when his trembling lips would fain have uttered words of consolation, tears choked their utterance.

"My dear boy," at length spoke Mr. Seward, "let not a cloud rest upon your brow, nor a tear dim the lustre of your eye. The sorrows of life are like its joys, mere transitory shadows that must soon pass away. I, at first, like yourself, shrank in view of them; and when they approached, I sank beneath their weight. But I have learned a deeply humiliating lesson by my weakness; or perhaps I ought rather to say, I have thereby discovered myself to be in the possession of a treasure, than which all I have lost were not in point of value so much as a grain of dust to the richest mines of Peru: a treasure, as long as I am in the possession of which, I shall esteem myself in the enjoyment of wealth beyond the power of computation."

As Eugene listened to this enigmatical address he began to fear lest his afflictions may have affected Mr. Seward's mind; but as soon as he understood their purport, so are we constituted and prejudiced in favour of our own sentiments, he felt them to be inadequate to the theme. Mr. Seward continued:

"Yes; Eugene, when I, more fitted by nature to endure, sank helpless as an infant under the torrent that so suddenly overwhelmed us, Pauline heroically sustained the fierce storm that shipwrecked us, and under Heaven saved both herself and me."

It is certain that Eugene needed no highly wrought language either to inspire his enthusiasm, or to increase his admiration for Pauline. Neither was it precisely with this object that Mr. Seward spoke. He had seen his daughter aided by religion, triumph over all their misfortunes, preserve her cheerfulness in every difficulty and her serenity of mind in the darkest hour of their trials, and such was the impulse given to his feelings, that, as has been already shown, he forgave his daughter

all,—as he thought them,—her grievous offences, and determined, if he could not believe her religion to be true, that, at least, he would respect it for the divine example which was exhibited of it in her life.

“But, Eugene,” continued Mr. Seward, seeking to divert attention from himself, and also desirous to satisfy himself of the motives of Eugene respecting events long since past, though he could not believe forgotten; “it is useless to mourn over the past; it best becomes us to be wise, and so to act for the present that when the future arrives we may have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done the best that circumstances allowed: then, whatever be our condition of life, one thing is certain, we shall have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves; and that is the nearest approach we can make in this life to happiness. You will understand then, my boy, that I shall expect you to make no allusion to the circumstances of past life, or the present. Know that we are happy. There is, however,” continued Mr. Seward, with a sad smile, “one subject upon which I must be permitted to address you. You have been a fugitive from justice for two years past. Why did you not keep your appointment with me, on a certain occasion at the period to which I have just referred?”

Eugene replied with a sigh: “Because, my dear sir, the object of the interview was rendered impossible by an event over which I had no control; and because I was unwilling to be the bearer to you of the afflictive cause of its impossibility.”

“But when you had escaped me, sir, and received my summons to return, why did you not report yourself so that the difficulty might have been compromised?”

“Because, my dear sir, the nature of the difficulty was such as to render even a compromise impossible.

But," continued Eugene: "to tell you the whole truth, though my hopes were well-nigh withered, they were not entirely dead; for I still clung to the idea that there was a Providence in our destiny, which indicated that she should yet be mine. I have since fully proved the truth of my impression, and have returned to claim her hand. It is true, I had not had the slightest intimation of ——"

"There you must pause;" interposed Mr. Seward.

"But I have already provided against all difficulties upon that score ——"

"Eugene," again interrupted Mr. Seward, "if I have not already spoken plainly enough; I now repeat, that unless you are willing to incur my serious displeasure, you must not make any allusion to past or present circumstances. I have no fears for the future, and I look upon the present without dismay. You surely do not desire to humble me in my own estimation, and cause me to despise myself?"

"No, no, my dear sir; I neither desire that, nor yet would I displease you: but there are difficulties which must be met, not shunned; and therefore it is that I must run the risk of offending you. But before I venture upon making to you my proposition, let me first mingle a portion of my own griefs with yours. It seems to be the common destiny of man, that in whatever else they may differ, all shall drink of sorrow's bitter cup: and yet so good and merciful is God, that even amidst its deepest dregs, some hope, some unlooked-for, undeserved consolation lies concealed. Such has been my case, and doubtless your own, my dear sir."

"I have much, very much to be thankful for, Eugene, and complain not. I but share the lot of thousands,

who have more to recommend them to the mercy of God than I have."

"It becomes us all to cry, 'Father, I have sinned;' but I must now disclose to you what is upon my mind. I have met with Charles ——"

"Eugene!"—burst from the parted lips of Mr. Seward, as at the mention of that name he leaned forward in an attitude expressive of the deep interest he felt in that unhappy young man.

"He expired in my arms."

Mr. Seward, who had acquired nerve to sustain his own griefs, now trembled with emotion, and he who had no tears for his own misfortunes, silently wiped away the moisture from his cheeks; while Eugene, not less affected, proceeded in the narrative of the scene which had transpired at Mount St. Gothard.

A lengthened pause followed its conclusion, when Eugene added:

"Eight years have elapsed since his wife had been left by him, without a protector, without means, without a home. From letters found in his portmanteau, I learn that she was an orphan, a stranger in New Orleans, when he married her; that he married her in despair; that he was never happy; and that he deserted her and his infant daughter, when he found, that being a Catholic, he could not wean her from her attachment to her Faith. But that has now passed away, and it is to be feared that they have all gone to render up their account before the Protector of the widow and the fatherless; I fear it, because I have now for years sought them in every city: I have made every effort that it was in the power of man to make, in order to discover them,—efforts which could not have been other than successful, if they were living. Now, my dear sir, I must risk

offending you. I have estates of sufficient extent to satisfy the proudest ambition ; I have an income which I know not how to appropriate or expend. The half of them is yours, and you must not refuse its acceptance."

"Eugene," said Mr. Seward, with deep emotion, "in cheerfully bowing to the decrees of Heaven, let us not forget the sorrows of the innocent sufferers of your brother's fault. They may still survive, and neither you nor I have a right to vitiate the trust you hold for them alone——"

"Nor would I do so," interposed Eugene ; "if I seemed to imply it in my words, I meant it not ; only say that you accept my proposals."

"No one, Eugene, could more fully appreciate the nobleness and worth of the heart that has dictated it : but believe me, that the sentiment to which I now give utterance, is one too deeply implanted in my breast ever to be eradicated ; a world of wealth, an empire of gold, would be dearly purchased at the price of independence. I am not speaking thoughtlessly, nor without due consideration, and I beg you to regard this as my unalterable sentiment. I am neither so old nor so feeble as to be incapable of exertion, and my plan of action is formed."

"Notwithstanding all your energy, my dear sir, at your time of life to commence the world with any reasonable hope of success, is an impossibility."

"I have viewed the subject in every light of which it is capable, and am not to be shaken by the idea of 'impossibilities.'"

Mr. Seward's tone of voice, as well as his known sentiments, and his manner, all convinced Eugene that his decision was formed ; and that he was not to be

shaken from his purpose by any offer that did not include an equivalent return for what was accepted. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he sat musing over the course he should pursue to attain his object. "Could I," thought he, "but obtain the influence and aid of Pauline. Will she not be my auxiliary in a cause which so intimately concerns her father?" Inspired with this thought he inquired for her: but to the message which was sent to her, she returned answer, that, "she was too much indisposed at present to avail herself of the pleasure of so unexpected an interview, but hoped that she might be able to do so by to-morrow."

Eugene's unexpected arrival and appearance at the house was too much for her nerves, and when Mr. Seward, who had himself conveyed Eugene's request, entered her room, she sat pale and exhausted from the effects of fainting, from which she had just revived. Betty was kneeling at her feet, employing all her skill for the benefit of her mistress. Mr. Seward was much alarmed at the extreme weakness and prostration of his daughter; and sending, instead of bearing her reply, he added the request, that Eugene would do them the favour to excuse them for the present, and call on the morrow.

With a grieved and disappointed heart, Eugene complied, and withdrawing, returned to his hotel.

CHAPTER XI.

"How shall I meet thee!—With an eye
That hath no brightness, yet no tears;
With heedless tone and cold reply,
The chilling garb indifference wears;
With sadden'd heart, yet careless mien,
Revealing nought of what has been?
Yes! changes sad have altered us;
Alas! that I must meet thee thus!"

THE long and weary hours that intervened between the present and the wished-for morrow, seemed to Eugene to be protracted into weeks. At last, the leaden bolts were spent, and the last knell sounded heavily upon his heart, presaging defeat and disappointment to his cherished scheme. With gloomy apprehension he directed his anxious steps toward Park Row.

There it stands, in all the quiet repose of forlorn retirement. Eugene's hand rests tremblingly upon the knocker of the door. In a few moments he once more stands in the little parlour of the first floor. But soon afterwards his dark forebodings are painfully realized. Pauline is no better, and will not be able to see him; at least not for many days. Mr. Seward was the bearer of the message. He had sat up with her all night, watching the changing symptoms of the attack, and administering to her wants.

Pauline's finely-strung nerves had been more severely tried than her delicate constitution, unused to anxiety and suffering, could bear, and she had for several weeks

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been nearer to a state of utter prostration than her courage would permit her to acknowledge. It needed only some sudden and startling development to complete the nervous debility which sorrow had already worn to the last limit of endurance. The unexpected and sudden appearance of Eugene was more than enough to effect it; and though, of course, Eugene was not made aware of the cause of her indisposition, Mr. Seward in the most delicate manner repeated the expression of his daughter's feelings, that an interview could be of no advantage, and that she hoped Mr. Neville would not insist upon seeing her."

Eugene's spirits totally failed him at this unexpected intimation. He tremulously replied :

"My dear sir, I desire not to appear so selfish as to wish to inflict an additional pang upon a heart already bleeding, but I do assure you, that were I doomed to leave you thus, I should not be answerable for the consequences."

"We are all in the hands of Providence, my dear boy," said Mr. Seward, approaching Eugene with a sympathizing and affectionate tone : "and he will dispose of us as seemeth to Him good. It is for man to submit. Leave us for a few days. Repose and freedom from excitement will no doubt soon restore her. I will then encourage her to see you. But," he added with deep and undefinable emotion, "prepare yourself for every event; and remember that you are as responsible before God for despondency as for presumptuous exultation."

Eugene did not divine the ominous character of this advice, but he felt that the only alternative at present, was submission, and warmly pressing Mr. Seward's hand he silently withdrew.

More than a week transpired before Pauline could assume sufficient courage to admit any reference being made to the subject of an interview, which, however desirable under happy auspices, she felt was at present worse than useless, since it could but harrow up from the depths of their bleeding hearts, hopes which, though once fondly cherished, had now decayed and for ever passed away. "It can," continued she, "but result in an exhibition of weakness, perhaps, on my part, and of painful disappointment on his."

Eugene, on the other hand, was hourly becoming more and more impatient of delay. To him the time seemed an age; nor, could he, having seen Pauline with the bloom of her morning walk to the cathedral upon her cheek, comprehend its reasonableness. Excited to the highest degree of desire, and impatient at the check thus imposed upon his noble plans in behalf of his friends, he determined to delay no longer, but to write to Pauline and urge her by every consideration not to refuse his request.

"Dearest Pauline;" he wrote; "pardon the impetuosity, as it may seem to you, which impels me so earnestly to seek you. It may appear selfish and weak in me thus to impose upon your goodness, but I am powerless to oppose the current which drives me forward to meet you. I long once more to throw myself and all that I possess at your feet. I long to crave your pardon for all the pain I have inflicted upon your gentle heart. A merciful Providence has led me by a way which I knew not, and by an untried path to the attainment of knowledge which is above all price. The only obstacle that separated us has been removed. You are mine, Pauline, by every tie. I have a thousand new reasons to urge in support of my claims, and a thousand particulars, by which to enforce them. Say, then, Pauline,

that I may present myself before you and be again restored to favour."

This ardent epistle Eugene enclosed in a note, addressed to Mr. Neville, candidly stating its purport, and expressing the hope that he might not disapprove of its reaching its destination.

Mr. Seward read his note with deep sympathy both for Eugene and his daughter; and approaching the latter, with Eugene's letter in his hand, said:

"Bear up, my love, this trial will soon be past. Here is a letter from Eugene. I do not wish to influence you, Pauline, but I think that you had better see him. If you still think that you cannot, your answer to this will afford you an opportunity to acquaint him with your final decision."

Pauline received the letter without attempting to reply. It contained all that she feared, and more than she dared permit herself to reflect upon; yet many long and listless pauses interrupted its perusal. A deep-drawn sigh, which she had made vain efforts to suppress, struggled for emission, and marked its conclusion. She hesitated for a moment; and then, pressing the seal to her feverish lips, laid the letter beside her, upon the table, and sinking upon her knees, breathed her prayer in the ear of one who never grows weary of listening to humble and contrite souls.

"Sovereign Lord of my life, divine Arbiter of my destiny, I am in thy hands; mould me according to thy most holy will. Do with me what thou wilt, and as thou wilt, and at what time soever thou wilt. Aid me in this fearful struggle, and cause me to triumph over the weakness that would now lead me to shrink from that state of life to which it hath pleased thee, in thy mysterious providence to call me. Lord, thou knowest what

is best, let all things be done according to thy will. Do with me as thou knowest, and as best pleaseth thee, and is most for thy honour. Put me where thou wilt, and do with me in all things according to thy will. I am in thy hand, turn me round which way thou wilt. Lo, I am thy servant, ready to obey thee in all things; for I do not desire to live for myself, but for thee; I wish it may be perfectly, and worthily, and alone, blest Jesus, for the sake of thy dear name."

Pauline seemed no longer a being of earth. She arose from the kneeling posture into which, almost unconsciously to herself, she had sunk, filled with the inspiration of divine grace. Heroically resolved, she stood for a moment before her writing materials. Dignity sat upon her lofty brow, while calm resignation imparted its radiance to every feature. Her fair hand, lately so trembling and powerless, was now nerved to the performance of the task assigned her. She took her pen, and calmly traced the fatal words which were for ever to separate her from him who had, from earliest childhood, been the idol of her pure and trusting heart.

When finished, she presented the unfolded letter to her father. He read:

"Eugene, with what words of tenderness shall I reply to you to heal, not wound, the generous heart which I am called upon to disappoint. I am in the hands of God; whatever is for my good, he will not fail to bring to its successful consummation. The wealth which, for a time, he lent us, it hath pleased him to take away. Why should I timidly shrink from the position in which he has placed me, as if he that feedeth the ravens and clotheth the lilies, was not near to administer to the real wants of his children. No, Eugene, I should not merit the glorious title of Christian soldier, if I could desert the

post, however humble, which God has appointed me. Though the cloud which overhangs my path is one of impenetrable mystery and gloom, I know that beyond it eternal sunshine gleams; and that, however fierce and terrific the storm, when He shall say: 'Peace, be still,' all will be serenely calm. Why then should you be anxious for me? why should you fear, or seek to tempt me to shrink from the endurance of trial? Believe me, I now have more real, deep, abiding happiness than has ever crowned my joyous life of ease and affluence.

"There is an inference to be drawn from your letter, Eugene, which, if I fully comprehend it, fills me with happiness beyond my power to express; a happiness which no earthly sorrow can take away, no other joy cause me to forget. You have been 'led by an unknown way and by an untried path to the attainment of knowledge, which is above all price.' I trust that I do not misunderstand, but that you too have been taught the fear and the love of God. Ah! if this be indeed true, I shall have less fear, than I should otherwise have had, to tell you—that—we have met for the last time. Since, should human energy fail, true Religion is all-powerful to sustain and comfort you. Would that I could portray to you, in all its force and beauty, its inestimable worth; but the tongue is impotent, it is only the heart of those who suffer and are tried that can conceive and know that earth does not possess a charm so sweet, nor the treasury of Heaven a blessing so rich and so invaluable to man. You have experienced its sacred influence, Eugene; thanks be to God! You can now submit with heroic firmness to all the trials, by which Heaven may test your sincerity and truth: and you can now listen without impatience and without dismay to this my parting word. Yes, Eugene, my parting word; for, however

we might wish to disguise it from ourselves, divine Providence has, for the accomplishment of some inscrutable end, ordered it so to be. It is not as if our separation were caused by the selfishness of parents, the envy, pride, passion, or prejudice of connections; nor yet by reason of our own misunderstandings. It is by a fiat, against which human foresight could not guard, which human skill could not avoid.

“Eugene, do not regard me as wishing to limit the mercy and goodness of God. His love is as boundless as eternity: His goodness is commensurate with his infinity. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth; the barrier, therefore, which separates us, it may be his good pleasure to remove; but, until he does remove it, Eugene, we can meet—do not regard me as wishing to cause you pain; Heaven knows how ardently my heart desires to heal, not wound—but, we can meet—no more.—I would now conclude this long letter, by offering you every fond word of consolation; but I know that you have a higher source from which to draw. Let me then, rather point you to that inexhaustible fount of divine love; and, while you drink freely of its sweet waters, let me ask you to remember in your prayers, her, who ever prays for you.”

Mr. Seward could but illy repress the tremulous emotions which agitated him, as he perused the words of his self-sacrificing daughter. Laying the letter upon the table, when he had finished its perusal, he passionately clasped his noble and heroic child in his arms, and pressing his lips to her forehead, gave utterance to the deep feelings of his heart.

Pending the receipt of Pauline's reply, Eugene had buoyed himself up with the bright hopes of a successful appeal; and though impatience at the delay more than

once cast its shadows over his countenance, a sanguine temperament as often exerted its influence, and dispelled them. As the last moment, beyond which he thought it could not be delayed, arrived, and passed by, and still no letter came, his anxiety became too marked to be disguised : and seizing his hat, he determined to issue forth and once more present himself at Park Row. He had scarcely crossed the threshold, when he saw the postman descending the street towards the hotel. A few moments afterwards found him in possession of two letters ; one from Mr. Seward, the other from her whose image, sleeping or waking, was ever present to his mind.

Some evil presentiment flashed across his mind, as once more in his apartment, he stood, eager, yet afraid, to break the well known seal of Pauline's letter.

At last it is broken, and the page inscribed with his melancholy, irrevocable fate spread before him.—What language shall portray the harrowing truth there developed to his mind, as he read on? Unwilling to believe, he read it again and again, but only to increase the agony of his disappointment. He appealed against the cruel decision. But he appealed in vain. In vain he protested that the verdict, which here stood against him should be cancelled, and that he should be allowed to perfect the generous schemes he had in view. Mr. Seward was inexorable ; Pauline was firm. It must be permitted here to draw the veil over Eugene's weakness, if such he has exhibited, and to leave to time and the soothing influence of religion the abatement of the violence of his distress.

His absence from home had now been so long protracted, that the state of his affairs made it of the last importance that he should again, at least for a short time, leave the city. Before doing so, however, he had an

important duty to perform in behalf of his deceased brother. Guided by the letters which he found in his portmanteau, descriptive of those whom he had previously so ardently sought, and which had been originally directed to himself, but never despatched, Eugene had renewed his efforts to ascertain certainly if either the wife or daughter of Charles still survived. He took advantage of every means, public and private, by published descriptions, by rewards, and by employing persons to keep up a constant succession of inquiries, in order to obtain a successful termination of his pursuit. These, though in active progress on the eve of his departure, had not produced the desired result.

The following letter will afford some explanation of the reason that prompted Eugene to make these persevering efforts in the city of P——. The letter was discovered among those already found in the possession of the deceased Charles. It was from his broken-hearted wife ; and the last that she ever wrote.

“ P——, Dec. 25th, 18——.

“MY DEAREST CHARLES—As far as I have been able, I have done as you directed, and am now at the city of P——. But I am in no condition to follow out your directions. I am alone ; without means ; and almost without garments to shelter me from the rigours of an inclement season. The only thing that remains to me of this world, is our precious, prattling babe ; and she, sweet angel, seems more an inhabitant of another and a better world, than she does of this.

“Dearest, I am ill. What if I should die, and leave our darling cherub to the mercies of this cold and heartless world.—Oh ! Jesu ! Mary ! the Father, the Mother of the widow and the orphan, let not the pang of that fearful thought destroy me—.

“Oh! my dearest Charles, why could I not make you happy? Return! return! and prove the immeasurable depth, the boundless extent of the love of a fond, a trusting heart, that is wholly thine. AMELIA.”

Aided by this letter, and others which had preceded it, and were contained in the same package, he learned much of the history of the injured sufferers, which enabled him to direct his efforts with the greater certainty of a successful issue.

One day still remained to Eugene previous to his embarkation for Tobago. This, his generous heart prompted him to spend in devising some plan by which he might force Mr. Seward to accede to at least some portion of his design, the delicacy of which, at the same time might be such as not to defeat his object. He knew that the independence of mind, which was so strongly marked in Mr. Seward's character, as well as in that of Pauline, would revolt at the offer of pecuniary assistance. It had done so already. But, he also knew, that such assistance must be derived from some source, long before Mr. Seward, at his advanced age of life, could obtain a position which would place them beyond its necessity. And there were many reasons, he thought, for considering himself the very best source whence such aid should be derived.

He had, it must be remarked, been kept perfectly ignorant of how lucrative an auxiliary in the supply of their necessities, had been Pauline's pen and pencil, and not least her musical powers; but had he known it, so far from abating, it would have been the incentive to his imperative demand for their unconditional acceptance of his offers.

But, now that he was compelled by duties which he

owed to himself as well as to that portion of the estate, which he had no inclination to consider as his own from default of fraternal heirs, he determined that if the feeling of necessity pressed heavily upon them it should not be because he had neglected to make provision against it. He accordingly went to the banking-house, at which he kept his city accounts, and deposited an ample sum of money, with directions to his banker to honour any draughts which might be made in the handwriting of Mr. Calvin Seward; and to guard against every contingency, further expressed it as his desire that all draughts made over and above that sum might be debited to his account-current.

Knowing that it would but defeat his object to see and inform Mr. Seward of the steps he had taken, he enveloped a blank check-book, which, together with a letter communicating to his friend what he had done, he despatched to Park Row, at the same time that he himself embarked upon a West India packet. And while Mr. Seward was reading with a grateful heart this parting testimony of the devotion of his generous young friend, Eugene, urged onward by the wings of a favourable wind, was rapidly advancing on his seaward way; and long after the ocean billows had rocked him to that deep, calm sleep, which none but the good can experience, and while the gentle breeze around his head still sang its evening song, Pauline's grateful heart was sounding his name in the ear of Him who walked upon the sea, and said to its raging waves, "Peace, be still."

CHAPTER XII.

Poor stricken heart, now softly, faintly throbbing,
 No hand can string anew thy broken chords,
 No voice may still thy languid, feeble sobbing,
 Or sooth thy weary hours with gentle words!
 'Tis death in life! a palsy rests for ever
 On all thy hopes—they bowed beneath the spell,
 As early blossoms which the north winds sever—
 Then give to joy, to strength, to all endeavour,
 A lasting, hopeless, long and wide farewell!—
 Poor Broken Heart!—KATE CLEVELAND.

'Tis only a beggar; what matters it?

IN an elegantly furnished parlour of one of those old fashioned but commodious and venerable mansions, a few of which still remain as monuments of the substantial style of living indulged in by our predecessors of the last century, sat old Mrs. Templeton, the mother of Miss Julia, already introduced to the reader.

'It was on one of those boisterous days of December, in which the cruel blasts of winter seem to penetrate every crevice, and the winds howl and sigh as they sweep along, shaking the firmest buildings, rattling the doors and windows, and sounding the death dirge of many a miserable wretch shivering in the storm. A cheerful fire blazed upon the spacious hearth, shedding its bright beams of heat and light throughout the room, successfully subduing the keenness of its temperature, and diffusing around it a genial warmth. The musical sounds, as of some dying insect, which issued from the

porous hickory, as the heat penetrated the huge logs and forced the vapour from its recesses, sighed in concert with the wailing winds, though it enhanced rather than detracted from the comfort of the scene.

Mrs. Templeton was decidedly a lady of the old school, of that extreme point of refinement which belongs more properly to the aristocracy of European, than to the simple elegance and graceful freshness of refined American society. Every thing about her partook of a certain old and stately appearance; particularly her furniture, which, of the most costly materials and elaborate workmanship, belonged rather to the seventeenth than to the nineteenth century. Her dress, consisting of a black velvet bodice terminating in ample folds of a satin skirt, was not less modern in its style; while her high-crowned cap, her broad and stiffly starched ruff with its frills, and the deep edgings of crimped lace which terminated at the wrists of her velvet spencer, all bespoke a taste and style which recur even to a more remote period. Her features, somewhat marked by the pencil of time, bore evidence of once having boasted no ordinary beauty; though even that, as did every trait which characterized her, partook more of the haughty than of the attractive. A profusion of jewels ornamented her person, and glittered upon her fair but now somewhat sinewy fingers.

Such are some of the more prominent points observable in Mrs. Templeton, as we now glance at her seated in her old-fashioned but luxuriously cushioned arm chair, her face shaded from the glare of the bright embers which glow in the fireplace before her, by a curiously-wrought Chinese screen; esteeming it not beneath her dignity, as she sat, to while away the tedious hours by knitting, now and then, from some

party-coloured worsted, a few rounds at a piece of ornamental work.

To complete the portrait of cruel selfishness, which, it here becomes our duty to draw, the scene must now be transferred to a miserable tenement, that scarcely merits the name applied to it. Its chimney has already fallen; its roof is decayed and sunken; while its paneless windows and tottering sides admit the pitiless blasts by a thousand apertures. Its interior is not more inviting to an occupant than is its exterior attractive to a visitor; yet there, upon a miserable bed, almost destitute of covering, lies Mrs. Templeton's own and only sister,* reduced to hopeless poverty by no crime of hers, and left to perish, when the cost of one of the jewels ornamenting the person of her haughty relative would supply all her wants. Three children are cowering around a handful of dying embers, in vain endeavouring to excite them to revive and restore animation to their benumbed limbs.

Beside Mrs. Templeton sat her gay and thoughtless daughter Julia. She had employed herself during the last half hour in reading the *morceaux choisis*, usually served up in the morning prints. Having exhausted the budget of news, she was now conning over the varieties. She had read all the marriages twice, skipped over the deaths, and was just on the point

* Truth is stranger than fiction; and lest the author should be deemed as drawing his portrait larger than life, he would state that at the present time, October, 1846, there is, in this city, the exact parallel to what he is now recording; namely, two sisters, one of whom is rolling in wealth, and unable to expend her income; while the other is on the point of being ejected for rent from the miserable hovel, in which, worn by disease and suffering, she had been lingering out her miserable existence.

of throwing the paper aside, when the captious heading of "Arrivals and Departures of the week," met her eye. Attracted by the hope it inspired of some new gossip, she continued to read. Nothing of importance rewarded her perseverance, until she came nearly to the foot of the list, when she read: "Cleared on the 1st inst. for the West Indies, the bark Dolphin, Richie, with four passengers; Eugene Neville, Esq., &c., &c."

"Oh! ma!" she exclaimed, almost shouted, in surprise; "then the report we have heard must be true. See here; Mr. Neville has gone home! I thought he wouldn't be willing to marry a beggar."

"That is what I have been telling you all along, my dear," replied Mrs. Templeton, as she took the paper the more certainly to assure herself that there could be no mistake, and that her predictions were likely to be fulfilled. After reading the announcement of Mr. Neville's departure, she relapsed for some moments into a thoughtful mood, when returning the paper, she observed:

"It does indeed seem so, and I praise him for the proper spirit he exhibits. Miss Seward certainly was a bright star; but she has fallen, doubly fallen, and I am too rigid an advocate for caste, to admit of the union of the extremes of society."

"But he has certainly visited there, ma; for he has been several times seen in the neighbourhood of their retirement; and it is not probable that it should have been so, unless it were for the purpose of calling upon them."

"I am very much mistaken if any of the family, and least of all, Eugene, would stoop to form a connection out of their sphere of life."

"But Miss Seward, although in reduced circum-

stances, can scarcely be said not to be of his sphere, ma."

"I have taught you a very different doctrine, my daughter, and I would have you remember your lesson. Wealth is the chief good; without it, no one can make pretensions, it matters not what may be their mental or educational qualifications, or personal attractions. Miss Seward has all these, yet she has fallen, and who would now associate with her? Not you, certainly, Julia."

"No, certainly not, ma; but I cannot suppress a shade of doubt, that a gentleman, who has been so long and ardently attracted by the dazzling qualities of Miss Seward, should so easily throw up his claims, when he himself could readily supply the deficiency."

"But the world, what would it say, Julia?"

"What could the world say, ma?"

"He married a beggar!"

At this point of the conversation the parlour door was gently opened, and a servant timidly presented herself with a low courtesy, saying, as she drew a shrinking, emaciated child across the threshold:

"I thought, ma'm, that you might be pleased to do something for this poor little creature, ma'm; she is almost perished, ma'm, and—"

"Good heavens!" shrieked Miss Templeton, shrinking from the wretched object so unceremoniously brought before her.

"Indeed, ma'm, I thought—"

"You thought! begone you impudent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Templeton, who had been taken so completely by surprise as for a time to have lost the power of saying any thing. "How dare you to contaminate my house by introducing into it, and into my presence, that vile wretch?"

The servant, who was a new one, and knew not the character of her mistress, was utterly astounded at the abhorrent and distorted countenances of the ladies, and shrank from their presence in confusion and terror, dragging the poor child after her to the kitchen. But she had scarcely approached near enough to that part of the house,—of which she deemed herself in some sense the mistress,—to distinguish sounds, when she heard the parlour-bell jerked with a continued violence, sufficiently indicative of the height to which the furious storm she had so innocently raised had attained. The servants trembling with alarm, and inwardly heaping their maledictions upon the poor woman, flew to obey the commands of their excited mistress.

“Is that child out of the house yet?” was the interrogatory addressed to the first that made their appearance.

“Yes, madam,” was the obsequious reply of her menial.”

“Then,” added Mrs. Templeton, “order that ill-favoured creature instantly to pack herself off after her.”

“So I can,” was the—we will not say impudent—reply of the well-meaning woman, when the order was announced; “and think myself obleeg’d.”

An hour elapsed, before, by the profuse use of pastil, the atmosphere of the parlour and entries was deemed sufficiently purified from the impurities with which it was thought to have been contaminated by the presence of the forlorn child, and before the nerves of the ladies were again sufficiently calmed to admit of their resuming the unenviable enjoyment of their luxurious ease.

Let not a few reflections here, be deemed obtrusive,

or misplaced. How truly doth the love of riches sear the conscience and harden the heart! and how fearful are the lessons taught by our divine Redeemer of those who have set their affections upon them. "Go," says he, to the young man, "sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor—and come, follow me." But this was a stronger test of his sincerity than he was willing to give; and he turned sorrowfully away, "for he was very rich," and sold his eternal happiness for the perishable dross of this world. The Redeemer looked around upon his disciples, and added: "How hardly shall they, who have riches, enter into the kingdom of God!—It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." "Make me not rich lest I curse thee," was the prayer of the wise man, and should be that of all those, who are in danger of being led astray from the path of wisdom by its allurements. Nothing, perhaps, more fully proves a want of confidence in God, than the eager desire with which persons pursue after riches, and idolize them when attained, regardless of the fearful additional dangers which they gather around the frail bark in which they navigate the tempestuous sea of life. And yet, almost all seem to live for no other end than the accumulation of wealth.

It has been forcibly remarked that "this earnestness to gain riches is like toiling to build a high wall, to shut ourselves and our children out of heaven." This figurative language is in the highest degree expressive of the condition of the great mass of those, who, blinded by the god of this world, enfold themselves in the golden web of their earthly possessions; and who, like the rich man of the gospel, "clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasting sumptuously every day," close their

ears to the cries of the sorrowful, and harden their hearts against every appeal of charity. They are thereby, as it were, constructing a barrier far more insurmountable and impassable to their future happiness, than is that by which they separate themselves from the children of want in this world. That barrier is the great gulph, which eternally separates Dives in hell, from the eternal happiness of Lazarus, whom he spurned from his door, and left miserably to perish.

Before that affluent mansion, awaiting the result of the child's efforts, stood one of the most abject of women. The reader may recognise in her sallow complexion, her pointed and wiry features, the persecutor of our forlorn and hapless Marie. Beside her, shivering in the cold, were two of her juvenile satellites, who had just returned from more successful applications than had she, from the recital of whose heart-breaking woes we have as long as possible endeavoured to shrink; for it is little Marie, who, clothed in the squalid garb of a beggar, issues from a side door, and who again stands trembling,—more from the terror which her merciless tyrant inspires, than from the piercing cold,—and records with a faltering voice, that she has again “got nothing.”

“Then take nothin’ fur yer dinner, yer lazy, vuthless thing!” the miserable wretch replied, accompanying her heartless words with a blow.

Though she knew this was but a faint prelude to what was reserved for her, the moment they had returned to their miserable home, not a tear dimmed her eye; not a sigh swelled her pure breast; not a word quivered on her pallid lips, save the tremulous, plaintive sounds:

“Sweet Jesus! save. Sweet Mother, pray for me.”

Poor child! she has dwindled away to a shadow. Her skin is no longer of that pure unsullied whiteness, but of an ashy, death-like hue; yet, so transparent, that the finest veins are clearly traceable through their minutest courses. Her beautiful tresses hang in disorder about her thin neck; that deep blue eye, which had learned to glow with the fire of animation at the loved sound of Pauline's sweet voice, now droops in calm, uncomplaining resignation, submissive to the will of God even in her wildest grief.

Farewell, sweet Marie. Since we cannot pluck thee from thy sad, sad lot, nor dash the cup of sorrow from thy trembling lips, we have not the heart to follow thee to thy dismal home. But, oh! sweet child of sorrow, bear thee up a little longer, and remember that for every wound which lacerates thy tender form, He, whom thou lovest to call "sweet Jesus," bleeds. Yes; bleeds and weeps for thee; and if He take thee not to His bosom, He may raise thee up a powerful earthly friend, who shall cause the dark clouds of affliction to fade from thy brow, and the sunshine of happiness once again to illumine thy gloomy path.

CHAPTER XIII.

*"Sing, O my tongue, adore and praise,
The depths of God's mysterious ways :
How Christ, the world's great King, bestow'd
His flesh conceal'd in human food,
And left mankind the blood that paid
The ransom for the souls he made."*

At every renewed attendance upon, or participation of the sublime mystery of the Altar, Pauline's heart was inspired with additional love and gratitude to her divine Lord, who in so wonderful a manner vouchsafes to communicate himself to his humble followers. Overwhelmed with awe in the presence of the adorable majesty of her God, the life-giving food of the soul, she bowed in profound adoration and in deep humility. And as the inexhaustible fullness of the goodness and mercy of Him, who graciously instituted this perpetual testimony of his love, burst afresh upon her grateful mind, ardent love swelled her throbbing bosom in effort to make some faint return for that of her amiable Spouse ; and acts of thanksgiving thrilled upon her tongue while in gratitude she longed to exalt his magnificence and eternally publish his mercies.

But, although she thus loved chiefly to contemplate this institution, this last will and testament of her dying Lord, as the eternal well-spring of spiritual blessings, and as the inexhaustible treasury of heavenly grace, it was with peculiar delight that she again and again reviewed the

scriptural and historical grounds upon which it is so triumphantly based. It is thus, after having discharged the duties of the day, that we now find her with a placid and cheerful temperament, seated, fortifying her mind and strengthening her faith by a dispassionate review of the scriptural and other grounds of her faith upon this, above all others, most precious and consoling doctrine.

Mr. Seward, though not knowing what was the subject of his daughter's wrapt study, had, without appearing to do so, intently watched her. An hour had elapsed without a word having been spoken by either, when Mr. Seward, finding that she was becoming more and more absorbed, determined to interrupt her, and observed :

"Truly, Pauline, you seem to have left the natural world altogether, and to have taken up your residence in the kingdom of books! Pray, what is it that so completely engrosses your attention?"

"Say rather, dear pa, the kingdom of divine love; for the more I study the subject of the sacrament of the Altar, the more am I lost in wonder and joy at this everlasting evidence of the boundless love of God."

"If it be the Mass to which you refer, Pauline, I sincerely hope that your delusion may prove a harmless one. You will not be offended at my language, my love; for, though I have given you my full consent to pursue your own impulses, I must still say that that is a subject which has too many grave objections for me ever to regard it with favour. I might yield accord to many points as harmless in your religion which I once regarded as dangerous, if not outrageous. I might approve of the rite of confirmation; I might accord with some of the reasons in favour of a liturgical service; or I might even find something to approve of in the habit of confession, where it is faithfully done, and regarding it merely as a

habit; but, with respect to the Mass, I doubt that either scripture or reason can be brought to bear in its favour, and very much fear that even if the Roman Catholic church can clear her skirts of the charge of idolatry on every other point, that she will find it a very difficult matter to do so in this."

It must not be disguised that this language of Mr. Seward was deeply painful to Pauline, as it must ever be to the pious mind; but still, she was pleased that her father was willing to converse upon Catholic questions at all. Formerly he would have disdained to have referred to them in the most distant manner; now, he was willing to reason upon them, and Pauline, well fortified and grounded in her faith, seized every opportunity to lead him on in the discussions, which they sometimes held, knowing that if he could once be brought dispassionately, and with interest, to pursue the subject, his conviction and final conversion to the only religion which Christ has ever established must inevitably follow. With these views she replied:

"Your language, dear pa, is precisely that which I, myself, would once have used; but when I came to examine its reasonableness, I found that it had nothing but prejudice, and that too of the worst kind, uninformed prejudice, to sustain it. Permit me then, dear pa, to ask upon what you base the opinion you have just expressed."

"Upon the ground of its absurdity, Pauline. It is absurd to suppose, that while the person of Christ sat at the table before the eyes of his disciples, he was at the same time in his hands and in their mouths. It is also absurd to say, that what has the appearance, the taste, and all the qualities of bread and wine, should be, not bread and wine, but flesh and blood. And, finally, it is

more than absurd, it is impious, and contrary to scripture, to say, that the sacrifice and death of Christ upon the cross was incomplete ; and, therefore, it must be daily re-enacted upon the Catholic Altars."

"Before I attempt to reply to your first objections, dear pa, permit me to refer to the last, which is purely a misconception of what the Catholic believes. He believes that the sacrifice made by Christ upon the cross was altogether sufficient ; that by it he saved and redeemed us, paying the debt of sin, and satisfying the infinite justice of the Father.

"He believes that by it Christ procured for us all means for our salvation ; all graces in order to faith and good works, all the sacraments, and, which of all things is most honourable to God, the offering of a sacrifice. But as Christ's worshipping of God, Christ's fasting, Christ's praying and suffering for us, does not hinder or make void our worshipping of God, our fasting, our praying for ourselves ; so neither did his sacrifice hinder or make void all sacrifices for ever. And, as he instituted fasting, praying, and suffering, for his followers, so also he instituted a sacrifice ; that by it we might apply the merits of his sacrifice, and make it beneficial to their souls.

"So then, though he firmly believes, that Christ offered sacrifice for our redemption, and by one holy offering, spoken of by St. Paul, perfected by way of redemption the sanctification of all those that are sanctified ; yet he also believes, that to receive the benefits of this offering, we must also do our parts, by our good works concurring with Christ, and in some manner purifying ourselves, 1 John, iii. 3,—and therefore not omit the best of all works, which is sacrifice ; which our Saviour Jesus Christ instituted at his last supper, when leaving unto us his

Body and Blood, under two distinct species of bread and wine, he bequeathed as a legacy to his apostles, not only a sacrament, but also a sacrifice ; a commemorative sacrifice ; lively representing, in an unbloody manner, the bloody sacrifice which was offered for us upon the cross : and by a distinction of symbols, distinctly showing forth his death until he come again to judge the living and the dead.

“ This he gave in charge to his Apostles, as to the first and chief priests of the New Testament, and to their successors, to offer ; commanding them to do the same thing he had there done at his last supper, in commemoration of him. And this, dear pa, is the oblation, or sacrifice of the Mass, which has been instituted by Christ, supported by Scripture, observed, performed, frequented by faithful Christians in all ages, attested by the general consent of all antiquity, universal tradition, and the practice of the whole church ; mentioned and allowed by all the fathers, Greek and Latin, and never called in question but of late years.* Here are the books before me to establish all that I have said, and if your patience will bear to hear me through, I will undertake to make it perfectly clear to you that the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, as held by Catholics, the Mass, is the doctrine and the institution of Christ.”

“ But all this talk, Pauline, is merely to evade my two unanswerable objections, first made, on the ground of absurdity ; answer them, and then I shall perhaps have more patience to hear this lengthened treatise upon scripture and the Fathers.”

“ Excuse me, dear pa, but it has a much more important object than you seem willing to attribute to it ; and

* Catholic Misrepresented, pp. 48, 49.

rest assured that I mean no evasion of your two unanswerable objections, for I have the answers now in my mind, and as soon as we shall have finished the points upon which we are now talking, you will find that they both shall be unanswerably answered ;” rejoined Pauline, with a good-humoured play upon her father’s words.

“ Well, I have long since discovered that it is of no use to argue with a woman ; so I must needs submit and sit still, for now, if never before, the old proverb is ——.”

Pauline, laughing, sprang towards her father, and put the points of her fair fingers to his lips, before he had time to make the naughty allusion to a woman’s tongue, which was about to slip from his own. Having gained her point, Pauline resumed her seat and gravely commenced her argument.

“ In the first place,” she observed, “ I will support the doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass by the testimony of sacred Scripture ; beginning with the proofs of it found in the Old Testament.

“ The first proof is taken from Jeremiah, who says, ‘ Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will perform the good word that I have spoken to the house of Israel, and to the house of Judah. In those days, and at that time, I will make the bud of justice to spring forth unto David ; and he shall do judgment and justice in the earth. In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell securely ; and this is the name that they shall call him, the Lord, or Just One. For thus saith the Lord, there shall not be cut off from David a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel : neither shall there be cut off from the priests and Levites a man before my face, to offer holocausts, and to burn sacrifice, and to kill victims continually.’—Jeremiah xxxiii. 14. On this passage it must be observed, 1. That it evidently relates to

the Messiah and his kingdom ; for he is the good thing promised to the house of Israel and to Judah, from the beginning, and to him alone agree these titles, ‘ The bud of justice,’ and ‘ the Lord, the Just One?’ 2. That God here promises, that David shall never want a man to sit upon his throne. This is evidently applied to Christ by the Angel Gabriel, when he told the Blessed Virgin that her Son should ‘ be great, and be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his Father; and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.’—Luke i. 32. 3. That God promises, that in this spiritual kingdom of Christ, the priesthood shall never end, and that the office of these priests shall be to offer sacrifice continually ; and of what kind these sacrifices are, we know from the nature of Christ’s priesthood, ‘ Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedeck.’

“ Then the prophet goes on to show the firmness of this promise, ‘ Thus saith the Lord, if my covenant with the day can be made void, and my covenant with the night, that there should not be day and night in their season : then may also my covenant with David my servant be made void, that he should not have a Son to reign upon his throne, and with the priests and Levites his ministers.’—Verse 20. Nothing could be said stronger than these words, to show the firmness and perpetuity of this promise made to the Church and to the priesthood. The day and night shall end before it be broken ; besides, it is an absolute promise, without any condition annexed to it ; every thing in it is certain, fixed and irrevocable. The prophet then adds : ‘ As the stars of heaven cannot be numbered, nor the sands of the sea be measured, so will I multiply the seed of David my ser-

vant, and the Levites my ministers.’—Verse 22. Here is seen foretold the vast multitudes of the spiritual children of David, the followers of Christ, and of the priests and Levites of the Christian Church, both of which we see verified in fact.”

“The second proof is from Isaiah, who says: ‘In that day there shall be an Altar of the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a monument of the Lord as the borders thereof, and it shall be for a testimony to the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt. For they shall cry to the Lord because of the oppressor, and he shall send them a Saviour and a Defender to deliver them. As the Lord shall be known by Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall worship him with sacrifices and offerings, and they shall make vows to the Lord and perform them.’—Isa. xix. 19. Here is a positive declaration, that the Egyptians, on their conversion to Christ, shall worship the Lord, ‘with sacrifices and offerings,’ and have his altar in the midst of them.”

“The third proof is taken from the same holy prophet; chap. lxvi. In this chapter he foretells God’s benefits to his church: ‘Thus saith the Lord, behold I will bring upon her, as it were, a river of peace, and as an overflowing torrent, the glory of the Gentiles,’ ver. 12; then, ver. 16 and 17, he foretells how he would destroy the wicked Jews, and call the Gentiles in their room, then says, ver. 18, ‘I come that I may gather them together with all nations and tongues, and they shall come and shall see my glory; and I will set a sign among them, and I will send of them that shall be saved to the Gentiles unto the sea, into Africa and Lydia, them that draw the bow; into Italy and Greece, to the islands afar off, to them that have not heard of me, and have not seen my

glory. And they shall declare my glory to the Gentiles. And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations, an offering to the Lord—to my holy mountain Jerusalem.' Here God foretells that when he shall destroy the wicked Jews, he will save those among them who were faithful to him, and will send of those that are saved to all nations, to declare his glory to them, and bring them to his church, 'his holy mountain Jerusalem.' This is more like a history than a prophecy of what was done when the Apostles and converted Jews were sent by our Saviour to preach the Gospel to all nations, and unite them to his holy church. Then, in the following verses, the prophet adds: 'And I will take from them (the converted Gentiles) to be priests and Levites, saith the Lord; for as the new heavens and the new earth which I make to stand before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed stand, and your name.'—Ver. 21. By which it is plain that, in the church of Christ, there shall always be priests and Levites taken out of all nations, whose office, as we have seen above out of Jeremiah, shall be to offer sacrifice to God continually, as long as the heavens and the earth shall stand. St. Paul also assures us, that the office of priest is 'To offer up gifts and sacrifices.'—Heb. v. 1.

"The fourth proof is from Malachy, where Almighty God, after reproaching the Jewish priests for their impiety, says: 'I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts; and I will not receive a gift of your hand; for from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean offering; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts.'—Mal. i. 10.

In this glorious prophecy, there are three things to be

remarked: 1. That the sacrifices of the Jews were rejected: 'I will not receive a gift of your hand.' 2. That, in their place, a pure offering was to be instituted; and 3. That this clean offering and sacrifice should be offered among the Gentiles in every place, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, throughout the world. All which points out to us the holy and pure sacrifice of the Mass, in its strongest light.

"I now come to the proofs of the New Testament. It is proved, first, from its institution, at the last supper, where our blessed Saviour offered up this holy sacrifice, with his own hands; for, 1. The sacrifice of the Mass, properly speaking, consists in the separate consecration of the bread and wine, under the forms of which our Saviour offers himself up to his eternal Father. Now, at the last supper, our Saviour actually performed this separate consecration; therefore he actually offered up the sacrifice of the Mass at that time. 2. In the original Greek, and in the Protestant translations, St. Matthew and St. Mark, speaking of the cup, use this expression: 'This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many;' and St. Luke and St. Paul use this expression, speaking of the host, 'This is my body, given for you?'—Luke xxii. 'This is my body which is broken for you.'—1 Cor. xi. From these expressions, it evidently follows, that our Saviour, at that very time, 'shed his blood,' and 'gave his body for the remission of sins.'—Mat. xxvi. 28. This, however, he did not do actually, by the real effusion of his blood, which was only done in his passion and death; therefore he did it here only mystically, that is, offered himself up in the sacramental forms, under the appearance of death, to his eternal Father, for the remission of sins; which is the very thing that is meant by the sacrifice of the Mass. Now,

he had no sooner done this, than he immediately commanded the Pastors of his church to do the same: 'Do this in remembrance of me;' that is, as St. Paul explains it, 'To show forth his death till he come.'—1 Cor. xi. 26. Thus, he both celebrated this holy sacrifice of the Mass, himself; and gave power and command to the Pastors of his church to continue to do the same till his second coming.

"The second proof from the New Testament is taken from the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, where St. Paul, citing this prophecy of David, 'The Lord hath sworn; and will not repent, Thou art a Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedeck,' urges it to show the excellency of the priesthood of Christ above that of Aaron, and to prove that his priesthood shall never end; whereas, that of Aaron, being only a figure of his, was of necessity abolished when he came. Now, the same apostle assures us, that every high-priest 'is appointed to offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins,' Heb. v. 1: and he repeats it Heb. viii. 3: and adds, as a consequence of this essential office of a priest, 'Wherefore, it is necessary, that he also should have something to offer.' Seeing, therefore, that the order of Melchisedeck consisted in offering bread and wine, and that the great victim offered by Christ, is his own precious body and blood, it is only by offering these under the appearances of bread and wine, by the external ministry of his priests, that he continues a priest for ever of this order.

"The third proof is drawn from the expressions of the 'table of the Lord,' 'Altar,' and Priests,' used in different places by St. Paul, as proper to the Christian religion. See Hebrews xiii. 10, in which place the apostle says: 'We have an altar, whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle;' where the *altar* necessarily

implies the sacrifice offered upon it; and the *eating of the altar* shows the participation of that sacrifice by communion.

“To these plain proofs from scripture, may be added, that the constant tradition of the Christian world; all the most ancient liturgies; the universal testimony of the holy fathers; and the continual use of the names, Altar, Sacrifice, Oblation, Priest, and the like, in all antiquity, show, in the most convincing manner, that this holy sacrifice has been always used as the public solemn worship of God in the Christian church.* And I am sure, dear pa, that when you examine them with me you will find them equally plain and convincing.”

But just as our heroine had opened her books to continue her proofs of the Eucharistic Sacrifice from the testimony of the fathers and by the ancient liturgies, she was unexpectedly interrupted by a visit from her three amiable and ever-devoted friends. Exacting a promise from her father that he would at some other time hear her through, she laid her books aside and ran to meet and welcome them.

* Sincere Christian. p. 245—248.

CHAPTER XIV.

"'Twas on that evening when the last,
And most mysterious supper past;
When Christ with his disciples sat,
To close the law with legal meat;
Then to the twelve himself bestow'd,
With his own hands to be their food.
The Word made flesh for love of man,
By his word turns bread to flesh again;
And wine to blood, unseen by sense,
By virtue of Omnipotence."

PAULINE was not more surprised than delighted, a few days after her agreeable interruption of a pleasing task, to receive her father's invitation to pursue the subject of their late conversation.

"Suppose, dear pa," she observed, in reply to the remark by which he had broached the subject, "there were diversity of opinion upon some point of history, what to your mind would be the most satisfactory mode of ascertaining the truth and of establishing it beyond question?"

"I should consider a studious and impartial examination of the authorized and authentic records of the event or fact in question the only true and proper course; and I should at any time and on any question be willing to rest my conclusions upon information so derived."

"For example," continued Pauline, "if there were question raised, respecting some point in the mythology of the ancient Greeks or Romans, do I understand you

to say that you would rely for the settlement of the question upon an appeal to their mythological works and other such historical witnesses of the point in dispute?"

Pauline well knew that this was not only a favourite subject with her father, but also a mode of polemical warfare in which his classical taste often caused him to indulge; and she displayed as much art as skilfulness in first gaining his unqualified admissions; knowing that she had an inexhaustible store of precisely that kind of proof to sustain her positions respecting the Eucharistic Sacrifice, that she had so often heard her father wield in his disputes with his classical friends. Of course his reply to her last question was assent.

"I certainly," said he, "should consider your illustration in point, my love; and am willing to be bound by all I have admitted. But, remember," he added, smiling, "I have a *corps de réserve* with which I may perhaps surprise you when occasion calls it into action."

Pauline, in the eager exultation of her anticipated victory about to be so easily gained, caught the spirit of his military allusion, and replied:

"Then, dear pa, I advise you at once to ground the arms of your rebellion, for I am about to make an attack which you will soon acknowledge to be irresistible."

"I prefer the contest to an ignominious surrender;" replied Mr. Seward; and Pauline laying aside the pleasantry with which she had fallen into her father's humour, addressed herself seriously to her subject.

"In our last conversation, I treated the subject of the Eucharistic Sacrifice more particularly on scriptural grounds. Assuming your own weapons, dear pa, I shall now discuss it historically; and prove to you that the doctrine, as held by the Roman Catholic, was the

universal teaching of antiquity and the only one, on this subject, known to the primitive church.

“My first appeal shall be to the ancient Liturgies; wherein we shall find that the universal Church not only held that there is a sacrifice in the new Law, but that the victim therein mystically offered to God the Father was truly the body and blood, the soul and divinity of our Lord: in a word, that it is Christ, true God and true man.

“These Liturgies, as you are aware, were in universal use for ages before the Church is charged with having corrupted the doctrine in question, and hence removed from the least shadow of suspicion. They were the voice of the people, which, ascending up from the north and the south, from the east and the west, in every clime, by every language and tongue, proclaimed to all men, for all ages, that they held one Lord, one Faith, one holy and tremendous Sacrifice of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, offered for the quick and the dead, to have remission from the guilt and pain of sins. And, as often as we shall hear the universal voice of the Priesthood of the Christian church petition: ‘O God, turn not away from us sinners, handling this venerable and unbloody *Sacrifice*; avert not thy face while we celebrate this spiritual and unbloody *Sacrifice*,’ we shall hear the universal sound of prostrate and adoring millions exclaim: ‘I believe, I believe, I believe, it to be verily and indeed the holy body and the precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!’ With such a living testimony before them, who shall disbelieve?

“The first from which I shall quote are the Liturgies of St. Basil, which, though they may have suffered minor alterations to suit some circumstance of time or place, have ever been carefully preserved from sacrile-

gious hands in whatsoever pertains to the substance of the holy sacrifice. And it is truly wonderful to note, that, however they may have suffered in other respects from the temerity of heretics, there is a perfect harmony on all points touching the oblation of the bread and wine, and their change into the body and blood of our Lord.

“The Liturgies of St. Basil are three in number; the Alexandrine Liturgy, the Coptic, and that used by the Greeks upon certain great occasions. Hear what the first says:

“‘O God, who hast sent thy beloved son, that he might bring back thy wandering sheep, turn not away us sinners, who offer to thee this *tremendous and unbloody sacrifice*,’ &c. ‘It pleases thee to constitute us ministers of thy New Testament, administrators of thy holy mysteries, that we may be made worthy to offer to thee gifts and *sacrifices*;—grant us, that with all fear and a pure conscience, we may offer thee *this spiritual and unbloody sacrifice*; that receiving it upon thy high Altar,’ &c. Such is the evidence drawn from the Alexandrine Liturgy. The Coptic Liturgy uses language still more strong, if that be possible; but as it does not contain the single word *Thusian*, sacrifice, I will, for the present, defer reference to it, and pass on to that which is used by the Greeks.

“‘I beseech thee, O Lord, look upon me;—purge my soul, and make me by the virtue of thy Holy Spirit pure, that being endued with the grace of the *priesthood*, I may assist at this holy table, and that I may *consecrate thy holy and immaculate body and thy precious blood*.—May it please thee, O Lord, that since we are ministers (we may be made) worthy to offer thee *this reasonable and unbloody sacrifice*.’

“Let us now consult the Liturgy of St. James. This

Liturgy is used by the Melchites, a name given to the Syriac, Egyptian, and other Christians of the Levant; and also the Jacobites or Monophysites, a general name given to all those sectaries in the Levant who maintain that the divine and human natures of Christ were so united as to form only one nature.”* And first:

“‘O God, the Father, who on account of thy great and ineffable love towards man hast sent thy Son into the world that he might bring back the wandering sheep, turn not away from us sinners, handling *this adorable and unbloody sacrifice*.’ Again—‘We offer to Thee, O Lord, *this adorable and unbloody sacrifice*, beseeching Thee that thou wilt not deal with us according to our sins.’

“And second, according to that of Eusebius: ‘O God, the Father, who on account of thy great and ineffable love towards man, hast sent thy Son into the world, that he might bring back thy wandering sheep, turn not away thy face from us while we celebrate *this spiritual and unbloody sacrifice*. We offer to Thee this terrible and unbloody sacrifice, that thou deal not with us, O Lord, according to our sins.’

“The same divine truth may be attested, in similar language, by the Liturgies of St. Justin, of Theodorus, of Jerusalem, of Constantinople, of the Nestorians, and of all others. You may search in vain for an ancient Liturgy that contains them not, or words of equivalent signification. Amongst those even who have apostatized from the Faith, you may search, and, it is true, find changes, but none that touch this point of the Holy Sacrifice; for, however rash, the temerity of man has

* Of this Liturgy there are many copies in circulation, from two of which only quotations are here made; that taken from the books of the ancient Fathers, edit. Lugdun. tom. ii., and that of Eusebius Renaudotius, *Liturgiarum Orient.* tom. ii., p. 29.

never dared to alter them in this particular ; that is a crime left for churchmen to perform ; so that through the whole course of eighteen centuries we have, excepting that little faction of Anglicans, a perpetual and a universal voice concurring in the doctrine of the Eucharistic sacrifice. And not less uniform and explicit has been the universal testimony with respect to the subject or victim of this mystical rite, Jesus Christ. The Liturgy of Jerusalem attests the faith in no faltering accents. The following is its unmystified language :

“ ‘ Have mercy on us, O God, the Father Almighty, and send thy Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, equal in dominion to thee and to thy Son, who descended in the likeness of a dove on our Lord Jesus Christ—who descended on the holy Apostles in the likeness of tongues of fire ;—that coming, He make this bread the life-giving body, the saving body, the heavenly body, the body giving health to souls and bodies, **THE BODY OF OUR LORD GOD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST**, for the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it ; Amen. And may make what is in this chalice, the blood of the New Testament, the saving blood, the life-giving blood, the heavenly blood, the blood giving health to souls and bodies, **THE BLOOD OF OUR LORD GOD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST** ; Amen. Wherefore, O Lord, we offer to thee this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice, for thy holy places which thou hast enlightened by the manifestation of Christ, thy Son.’ ”*

“ How, dear pa, could words convey more certain and intelligible sense than these ? This language is as old as the Christian Church itself : and remains the perpetual, unchanging monument of the faith of the first Christians.

* Renaudotius Liturgiarum Orientalium Collectio, tom. ii., pp. 33, 34.

If, immediately after the resurrection, the disciples had declared to the crowds that followed them, 'we have seen the life-giving *body*, the saving body, the heavenly body, the body giving health to souls and bodies, the body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,' would a hearer, however he might have doubted the fact, have supposed they meant to be understood as saying that they saw a *spirit*? And yet churchmen can quibble upon a phrase, and all Protestants imagine, that when they sit or kneel to take a mouthful of bread or a sup of wine, that they are partaking of the *sacrament* which our Lord instituted, and which the early Christians taught, practised and handed down!

"Here is the Greek Liturgy, let us see what testimony it gives: whether it regards the sacrament of the altar as a mere participation of bread and wine in 'remembrance' of the death of Christ, or as a real, true and propitiatory sacrifice in which *Christ* is mystically slain, and truly and properly offered. It says:

"'Make me by thy Holy Spirit meet, that being endued with the grace of the *Priesthood*, I may assist at this holy table, and consecrate thy holy and immaculate body and thy precious blood—FOR THOU ART HE WHO OFFERS AND ART OFFERED.' Again: 'May it please thee, O Lord, that since we are thy ministers, (we may be made) worthy to offer thee this reasonable and unbloody sacrifice, &c. With confidence we approach thy holy Altar, and offering the *antitype* of the holy body and blood of Christ, we pray and beseech,' &c.

"The Roman Liturgy was the principal Liturgy used in the west, from the first ages of the Church. It is believed to have had no less illustrious an author than St. Peter himself, and may be considered as the undoubted witness of the faith of Christ's Church in that precious

portion of his heritage; whose faith has never faltered on her tongue. It says:

“ ‘We beseech thee, O God, to cause that this oblation be in all things blessed, admitted, ratified, reasonable, acceptable; that it may become for us the body of thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.—We offer to thy supreme majesty, of thy gifts and benefits, *a pure host, a holy host, an unspotted host*, the holy bread of eternal life, and the chalice of everlasting salvation.’

“ ‘The Apostolic Liturgy is so called, because taken from the Apostolical Constitutions, eighth book. These Constitutions were written in the fourth century. It says:

“ ‘We beseech thee to look down favourably upon these gifts, in honour of Jesus Christ, and to send down upon this sacrifice, thy Holy Spirit, the witness of the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, *that he may make this bread become the body of thy Christ, and this chalice his blood.*’

“ ‘The language of the Syriac Liturgy is still more emphatic.

“ ‘May thy Holy Spirit come down upon us, and upon these gifts, which we have presented, and may he sanctify them, and make this bread the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly body, the life-giving body, the precious body, for the expiation of faults, and the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it.’

“ ‘Of the many which still remain,—all of which would testify to the same heaven-inspiring doctrine,—I will quote but from one more; the Alexandrian Liturgy, called also the Liturgy of St. Gregory. It uses the following striking language:

“ ‘O King of Glory!—thou hast committed to us the celebration of this liturgical and unbloody sacrifice—

make us worthy to stand at thy holy table, and to consecrate thy immaculate body and thy precious blood. Do thou, O Lord, by thy voice, *change* these offerings; do thou, who art here present, complete this mystical liturgy. Do thou send down thy Holy Spirit, that coming, He may sanctify and *transmute* these precious offerings and holy gifts into the very body and blood of our redemption, and may he MAKE INDEED THIS BREAD TO BE THY BODY, O LORD GOD AND SAVIOUR, AND SOVEREIGN KING OF US ALL, JESUS CHRIST, for the remission of sins, and life eternal to those who communicate of it. Amen.'

"Thus might I quote from the Liturgies of St. Mark, and of St. Chrysostom; the Liturgies of the Armenians, and of the Ethiopians, and many others; but I do not wish to exhaust your patience, dear pa, for I still have the individual testimony of the Fathers to add to, and to illustrate this more general testimony of the liturgical service of the universal Church.

"St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, after having explained to the Neophytes the order of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, says: 'Now when the spiritual *Sacrifice* is ended, and this unbloody worship rendered to God, by means of the *Host of expiation*, is finished, we pray for the peace of all the churches.'*

"So also St. Augustine says: 'As you know, the sacrifice of the Jews, according to the rite of Aaron, consisted in the offering of beasts, and this, in mystery; as yet the *Sacrifice of the body and blood of the Lord was not*, which the faithful understand, and they who have read the Gospel; *which Sacrifice is now diffused through all the world.*'†

* Twenty-third Catechetical Instructions to the Neophytes

† Ennarat I. in Psalm 33, T. iv. p. 210.

“The following extract is from an epistle of St. Cyril, read in the General Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, and approved by the Council, as conveying the belief of the universal church. ‘On this occasion it is our duty to add, that while we announce the death of Jesus, the only Son of God, and His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension into Heaven, we likewise celebrate the unbloody Sacrifice in the Churches, approach to the mystic thanksgiving, and are thus sanctified, being made partakers of the sacred flesh, and precious blood of Christ, the Saviour of us all,’ &c.

“And St. Cyril of Alexandria,—in his commentary on St. John vi. 57: For he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him,—uses language still more emphatic. He says: ‘And what is the meaning and efficacy of this mystic Eucharist? Is it not that Christ corporally dwells in us, by the participation and communion of His holy flesh? It is here proper to observe that Christ does not say, that He will be in us only by a certain regard of affection, but by a natural participation. For as he that shall melt wax upon wax, forms one body of two, so by partaking of the body and blood of Christ, He is united to us, and we in return, are united to him. The Son, therefore, is in us, corporally as man, commixed and united to us by the mystic Eucharist; but spiritually as God, by the virtue and grace of his Spirit, renovating our own spirit in us, and making us partakers of his life and divine nature. By the mediation of Christ, therefore, we enter into a union with God and the Father, receiving him within us, corporally and spiritually, who by nature, and truly is the Son, and consubstantial with him, and thus we are glorified, being made partakers of, and associates to the supreme divine nature.’”

*Lib. x. p. 862, and lib. xi. p. 1001—2.

“Theodotus bishop of Ancyra, in Galacia, in his sermon on the birth of Christ, says: ‘He, who, at that time, by his ineffable power, drew the Magi to godliness, has also, this day, called us together; not now lying in a manger, but placed before us on this saving table, for that manger was the parent of this table.’ And St. Isadore speaks not less plainly. ‘On the mysterious table,’ says he, ‘it is He, the Holy Ghost, who from the communion bread, *produces the very* body of Jesus Christ incarnate.’ And again, St. Sylvanus says: ‘The Jews had but the shadow; we enjoy the reality. They ate manna—we, Christ. They, the flesh of birds—we, the body of a God. They, the dew of heaven—we, the God of Heaven.’* ”

“Such, dear pa, is the language of the Saints of the Church of God, their unanimous language, for I have scarcely passed the threshold of the inexhaustible theme. St. Ignatius, St. Justin, St. Irenæus, Origen, St. Hippolytus, Eusebius, St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Ephrem, and innumerable others, of every nation, clime and tongue, and of every age, from the apostles down, unite in one unbroken phalanx, and with one voice declare this and this alone to be the faith of the Church of Christ. And who are they, which say, ‘no; this is not the doctrine of Christ?’ A handful of Episcopalians, of whose existence these holy doctors never dreamed: a few Presbyterians, who, like the former, were unheard of until the sixteenth century; together with a sprinkling of Methodists and Baptists, who are younger even than they. These are the puny voices that are raised against the hundreds of millions who have lived and died in the Faith of which I speak: and of which St. Irenæus, in his book against heretics, says: ‘The church extended to

* Adv. Avaritiam, lib. ii. p. 246, Paris edition.

the boundaries of the earth, received her faith from the apostles and disciples. Having received it she carefully retained it, as if dwelling in one house, as possessing one soul and one heart, the same faith she delivers and teaches with one accord; and as if gifted with one tongue; for though in the world there be various modes of speech, the tradition of doctrine is one and the same. In the churches of Spain and Gaul, in those of the East, of Egypt and of Africa, and in the middle regions, is the same belief, the same teaching. For as the world is enlightened by one sun, so does the preaching of one Faith enlighten all men that are willing to come to the knowledge of the truth.* Can the sects quote such language? Alas! no.

“Let us for a moment dwell upon its institution. When Christ, on the night in which he was betrayed, took bread in his holy and immaculate hands, by the word of his power, which out of nothing created worlds, and out of dust, our flesh, then from bread producing† the victim, instituted this sacrificial rite. He had, from time to time, during his sojourn with men, impressed upon the minds of his disciples, that to be really and truly his, he must be in them, and they in him; that they and he must be one, as he and his Father were one; that, in fine, to use the strongest terms of which language is capable, they must eat him—eat his flesh and drink his blood.‡ Many disgusted went away. Peter, the rock of faith, believed,—he understood not how it was to be, but he believed; and in the name of his believing brethren, confessed his faith. And in that awful night on which the destinies of a fallen world were hung, the

* *Adversus Hereses*, lib. 1, p. 48, 49.

† *St. Isadore*.

‡ *St. John*, chap. vi.

object of their faith was seen. The bread made flesh! —made flesh, and offered for their sins! The wine made blood! The blood of the New Testament, shed for them and for many.* That night they saw the Jewish types and shadows fade, and this, the mystic anti-type, appear. What, trembling, they believed, they now saw eye to eye; and ate; and thus became flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone, and blood of His blood. This was the object of the rite; this was what their Saviour had foretold; this was to be the means by which they, and all who by them believed, should be made really and truly members of Christ, by faith in him. It is of this holy rite, this heavenly food, that modern sectarists would deprive us. They deny the Lord that bought them; they malign the spiritual food he left us to be the life of the soul; they contradict the voice of all antiquity; they seduce men to believe that there is no sacrifice for sins, and that, in the empty shadow, which they call sacrament, life and communion with Christ is found.

“In what has preceded, dear pa, you may perhaps think it strange, that your daughter, a poor weak girl, should seem to soar to such high places, and be familiar among the learned; but, if you will take the trouble to examine the credentials of the Faith, of which I am unworthy to be a participant, your surprise will be turned into admiration, that there is a form of religion, the provisions of whose instructions are such, and so large that the simplest mind may be fortified with knowledge, and the humblest intellect be made to take the sublimest flights.

“Trusting that I have said enough to convince you

* St. Luke xxii.

that the Catholic has no difficulty to refute the odious charge of the 'idolatry of the Mass,' I will endeavour to answer the first two objections which you made ; I shall then," she added, with a momentary smile, "be ready to meet your *corps de réserve*.

"Your first objection to the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist is that it is absurd to regard it as being really and truly the body of Christ, because he himself sat visibly before their eyes, at the table. To this I reply, that with God all things are possible ; that his control over matter is infinite, and that it was as easy for him to furnish his disciples with the spiritual food that he promised them—his flesh and blood—as it was to extend the substance of a few small fishes, and a few loaves of bread to the superabundant feeding of thousands : and that there is no more absurdity in the one than in the other. And moreover, we have the authority of Christ for believing as we do : and when he says, this is my body, and this is my blood, we have no more right to doubt that he *meant* what he said, or that it is *such* as he said, than we have to doubt what he said when he declared himself to be coequal with the Father.

"You consider it absurd, in the second place, because the appearance of the elements of bread and wine remain after the mystical change is declared to have taken place. To this I again reply, that it is not for the creature to place bounds to the power of the Creator, and that what He says we must believe and do : but further, until we can know what is the nature of the ultimate particles of matter, we cannot pronounce of what changes they may be susceptible and still retain their natural appearances. God alone can control and do with them what he will ;

man can only look upon the work of his hand, and wonder. God speaks ; man believes."

Whether Mr. Seward was weary of the subject, or whether he thought it better to meditate upon what he had heard, he did not attempt to controvert what his daughter had advanced : and Pauline, not wishing to pursue a subject, which, perhaps from disinclination to converse upon it, her father left so entirely in her own hands, determined not again to refer to it unless in reply to his inquiries.

CHAPTER XV.

And what of him? did he take interest?—ANTONIO.

MR. SEWARD'S mind was heavily oppressed with the sad condition, as he regarded it, of his worldly prospects. He had, it is true, by means of the ordeal through which he had passed, acquired the courage to look upon his circumstances without absolute dismay, but unused as he had been to struggle against difficulties, and unacquainted with business of any kind, it was necessarily with the gravest apprehension that he looked along the dim vista of the future. But the good providence of God, even while it inflicts the heaviest chastisement or permits the most grievous afflictions, always tempers justice with mercy, and apportions strength according to the weight of the trial. It was an imperious spirit that was to be subdued, and it was no slight bereavement that could effect the object; therefore, God stripped him of all that he had possessed, and left him, like the patient Chaldean, with only his life. God ever tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and thus, although Pauline was made to share her father's grief, it was so permitted that she might be taught a lesson of humility which is never learned but in the dark valley of affliction.

Mr. Seward was seated at his desk painfully ruminating upon its worthless contents, consisting of business letters, certificates of stocks, which had proved as evanescent and empty as they once seemed permanent and

valuable ; bonds of broken banks, two years previously worth a third more than the sums upon their face ; now, —waste paper! together with policies, &c., &c., which had but too certainly proved,—bad. These useless slips, Mr. Seward had arranged with a sort of mechanical precision preparatory to committing them to the flames. Turning to Pauline, who was sitting at the opposite side of the room busily engaged in copying her last piece of music,

“There! my love,” said he, with a sigh, “those would have been destroyed long before this, had I had the consciousness or strength to have concerned myself about them ; but they shall now no longer mock us with their impotence.”

“Of what are you speaking, dear pa?” inquired Pauline, as she arose, and leaning over the shoulder of her father awaited his explanation.

Of course she knew not of any value that might be attached to the papers which her father exhibited to her as being once the representatives of their wealth, but when she understood that it was his intention to destroy them, the novel desire presented itself to her to preserve them as the monuments, not of what they once possessed, but of what the deprivation of them had been the means of restoring to her ; reconciliation with, and the renewed love of her father, and she plead for their preservation as the patriarch of old plead for the cities of the plain. It was with difficulty that he could be turned from his original purpose, but at last he yielded to her entreaties and placed them in her hands.

It is said, no evil happens but that woman is to be found somewhere at the bottom of it. Without passing an opinion as to its truthfulness, it may with certainty be said, that she is equally blended with all the good that falls to the lot of man. She is the bright star of his

existence, which, in the darkest hour of his troubles, still illumines his path, and with the radiance of her smiles inspires his breast with courage and hope, where only bitterness and desolation prevailed. Such has been the effect of Pauline's devotion to her father; such may now be this particular fancy to preserve those fragile representatives of former circumstances.

Mr. Seward was now perfectly restored to health, and the day had arrived on which he had determined to make his appearance in the business part of the city, with the hope that something might occur that would suit the necessities of his case. He knew that he should be subjected to the mortification of meeting with men, who once had regarded him with excessive marks of external respect, and who now would disdain to notice him; but this did not make it less his duty to exert himself in the laudable effort to sustain himself and daughter in their independence; and he was a man of too much real dignity and nobleness to regard the littleness of proud men, and of too good sense not to know that he stood infinitely above all persons of that class, be their pretensions what they might.

It was with an anxious and doubting heart that Pauline assisted him in the preparations for his first essay abroad, since their residence in Park Row. She feared the trials to which he would be exposed; the many disappointments which she knew must befall him in common with hundreds similarly situated. It had been in vain that she had pictured to him—perhaps in too glowing colours—the ample supply for all their wants which the labours of her own hand produced. She had again and again deterred him from pursuing the bent of his inclinations, by appeals to his own shattered health, but even these have lost their force, now that he feels the fresh blood of health

coursing coolly through his veins. And finally, she had drawn the most ardent descriptions of the soothing quietness of their present mode of life, contrasted with the turmoil and distraction of any other. But all her eloquence failed before the high resolve of her father; and now that he stands upon the threshold of the door ready to depart upon his precarious errand, she gazes upon him with tearful eyes, and still clings to him, reluctant to let him leave her sight.

"This is a weakness, my love, that ill becomes a daughter of mine," he gently whispered; and pressing her to his bosom, he imprinted a paternal kiss upon her upturned face, and with many promises not to delay his return, passed out into the street. Without reply, she yielded all further opposition. She gazed after him as long as he could be seen, and then, with one more waive of the hand, withdrew into the house to pass the anxious hours that must intervene before his return, with as much composure as she knew how to assume.

The appearance of Mr. Seward in the business parts of the city, and especially at the Exchange, after so protracted an absence, caused no little sensation among those who knew how deeply he had been involved in the financial schemes of the day; and set various conjectures afloat as to what it might portend. He was known to have been a large holder of certain stocks, which had of late been in great demand, and on account of which, some time previously, when Mr. Seward was yet confined to his bed, more than one, of those cormorant speculators, who like harpies hover about the unsuspecting, and by their rapacity bring unmerited obloquy upon the respectable of their profession, had called at his house in Park Row. But the tender solicitude of his daughter, which would not permit of any one

disturbing him, had effectually excluded them from approaching him ; and she being unacquainted with their business character, had allowed the remembrance of their visits to slip from her mind, and hence kept her father uninformed respecting them.

But Mr. Seward's thoughts were far from dwelling upon stocks, or any thing relating thereto, as he passed along ; indeed, they could not be said to be dwelling upon any particular subject ; for, during his lonely and hopeless walk, he had become perfectly abstracted, lost, objectless. He moved along mechanically, regardless of whither he went.

A Mr. Evelard, a gentleman distinguished not less for his urbanity than for his unaffected benevolence and goodness of heart, with whom Mr. Seward had made heavy exchanges, and into whose hands much of his capital had flowed, saw his former dealer, while he was yet some distance up the street ; and without permitting it to appear as if it were an intentional act, stepped out upon the side-walk, directly in the way which Mr. Seward must pass.

“ Good morning, Mr. Seward ! ” exclaimed he, in a tone of surprise, as soon as he had approached within speaking distance ; “ you are quite a stranger on 'Change. ”

Mr. Seward started in confusion at the sound of his name, and looking up, his embarrassment was not a little increased to find himself in the presence of a gentleman, into whose hands so large a portion of his wealth had found its way ; the only return for which was a few slips of waste paper, and “ promises to pay. ” He, however, took the hand that was proffered him, and overcoming his embarrassment, entered as cheerfully into conversation as the state of his feelings would allow.

"Yes," he replied, "Mr. Evelard, I have necessarily been a stranger to a place, which at best cannot have very many attractions for one of my experience."

Mr. Evelard did not need an explanation of Mr. Seward's words, and expressing, not in words, but in tone of voice, the sympathy that he really felt, replied:

"Oh! not so bad, my friend, not so bad, perhaps, as one at first sight might suppose. Come, come, it may after all be, that if we were to compare notes, the advantage would appear greatly in your favour."

He spoke in sincerity, and with not the most remote intention of wounding a sensitive and already lacerated heart; but Mr. Seward misunderstood him, and with his nostrils gradually dilating, and a look of scorn, faintly at first, curving his lips, "Sir, would you trample upon a prostrate man?" was on the point of bursting from his indignant breast; but observing the countenance of Mr. Evelard suddenly changed, he repressed his indignation.

"I fear you have misunderstood me, Mr. Seward," observed that gentleman; "you certainly cannot suspect me of wishing to wound your feelings: but," he hastily added, "walk into my office, and we can there discuss the whole subject without interruption."

Mr. Seward was not pleased with the tone the conversation had assumed, nevertheless, he gave a reluctant assent, and followed the broker into his office. When they were seated, he continued:

"No pursuit, which has money for its object, is so precarious as ours; reverses are of daily and hourly occurrence, and inexperienced dealers, especially if they be at the same time heavy dealers, at once become panic stricken; and regarding their affairs as irretrievable, dispose of their stock just at the wrong time, and are thus induced to censure the system of exchanges, instead of

their own imprudence. There were hundreds, my dear sir, who held precisely the same stock as that which you obtained of me. When the panic arose, many of them sold, and lost; those who had the courage to hold on, made. As we have not seen you, Mr. Seward, or heard of your movements in the market, I am induced to express the hope that you have still retained your shares; for, if you have not, I shall again, perhaps, inflict pain when I tell you, that the holder of the paper, which I had the honour to transfer to your hands, is worth thirty-three and a third per cent. more than you gave me for it; and that it is likely to run still higher."

As the candid speaker concluded his observations, Mr. Seward drew a long-suppressed breath; his brain reeled with excitement, while large drops of perspiration burst out from his forehead, and coursed each other down his face. He experienced positive agony; and for a time he made no effort to reply. Mr. Evelard felt deeply interested to ascertain the facts of the case; but, assuming a practised indifference, and drumming with his fingers upon the edge of his desk, he patiently awaited until Mr. Seward was ready to reply.

"Really," said he at last, "Mr. Evelard, I had regarded the whole affair as hopelessly irretrievable; and having been, by protracted and severe indisposition, so long removed from the sources of information, I confess that I had regarded it as so much waste paper. I had devoted the whole of it to the flames, and, in fact, have destroyed much that I deemed an encumbrance, but whether any of that particular paper was among it, I confess I cannot tell."

"Where is your residence, Mr. Seward?" inquired the broker, with intense interest now depicted upon his

countenance, "this is a matter of too much importance to be allowed to rest in uncertainty."

"At present I reside at the West End," Mr. Seward replied.

"Will you permit me to accompany you there, my dear sir, that we may at once ascertain the true state of the case?"

"I fear, that would be putting you to too much trouble."

"Not at all;" replied Mr. Evelard, "though if there were need of an excuse, I have business myself at the West End, this morning, which would be as well transacted now as at a later hour."

Mr. Seward offered no further opposition; and Mr. Evelard, economical of time, led the way to the nearest vehicle. Considerable curiosity was excited "on 'Change," among the quidnuncs of financial scheming, at the sight of the former millionaire and the first broker of the board leaving the office in company. Numerous were the whisperings concerning it. "See how the imperturbable Doctor," so Mr. Evelard was familiarly termed by his confreres, "almost without effort succeeds; while we, who have made every effort to secure that spec., have failed." "It can't be so bad a breakup as report says," observed another: "or we should not have witnessed that marriage," facetiously observed a third, referring to the meeting of the two gentlemen.

A few minutes after found them set down before Mr. Seward's house, Park Row. Pauline heard the vehicle draw up before the door; and the first impulse of her anxious heart, still whispering some new theme of sadness, instantly told her that some accident had happened. She flew to the door with terror depicted on her countenance; but was soon relieved from her fears, and at the

same time not a little embarrassed to find herself the object of the admiring attentions of a perfect stranger. Shrinking away, she retired to her chamber, leaving the gentlemen uninterruptedly to pursue the object which they had in view.

When seated in the little front parlour, Mr. Seward despatched Betty with the message to Pauline that she would send him the packages of papers which he had given to her a few days previously. Pauline had carefully arranged them, and stowed them away in a neat little box, that formed the receptacle of all her most valued correspondence and literary gems; these she displaced, and locking the box, unconscious of the value of its contents, handed it to Betty to convey to her father. Mr. Seward received it trembling between hope and fear; and laying it before him upon the table, exposed its contents to the eye of the expectant broker.

The certificates, policies, &c., &c., were tied up in small parcels, separately; these Mr. Seward removed one by one, reading their headings as he handed them over to Mr. Evelard, to pronounce upon their value. Apparently with as much indifference as if he were counting straws, he passed hurriedly on, with a few brief remarks upon each.

"Worthless:" was his sententious observation upon the first small package.

"Hopeless, at present, but with a prospect of reviving:" he said of the second.

"This will bring ten on the hundred. No more;" he exclaimed.

"Irrecoverably lost!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, as he violently dashed the fourth package, which Mr. Seward had handed him, upon the table. It consisted of

shares in a broken bank, by speculating upon which the broker himself had been a heavy loser.

“Ah! sir, that’s the paper, sir! that’s the paper, sir, which I love to see!” He sprang upon his feet as he spoke, holding the precious sheets quivering in the air above his head; perfectly astounding Mr. Seward with the celerity of his movements and the rapidity of his enunciation. “That’s the paper, sir, that is worth possessing. You felt yourself insulted this morning, Mr. Seward, when I spoke of comparing notes, and finding a difference in your favour. Now, sir, we need not pass many words upon that subject; in the first place, as your friend, I advise you to keep it but a few days longer, and you can then dispose of it at an advance of fifty per cent. ! on what it originally cost you. But should you not feel disposed to do that, I will now give you its present marketable value, which is thirty-three and a third. What is your reply, sir?” closing his hurried offer as abruptly as he had begun.

Mr. Seward could scarcely believe his senses. His most considerable investment had been made in the stock in question; and it had been to obtain that identical article that the ‘knowing ones’ on ‘change, had so often sought access to Mr. Seward, but who, as already observed, had been denied that advantage by the solicitude of Pauline. But Mr. Seward was now in the hands of a gentleman; and although astonishment, for the time, had deprived him of the power to reply, he at last, extending his hand to Mr. Evelard, said:

“My dear sir, for myself, I can say, that I am heartily tired of stocks and of every thing pertaining to them. If you are satisfied to regard the paper of the value you name, and are content to take it on those terms, it is yours: and in being content with the thirty-three and a

third as you quote it, no one will more heartily wish that you may reap all the advance upon it that you have named, than I shall."

"It is done, my dear sir: it is done. Return with me to the office, and I shall be but too happy to square accounts with you. But stay," continued he, "let us go on to the end; we may find something more here."

It is not necessary to follow them through the examination which ensued this discovery. It is sufficient to remark, that some proved equally worthless as were the first which were noted; others, not altogether hopeless; a small amount, at par, and the residue of mixed values; and upon summing up the whole it was found that Mr. Seward had paid for his experiments in stock speculations to the amount of about forty thousand dollars; of a portion of which, it is true, some hope remained, as the certificates representing it were not pronounced, by the sagacious broker, as altogether hopeless.

Mr. Seward again summoned the faithful Betty, and replacing the now almost empty box in her hands, directed her to return it to her mistress and inform her that he had again gone out, but would return in the course of an hour. He and Mr. Evelard then resumed their seats in the carriage, and were soon on their way to the office of the latter. It had been agreed upon between them, that half the required sum now due to Mr. Seward, should be paid at once, and the remainder on the sale of the stock; Mr. Evelard entering into bonds for the same. But little delay was experienced in procuring the necessary amount, and Mr. Seward once more turned his face toward home with a bounding heart, and light, elastic step.

"And sure, ma'm, I never did see Mr. Seward in such a hurry, ma'm; why ma'm, there must be some-

thing a going that's very wrong, or very right, and I don't know which, because, ma'm, once I saw him laugh, and then I saw him cry, or something very like it, ma'm : don't you wish you know'd ma'm, what it is? I'm sure I do, if it was only to comfort you a bit." Such was the jumble with which mistress Betty returned the box to Pauline.

Pauline herself was not a little agitated, but on taking the box, she simply intimated her desire to be left alone. Betty having thus no other means left her of relieving herself of the fidgetty restlessness which the developments of the last hour had caused, ran to the door to see if she could possibly obtain the very smallest, tiniest little bit of a glimpse of the carriage ; it would have been such a comfort to her dear warm heart, in her anxiety to find out something. But no, it had gone, and she closed the door with a very knowing shake of the head, muttering :

" Well, it went that way, anyhow!" and returning to the solitude of her kitchen, she heroically resolved " jist to wait till she could find out what it was."

Pauline, on examining her box, found very few of her sad mementoes remaining ; but no pretext that she could devise was of sufficient plausibility to relieve the perplexity which heavily oppressed her bosom. She had sat for more than an hour revolving every possible contingency ; but the truth was the least and last of all the solutions of which her doubting heart could admit the possibility. Thus was it that she still sat absorbed in thought, when she heard the front door open and a rapid step, altogether unlike the tread of her father, moving along the entry and as quickly ascending the stairs. The next instant Mr. Seward, unable to restrain the impetus that urged him on, burst into the room, and threw a roll

of notes and checks into his daughter's lap, exclaiming:

"There, my love, my own Pauline, is half your fortune!"

Pauline, scarcely understanding what her father said, and not regarding the wealth so unexpectedly thrown at her feet, sprang forward, at the sight of her father, and was clasped in his warm embrace.

CHAPTER XVI.

Why sits she thus in solitude ? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
As if to let its heavy throbbings through ;
In her dark eye a depth of softness dwells,
Deeper than e'er her careless girlhood wore ;
And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.
AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE dark, foreboding clouds, which had for so long a time overshadowed their path, were now sullenly, but rapidly retiring from the horizon of their heretofore joyous life. Two bright months had been added to the circling year, since the events already recorded had transpired ; sufficient time, without violence to the most delicate nerves, once again to traverse the deep blue sea.

It was near the close of a northern winter, but, on a beautiful day for a southern clime, that Eugene Neville sat musingly, under the refreshing shade of a broad leaf palm ; a grove of which ornamented the grounds in front of the paternal mansion. Though an expression of anxiety clouded his face, yet calm resignation seemed to be its most prominently delineated feature. Both characteristics, however, sufficiently indicated that his thoughts were at that moment roaming over scenes ever grateful to the memory and dear to the heart, though by some remarkable providence now mysteriously involved in distress. He had heard from his friends but once since he had left them ; and even that letter was little more than one of acknowledgment and

remonstrance with respect to the final step he had taken to save them from the possibility of pecuniary embarrassment; and to inform him that the blank check-book had been put into the hands of his banker, for safe keeping, until his return; but that his letter would ever be preserved as a valuable memento of the goodness of his heart.

The whole scene spread out before and around him harmoniously chimed with his feelings and imbued him with the spirit of pleasing painful revery. The broad expanse of water was gently undulating to the pressure of the playful breeze: the breeze came fresh and lightly over the bounding wave, laden with the rich fragrance of orange groves, and citron, and a thousand perfumes of that sunny isle blended in one delicious, enervating sweet. One little, dark cloud was the only feature of the enchanting prospect, which encouraged a gloomy thought; but that thought, like the cloud, continued to expand until it threatened to overcast the whole scene. At length, wearied thought flagged—languished—died; or, rather, gave place to the fantastic creations of dreamy revelry; for without an effort, fanned by the grateful breeze, sleep had sealed his senses, and bright images gilded the horizon of his roving thoughts. A new and spirit-like world arose before him, peopled with beings of transcendent loveliness. He seemed to stand upon celestial soil, beside a sparkling stream, whose musical murmurings were blended with the voice of myriads of feathered warblers. Music, symphonious, subdued the powers of the soul and held him enchanted where he stood. Suddenly the bright vision faded from his view; the rill that flowed beneath his feet seemed to be checked in its course; its murmurings ceased as its ripples died away; the birds suppressed their warblings; and the music

which had enchained him melted into air. One sad figure arose before him. It was Pauline's : beautiful as ever, but clothed in the tattered, squalid garments of want. The cold dew of agony moistened his forehead as the gloomy vision passed on. It was an agony too intense for repose, and starting in his slumbers, he awoke—Black Sam stood before him with a letter in his hand, patiently waiting until the slumber of his young master should end ! With an expression of surprise, he shook off the drowsiness, together with the painful feelings which had oppressed him, and taking the letter recognised with feverish delight the handwriting of Mr. Seward.

Let those, and those only, who may be similarly situated with Eugene, and who have an equal prize at stake, judge him for the extravagant joy he exhibited when he read the following letter :

“ *Mordant Hall, March 2d, 18—.*

“ EUGENE,—My dear boy, I have the happiness once again to address you from the old homestead. We made our *grande entrée* to-day ; and I have made use of the first leisure moment, not to tell you all the particulars—those you shall hear as soon as you obey the summons which this letter makes upon you—but simply to state the fact. The day would have been celebrated by a suitable entertainment, but that one individual is absent, whose presence is absolutely necessary as master of the ceremonies ; and inasmuch as the said individual is at the present time somewhere on the island of Tobago, he is ordered, immediately on the receipt of this, to repair as above stated.

“ Pauline pretends that all these things do not make her happy. She wears such a grave countenance

through it all, that you might be led to suppose that she experiences positive regret; and were it not that, now,—as she sits at my elbow, watching lest by a slip of the pen, ‘Pauline sends her love to you,’ should find a place on my page,—I did not hear her heart beating for joy, I should be tempted to ask her what she intends to cry about. But adieu, adieu, my boy, the old man is getting foolish, so he must close with one last injunction—hasten.

CALVIN SEWARD.”

Such was the facetious strain in which the happy father addressed his young favourite, and it needs not to be recorded with what alacrity his last order was obeyed. Leaving him, therefore, to expedite his movements as may best suit him, we will precede him, at a more rapid rate, to take one more lingering look, with Pauline, at the old house in Park Row. It may afford us an opportunity to retrieve the fault of the abrupt leave we last took of the happy father and his daughter. Well, there it stands precisely as we left it, a neat little two-story brick. The reader will remember the surprise of Pauline when Mr. Seward returned from the city the second time. That surprise was not diminished when her father related to her the manner in which his attention had been called to the value of paper, that, had not Pauline been near as his guardian angel, would two weeks previously have been consigned to the flames. Pauline is just wiping the moisture from her eyes for the twentieth time, as she sits gazing at the evidences of the wonderful change, which the events of the last three hours had caused in her father. His eye again sparkled with the fire of youth; his cheek glowed as it was wont, and even his hair

seemed less sprinkled with white than it had become during the last two years of sickness and sorrow.

Mr. Seward immediately took the necessary steps for ascertaining what prospect there might be, of his re-obtaining possession of the mansion, which had, until now, been in the family for several generations. It was at present in the possession of a gentleman, an acquaintance of his, who sincerely congratulated him upon his anticipated return to his former position in society; and who, especially as he had found Mordant Hall more commodious than he desired, was perfectly willing that it should return to its former owner. As soon as the preliminaries were settled, the purchase made, and possession given, Mr. Seward gave to his upholsterer a *carte blanche* to make Mordant Hall, within the month, all that heart could wish and fancy desire. The house was in a state of most excellent preservation. The spacious grounds also, which surrounded it, had all been kept in the best of order. The green-house, it is true, had been despoiled of some of its most valuable exotics; of some indeed which could scarcely be replaced but by years of assiduity. This was the only subject of regret in that department; but he had a much greater one, in the interior of the hall. All the antique and stately furniture, some of which had been the ornament of the Hall for more than a century, had been sacrificed, and was now totally irrecoverable. All his valuable paintings had also been sacrificed, and although Mordant Hall could be made to present a more fashionable and brilliant appearance, it could never, in his time, assume those venerable characteristics which gave it, agreeably to his taste, its chief charm. The library, with all its valuable works and its furniture were the only portions of all that was dear to him, that had not

been violated ; and those were saved only by having been purchased with the house.

Before the month had transpired, the upholsterer announced the Hall to be in readiness to receive its inmates ; and as the time drew near in which Pauline was to leave her humble home, she found it more and more difficult to resign herself fully to leave a place, which, although it was the scene of sad remembrances, yet, at the same time, was hallowed by so much that was a source of grateful reflection. Here had she been taught that sublime lesson, to which so few attain,—the willingness to live a life of poverty ; here had she learned humility ; here, in the dark vale of afflictive trials, she had learned to imitate her Saviour, and make some of those spiritual attainments, which shone so conspicuously in the life of the suffering Marie : here too had she experienced the dearest of all earthly delights, reconciliation with her offended father. How then could she without a pang leave a scene so fraught with pleasing, melancholy recollections ? It was not possible.

Such were the reflections which occupied her thoughts when Mr. Seward returned from the performance of the various business operations, to which the preparations for moving and the renewed substantial investment of his capital, had given rise. He approached her, and with tenderness observed :

“ All things are now ready, Pauline, but when I had hoped to have seen my daughter happy once again, she is still sad. Something is on your mind, Pauline ? ” he added, inquiringly.

“ I am perfectly resigned, dear pa, to whatever state of life it may please God to call me ; and yet I experience a strange regret in the near prospect of

leaving a place in which I have learned so many useful lessons. I love even this humble dwelling and cannot bear of being deprived of it."

"You never will be deprived of any arrangement respecting it, that you may feel disposed to make. My own feelings respecting it, excepting that sadness which broods over your countenance, Pauline, perfectly correspond with your own; and you do not suppose, that I should have forgotten this—" exhibiting, as he spoke, the title-deed of the humble dwelling, drawn out in the name of Pauline Seward.

This was too much happiness for Pauline. "Dearest pa!" she exclaimed in her joyous surprise; "you have anticipated my every wish. I now shall not only leave with some degree of content, but also be able to discharge a debt of gratitude which I have long wished it might be in my power to acknowledge and repay."

It may be seen by this allusion, that Pauline's happiness was not altogether selfish; and, as an explanation of her concluding words must sooner or later be made, that obligation, although it may seem to retard the reader from the company of more important personages connected with the history, may as well be at once discharged.

Pauline's benevolent wish related to the faithful Betty. But in order to take in the whole compass of her design, it will be necessary to revive our recollection of, perhaps a forgotten member of our heroine's former household; Robert, the porter, by whose tenderness and sympathy, it may be remembered little Marie was rescued from certain death, eventually to become the solace and guide of Pauline, during many a dark hour of her search after Catholic verity.

Robert was so devoted to the service of his kind and liberal master, Mr. Seward, and had been for so long a time in his house, that he had no desire to make any change with respect to his worldly prospects ; but when, by the force of stern necessity it became a duty for him to make some other provision for his future wants, he determined not again to enter into service ; but, with the little capital, which by frugality he had laid up, to open a small store in the retail way. This he had done ; and during the two years that have since elapsed, he had succeeded in gathering around him a very pleasing set of small dealing customers.

Now Robert had not always closed his eyes to the charms of mistress Betty ; and he had more than once, while they were still at Mordant Hall, sounded the depths of the maiden's heart, to ascertain if feelings lie buried there, similar to those which caused his own to throb at the memory or the mention of her name ; and although the echo was not No, the Yes was still too faint to remove all trace of fear, lest, after all, she would not consent to be called by his name. During the two years, therefore, that smiled upon his worldly prospects, he teased mistress—surely we might venture to ascribe her Miss—Betty not a little, and gave her no inconsiderable trouble to resist his naughty importunities to unite her fate with his.

“ Now, what would you be after doin', man,” she would say ; “ sure ye knows that it 'ould be a infortunate bargain for to lave Miss all alone, alone ; no, no, Robert, ye must wait, man ; ye must wait.”

Robert, like many of his betters, had no other alternative ; so he contented himself with the privilege of visiting her, until happier auspices smiled upon his devotion. These were now about to descend upon him

in golden showers ; for, on the evening of the day upon which Pauline found herself the happy possessor of No. 7 Park Row, and when he was making his usual evening call, and when, also, as usual, he had asked her "when it was to come off," to his inexpressible delight instead of the everlasting "What 'ould ye be afther, man ?" she replied :

"And sure isn't it jist as soon as ye have a mind to't?"

After the scene, consequent upon this announcement, had transpired, and the parties concerned had recovered a little of their composure, Miss Betty continued :

"An' ye mustn't be afther makin' such a fuss agin, Robert, if I let ye into a bit of a sacret that Miss told me."

He promised obedience ; but as soon as she told him that the house they were in was to be included in the "bargain," it became questionable, for a time, whether his next place of residence might not be the lunatic asylum instead of No. 7 Park Row, or whether he intended that his head should stand upon the ceiling or his feet upon the floor ; not that he placed more value upon the latter than the former gift, but that both together entirely transcended his wildest expectations and most extravagant hopes.

We have left the development of Pauline's benevolent design to the parties most interested. It need only be added that to guard against any misfortune that might arise to the hurt of her humble friends, she prudently postponed until some future time to transfer to them the absolute right of possession ; the propriety of which, considering the pardonable weakness already exhibited by at least one of the parties, was sufficiently proved. But we must now leave them to the uncontrolled enjoyment of their share of the happiness con-

sequent upon the changes that are passing before us, and give our attention to those whose demand upon it is greater.

Pauline, in order to preserve a more lively recollection of the past, had ordered that a particular chamber in the Hall should be fitted up with the same furniture which had supplied their wants, but did not ornament their humble home. These, though when compared with the splendor which again adorned their princely mansion, seemed more like the homely equipments of some devout ascetic, than the appropriate garniture of delicacy and refinement such as Pauline's, were nevertheless cherished by her as the dearest mementoes of the ordeal through which she had passed. The room to which they were appropriated had been fitted up as an oratory; thither, as often as, during the course of her after-life, she resorted for meditation and prayer, and to draw lessons of divine wisdom from the inexhaustible well-spring of eternal salvation, she also revived in her heart that lesson, without the knowledge and practice of which, no attainment in the divine life can effectually be made—the lesson of Humility.

Those, who may suppose that amidst all the joyous events of these happy days of promise, Pauline's three devoted friends have been forgotten, or that they have forgotten Pauline, know not the treasures of friendship. Every day, every hour, every minute, one or another, or all of them were with her, or else receiving and answering swift-winged messages.

As soon as Pauline could realize all that her father had told her of his first day's discovery and subsequent operations, she had simultaneously despatched to each of them a message, inviting them, but without saying why, to come to her. Bell was the first to arrive, with

consternation depicted in her countenance. Mrs. Read and Louisa arrived not long after, equally concerned to ascertain the purport of the invitation, as all of them had been there that morning, though during Mr. Seward's absence. Pauline, at that time, wore a distressed and anxious countenance on account of the extraordinary movements of her father. She however had made no allusion respecting him to her friends, and they suspecting some new cause of grief which she did not wish to disclose, had thought it best to leave her for the present, remarking among themselves after they had gone that it was impossible for her long to sustain the wasting influence of such weighty and, to her, unaccustomed trials; and on receiving the hasty messages, so soon afterwards, to return to her, their hearts misgave them. The appearance of Pauline, when they arrived, not less perplexed them. She had evidently been weeping; her eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks yet moist with the dew, as they supposed, of grief; and yet she smiled on greeting them. Their hearts were full of sympathy, and they awaited with anxiety, ready and anxious, if she would but accept of their oft-repeated offers, to console her, and remove her from a position so little suited to her. She did explain; and it must be left entirely to hearts as good and gentle as theirs to conceive the effect of her words. Language cannot describe it. We can only say, their faces were each like so many April days,—all sunshine and showers, smiles and tears. They gazed upon each other and upon Pauline with astonishment and delight. "How mysterious and yet how merciful are the ways of God!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, as she embraced our heroine. "Thanks be to God! his goodness is as boundless as his love," ejacu-

lated Miss Worthington, the moisture of joyful surprise still bedewing her cheeks and sparkling in her eyes ; while dear Isabel, struggling with a host of contending impulses, and not knowing from their very excess which should predominate, clasped her friend to her bosom, speechless from the deep and uncontrollable emotions of her ardent love.

CHAPTER XVII.

Amidst the bitter tears that fell
In anguish at my last farewell,
Oh! who would dream that joy could dwell,
To make that moment light?
Yet be my judge, each heart! and say,
Which then could most my bosom sway,
Affliction, or delight?—Mrs. HEMANS.

MR. CALVIN SEWARD was seated in his old arm-chair in the library of Mordant Hall. He was wrapt in profound study. How natural is it that he should be reviewing the dream-like incidents of the last few years. When a boy, almost an infant, he remembered having played on his grandpa's knee as the venerable old gentleman sat in that very chair: there too had he sported and played with his own father; and then he too grew up, and his prattling Pauline beguiles his happy hours; but soon after this stage of his reflections, the prospect lowered upon him. He becomes oppressed with the weight of his thoughts, and he seems no longer to be seated in his own library. The decorated walls and loaded shelves disappear, and a contracted, scantily furnished chamber takes their place in his mind; an audible sigh escapes him, and he seems no longer the owner of his splendid home, when a knock at the door starts him upon his feet as if an electric shock had roused him. Advancing towards the door, it opened, and Eugene Neville stands before him; nay, rushes into his arms. This was a delightful, an overpowering surprise to Mr. Seward. His

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generous heart had now been softened by grief; it was not surprising then that it should melt in gratitude for the many blessings showered upon him; and this, the expectation of such a son as Eugene, not the least among them. His face was bedewed with tears as he pressed him to his heaving bosom. Eugene's cheek met his, moistened with drops from a fountain as warm and sympathetic as that whence sprung his own.

While they recover their composure and discourse the while "of moving accidents by flood and field," let us take some note of an arrival, we will not say as important as that just referred to, but one that will not perhaps prove utterly devoid of interest.

The kitchen door slowly and cautiously turned upon its hinges. As soon as it had attained a width of opening sufficient to make darkness—notwithstanding it was broad daylight—visible, two black orbs, set in huge circles of white, rolled around their sockets with a leer of indescribable comicality. At last they rested full upon mistress Betty; for notwithstanding her marriage, she insisted that the culinary department could not be properly conducted without at least her occasional assistance, and this, as it seems, happened to have been one of those important occasions.

"He, he, he, mistress Betty, what am ol' Sam come fur tell you?"

She had been "wondering what the plague" had set the door to moving so deliberately, and was just in the act of turning from the operation which at the moment had engrossed her attention; when, casting her eyes towards the door she beheld a huge black figure, which,—she not at once recognising it,—wellnigh scared her out of her five senses; and with a scream she started to run, when the above exclamation found an egress from his

delicate little mouth, and at once served as the introduction of the hero of a thousand battles with smoking muffins and meat, to his indomitable master and mistress ; for, Betty stood in the capacity of both, to the beautiful boy.

“Som’ting guine for t’cur, and I know what he am, dis time, mistress Betty, but, he, he, he ; snake bake e hoecake.”

Bang, bang went the broom ; but there was a vacancy just in that place : Sam was not there ———.

The interview between Eugene and Mr. Seward, though much more protracted than the scene just alluded to, was for the present concluded, and Mr. Seward had left the library to prepare Pauline for the sudden though of course not unexpected arrival. On his entering her private parlour, Pauline arose to meet him, and as she leaned upon his arm he perceived that she quivered with agitation. Betty had anticipated him.

“I perceive, my love,” he said, “that I have nothing to announce.”

She made no reply, but still leaned trembling upon him for support. He kissed her as he added :

“Remain here, my love, a few moments.”

She sank, as he retired, upon the divan that tastefully ornamented the centre of her apartment. Mr. Seward returned to the library and made to the favoured youth the long wished-for announcement. The moments sped on angels’ wings, and found Eugene at Pauline’s side.

“But breathe not a sigh,
Nor whisper a word,
While love’s fond story is told ;
Bright spirits are nigh,
Their vows to record
And their hearts in unison mould.”

The blushing hours on rosy pinions flew. Eugene is acknowledged and accepted; Pauline is wooed and won.

Several days must be supposed to have passed. Eugene is again at the side of Pauline, in whose devoted heart there is now but one sad thought. Little Marie is not near to share the universal joy of her friends. She is in fact the subject of their conversation at the present time, for Eugene, after reflection and many efforts to ascertain where he had seen the exact counterpart of the miniature which he had found in his brother's portmanteau, had come to the determination that he would make Pauline acquainted with all his thoughts; and as it may lead to important disclosures, their conversation may as well be here recorded.

"Pauline," commenced Eugene, "I have brought the letters which I told you I had found in the portmanteau of poor Charles. They consist of the correspondence between himself and his disconsolate wife, and of several letters to me, which seem to have been written after he had repented of his cruelty and neglect of the two innocent beings whose happiness depended so entirely upon him; for it seems that when he left he had an infant daughter."

Pauline regarded him with the intense interest that she ever took in all things that concerned Eugene, but when she heard his last statement, and the recollection of Marie's account of her parents flashed across her mind, she trembled. Marie had described her father as having gone away; could this have been Charles? Her mother as having died amidst distress and want; could this have been his heart-broken wife; and little Marie, could it, oh! could it be that she was her sweet but bereaved babe? Her head became dizzy, and a thick mist passed over her eyes as Eugene proceeded.

"I will read," continued he, "the first letter which she seems to have written after he left her. It would appear that she did not regard it as a desertion; nor can I suppose that Charles could be so lost to every feeling that should characterize a gentleman of refinement and education, as to have originally intended it as such. He was unhappy, and he sought by travel relief for his disappointed heart, not reflecting that the only place he should have sought it, in this world, if not in religion, was in the bosom of his wife. The letter is dated May 31st, 18—, and runs thus:

"DEAREST CHARLES,—I know that you will soon return; but knowing how sad you must be away from me and our precious babe, and thinking that even my miniature which you always carry with you, but this time forgot, would be of some comfort to you, I send it together with that of our little love, which was taken on the day of her baptism."

"Miniatures!" exclaimed Pauline; "miniatures, Eugene! where are the miniatures?"

Eugene was startled at the earnestness of Pauline; and noticing her agitation, became almost as much affected as was she, as he unfolded an envelope which he drew from his pocket, and placed two miniatures into Pauline's unsteady hand. They were each enclosed in a white satin case. In the centre of the larger one, upon the outside, were worked in silk, the initials A. N.; and, in like manner, the smaller one was marked with the initials M. N. With trembling hand and palpitating heart she removed the satin covering, and overcome with the intensity of her feelings faintly articulated:

"It is! yes, it is my Marie, my hapless babe! Oh! Eugene, what more can we do than has been already done to recover her? Little did either you or I, at that

time, think, much as we loved her, that she had so strong a claim upon our hearts."

Pauline was in an agony of grief. Eugene was but little less affected; and yet he ventured to surmise:

"It may be a mistake, Pauline. She was much younger when this miniature was taken than the child whom you took under your protection."

The suggestion however did not satisfy his own heart, and he was about to express himself further, when Pauline suddenly interrupted him:

"Excuse me a moment, Eugene, I can place it beyond a doubt;" and springing up she flew rather than walked from the apartment, and a moment after returned with a small ivory casket in her hand.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she exhibited an article of its contents, "tell me if that has not been worked by the same hand as have these letters upon the cases."

It may be remembered that when Father Xavier inquired little Marie's name, Pauline observed that she had no means of ascertaining it further than that she calls herself Marie; and that upon a part of her dress, when found, were worked in silk the initials of her name; and that, though the dress had not been kept, that part of it containing the initials had been cut out and carefully preserved, with the hope that sooner or later it might be of use to establish her identity. That piece Pauline now presented to Eugene with the satin case of the miniature.

"Judge, Eugene," continued she, "if those letters were not worked both by the same hand and with the same material."

This was enough to satisfy his doubts.

"It must indeed be so!" was wrung from his agonizing heart.

He then, with faltering voice, read the last letter which his injured wife had written to her husband, and which has already been placed before the reader in a previous chapter. This seemed confirmatory of the proof given above. But if more circumstantial evidence were wanting, it was amply supplied in a letter written by Charles to Eugene himself. This letter was dated Brussels, and had a two-fold value ; for while it stated the address of his wife, it exhibited strong proofs that he had repented of his folly, but was detained by a serious spell of illness from returning to his wife and discharging the duties of a good and faithful husband. This letter, with several others of equal importance, had never been despatched to their destination ; and now, it was feared to be too late to be of any hopeful issue. There was also another point put to rest by these letters. They all in some way or other showed that the city of P—— had been made the last asylum of the mother and daughter, and one of them, as just stated, mentioned the house in which she had resided.

“ Well, why not immediately fly to that house, Eugene ! ” impetuously exclaimed Pauline, “ and learn all that may be learned respecting the lost ones ? ”

“ Alas ! Pauline, I have not left it until this late day to have sifted that forlorn hope. Immediately on my last return from the continent, I went to the place spoken of in the letter, but no one there knew aught respecting those of whom I was in search. By dint of perseverance, I however at last found the family with whom such a woman and child as I described, and of the same name, had taken lodgings ; but I was there informed that they had left the house after having been residents of it only about four weeks, but whither they had gone was as much a mystery to them as to me. I have since stated

the facts to the authorities, and employed persons to make search in every possible place and manner, offering large rewards if either the one or the other should be recovered. As yet, all has been done without avail."

While these events are in course of development, other persons and different scenes demand our attention.

Mr. Seward had received a most unexpected letter from his late attorney, urging him to delay not a moment on the receipt of this letter, but to make all despatch to Leflore. Astonished, as he might well be, at so sudden and mysterious an epistle from a quarter in which his thoughts had long ceased to dwell, he nevertheless obeyed its direction, and was soon *en route* for the scene of some of the happiest hours of his life. As the issue of the affair which so imperatively demanded the presence of Mr. Seward at Leflore can receive no detriment by a hasty disclosure, the task may as well be at once entered upon.

The iniquitous possessor of the beautiful country seat, "Eglenton Cottage," lay at the point of death, and stung by remorse, lashed by the whips of a guilty conscience, the prospect of death was rendered horrible in the extreme. Rendered frantic by mental agony, he sent for Mr. Seward's former attorney, and disclosed to him the whole plot, nefariously concocted to defraud Mr. Seward of his property, begging him to communicate immediately with Mr. Seward, that he might make him the only restitution of which he was capable. This, owing to the precarious tenure of his life, was done with a despatch which left no time for explanation, and Mr. Seward was therefore left uninformed respecting it until his arrival at Leflore. That took place on the day following his receipt of the message. He immediately rode to the house of the attorney, who, still under the impetus of his anxiety, made no explanation, but urged him to press

onward to Eglenton; exclaiming, "God grant he may not be already dead!" adding, "I will follow you as quickly as my horse can be put to saddle!"

"But, my dear sir," expostulated Mr. Seward; "have I not been proceeding blindly long enough—"

"Eglenton is yours, my dear sir, if you can only arrive in time for the dying wretch who yet possesses it, to sign the necessary papers. Again I urge you to press on!"

Mr. Seward now comprehended the whole matter, and waving his hand, he exclaimed, "Very well, Mr. Attorney;" and urged his horse to the top of its remaining speed.

The attorney's horse being fresh, he arrived at the house nearly at the same time with Mr. Seward, and both entered together. Upon being ushered into the chamber, they found the sick man in a state of the utmost prostration, having just recovered from one of those violent paroxysms, which, being the result of mental agony rather than bodily sufferings, rendered his case one full of horror, and, in fact, placed his recovery beyond the range of hope. His countenance wore the most livid and ghastly appearance. His brow was frowningly contracted; his eyes were closed, but his lips were tightly drawn, exposing his irregular and snagged teeth. A physician stood beside him, with the fore-fingers of his right hand upon his patient's pulse, noting every slightest change.

"Why—why don't he—come?" he slowly murmured, gritting his teeth. "He 'd—ye—s, he 'd leave me here to—"

"My good friend," said Mr. Seward, approaching, and taking the hand which lay helplessly upon the outside of the bed covering, "I am truly sorry to find you so full of pain. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Of service—to me—n—o. Why don't *he* come?"

"He has come, Mr. Sikes," interposed the attorney, "and is ready to hear all that you have to say."

The wretched man opened his languid eyes, and stared anxiously around him.

The doctor whispered, "There is no time to lose, my friends. Whatever you have to do must be done quickly."

He saw by the restless wildness of the eye, that another convulsion might soon follow, and that should it prove a violent or a protracted one, there was little probability of his surviving it. The attorney brought a pen and the necessary papers, which had been previously prepared, and approaching the bedside, he said :

"Here is Mr. Seward standing before you, Mr. Sikes. He is waiting to speak to you."

The mention of Mr. Seward's name caused a slight shudder to pass through the miserable sufferer; then fixing his sunken eye upon him for a moment, he calmly, but feebly articulated :

"Yes,—I owe it all to him."

"All what?" interposed the attorney.

"All this—land—house—all."

"Then sign these papers; we are waiting to witness your signature."

With a little assistance, this important act was performed; shortly after which he uttered an awful groan, and expired.

It was many days before Mr. Seward could obliterate the horrors of that death-bed scene from his mind. Like a hideous spectre it arose before him night and day, as the image of the wicked man, who being thrice warned, yet hardeneth his heart, and is left to die in his sins.

Mr. Seward did not leave Leflore until he had put

every thing in train for the restoration of Eglenton to the glory of its former day. It had suffered more from neglect than from the positive Vandalism of which there were so many proofs in the interior, and immediately about the precincts of the Cottage. These, however, were fast disappearing under the skilful operations of suitable persons employed for that purpose, before Mr. Seward took his homeward journey to announce to Pauline and Eugene this additional marvel,—though manifest instance of justice,—that had checkered the course of the past few years.

While all parties deeply sympathized with the sufferings and unhappy death of the victim of his own fraudulent actions, it may easily be imagined how heartily all, and especially Pauline, who had so many precious associations connected with Eglenton, rejoiced, that its happy bowers, its pleasant walks, and shady groves, with their rills and rivulets, once again recurred to their rightful owners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After long stormes, and tempests over blowne,
The sun at length his joyous face doth cleare,
So, when as Fortune all her spite hath showne,
Some blissful hours at last must needs appeare.—SPENSER.

MAY, May, lovely, beautiful May, once more bloomed in the fields and blossomed in the trees. The emerald robe of beauty threw its charming drapery over the face of nature, mantling the earth with spotless verdure, and the trees and plants with brightest foliage. The birds once more sang cheerily in the groves, and the humble cricket, deserting her wintry home in the hearth, again raised her shrill voice from nature's grassy bed.

"Pauline!" exclaimed Eugene, as he entered the parlour where she was sitting: "Pauline! what a glorious day for a drive. Is it not?"

A joyous smile illumined her face, and, looking up to him, she said:

"It is indeed a charming day, Eugene, and I had been thinking of the same mode of enjoying a portion of it."

"How, Pauline, will you ride?"

"You know, Eugene," she replied, blushing, as he still gazed upon her, yet with her heart bounding in the very excess of its happiness at the sweet tone of his voice and his gentle words; "you know that I am so unfashionable as to prefer the carriage to the saddle for city riding; I should therefore prefer it; but I will cheerfully adopt any mode that would better please you."

“Ah! you are now appealing to my gallantry, Pauline: know, therefore, that what pleases you most, pleases me best:” and, excusing himself—we cannot possibly venture to intimate with what ceremony—he withdrew to give the necessary directions.

The day passed on delightfully. The hour for starting arrived, precisely as do the hours for all other events, be they joyous or be they sad. But the ride? Oh! it was a charming ride! however, just like all other charming rides, where two fond hearts bear each other company and breathe soft words. There might have been one exception to a perfect resemblance to pleasure rides in general; which was, that instead of being entirely objectless, it had been agreed upon to take the same route which had been gone over by a certain sleighing party, on a certain occasion, perhaps not altogether forgotten by the reader, certainly not by the parties immediately interested; for, it formed a most delightful reminiscence to Pauline, now that the danger had passed, to point out the place where the noble beasts had first commenced to display their spirit; then another point, at which they just escaped being dashed to pieces by a jutting rock at the road-side; then came that fearful place, where death inevitably threatened them, and where Pauline, bewildered by the rapidity with which they moved, and terrified at the fate that impended, had covered her eyes with her hands, and knew no more until she felt herself hurled violently forward from her seat, as the sleigh was suddenly stopped.

Then burst upon her that delightful gush of feeling which, mingled and inspired with gratitude, welled up from the deep fountain of her heart, when, being rescued from their perilous position in the sleigh, and standing on the road-side, she, for the first time,

recognised Eugene as their deliverer. That was a point, that was a reminiscence, which could not be so lightly and so rapidly passed over. The carriage stops ; the parties alight ; the whole ground is surveyed, every step of the ground walked over, the threatening crag examined, and the recess, behind which Eugene had concealed himself, to make his desperate but heroic effort to save the strangers from destruction : then *his* recognition, and the gush of delight in his heart recounted, while he congratulated himself that he should have been thus made the means of their safety ; particularly *her* safety who now stood beside him, with her glowing cheeks, her laughing eyes, her beautiful, brilliant, happy countenance, clinging closer, as she hung upon his arm, pressing it still tighter as much as if she had actually and audibly said, what she certainly thought : "I owe thee my life, dearest one ; my heart and all else, of right are thine."

Such were the exceptions to charming rides in general ; but they had now re-entered the carriage, and once again turned their faces homeward. They had made a circuit of several miles around the city, and their approach to it was therefore on the opposite side to that whence they had left it ; much more remotely also from that part in which stood Mordant Hall. The carriage was new ; and its strength or ease had never till now been tested. Their ride having been a protracted one, was likely fully to establish its character. This, however, soon proved to be a bad one ; for just as they had left the smooth and quiet road of the country, and its jolting upon the badly paved streets had commenced, one of the bolts became disarranged, the spring snapped asunder, and very quietly set the hinder part of the carriage down in an oblique position upon the axletree. The

noble steeds, also new to the harness, were instantly placed under command; and Eugene, springing from the open door, assisted Pauline to alight.

To finish their ride in the carriage was out of the question; while to walk was not less so, as they were at least two miles from home, and the evening shadows had already begun to set darkly in. As soon, therefore, as the horses were detached from the carriage, the footman was despatched to procure a suitable vehicle in which they might reach the Hall; and in the mean time, in order to save Pauline from contact with the vulgar and suspicious-looking crowd that had gathered around the spot, he handed her into the nearest house, the door of which stood partly open.

They had scarcely entered the miserable abode, when the shrill voice of one of its wretched inmates saluted their ears, followed with heavy blows, as if made with the clenched hand, and then low, suppressed moans, as of intense agony and exhausted suffering.

"There! yer lazy, loungin' huzzy!—take that!—an' if that be ner enough, take that!—an' that!—an' that!" each time administering a brutal kick or blow, whichever seemed most convenient to the apparently infuriated fiend, whoever it might be, that inflicted the torture.

Pauline's heart sank within her; but bounding forward, before Eugene could detain her, or even thought she meditated any action, she was instantly in the next room, if any place so filthy, desolate, and dilapidated, could merit that name. Before her stood a tall, withered tarmagant; her hair dishevelled, her dress in filth and tatters, with her long bony arm, and hard sinewy clenched fist upraised over the prostrate form of a female child, from whose mouth and nose issued streams of dark

blood.—It was little Marie —— . With a shriek of mingled horror, and joy, and grief, and fear, Pauline sprang forward and clasped the senseless child in her arms. The heartless wretch was about to turn her fury upon the intruding stranger, approaching her in a menacing manner, and vociferating :

“Who are yer, vat comes here to go atween me an’ me chile?”

“Miserable fiend!” shouted Eugene, as he burst in upon the advancing virago, “move not another step!”

Intimidated, riveted to the spot, by the appearance of a man, for it had grown too dark to distinguish quality, of no mean proportions, and a commanding voice, she stood for a moment foaming at the mouth.

“Merciful heavens!” exclaimed Pauline, “she has killed her! She is dead!—she is dead!”

Pauline’s heart-rending cry terrified even that wicked woman. Fear at once subdued her fury, and with one glance at the relaxed limbs and features of her helpless victim, she turned in terror, and gaining a back door, instantly disappeared in the gloom of the night.

“Stop that wretch!” shouted Eugene, as quick as thought springing after her. But it was useless; she had gone; and fearing to leave Pauline and her senseless charge alone, he re-entered the apartment.

The footman had just returned with a carriage. Assisting Pauline, with Marie in her arms, to enter it, they made all despatch towards the Hall. Doctor Wirt, with a professional friend, was in instant attendance, both of whom, after deliberate consultation, pronounced her in a most critical condition; “But,” observed the benevolent man, who had once before rescued her from an untimely grave, “while there is life there is hope.”

Eugene, as soon as his interest in the doctor's decision respecting his niece—for he had scarcely a doubt but that it was she—would permit him to leave the Hall, hastened to the nearest magistrate, and made an affidavit of the circumstances, and took out a warrant for the apprehension of the creature from whom the child had been rescued, and all others upon whom suspicion of being accomplices might rest. His object was not so much to punish a being so lost to every feeling of humanity, and therefore not likely to be operated upon in a salutary manner by penal discipline, as it was to ferret out the whole history of her possession of the child, with a view to the final clearing up of the mystery which so completely shrouded it.

In the course of the following day, the vigilance of the officers was rewarded by the apprehension of the woman, her husband, and their whole brood, in the very act—for they supposed that the child was dead—of taking their flight to a neighbouring city. When the abject wretches were brought before the magistrate, they were found to be of the most besotted ignorance and depravity; and without troubling the reader with their miserable jargon, it will be sufficient to remark, that, overcome by fear, they were at last induced to make a full confession of all they knew respecting her; as well as the manner of their obtaining possession of her. In the course of their disclosures they implicated a third party, who, they said, lived neighbour to them.

An officer was immediately despatched for the individual alluded to; which proved to be the old woman who had offered some little attentions to Marie's afflicted mother in her dying moments, and who, for the trifling consideration of a few small pieces of silver, that remained after her death, of the scanty stock that had saved them

from actual starvation, had undertaken to do something for her orphan daughter, but who, when that was exhausted, had turned her into the street.

She was brought into the magistrate's office, shivering with fright, and resisted every effort to induce her to give any information further than had been already elicited ; whereupon, as no charge was, or could, under the circumstances, be brought against her, she was released.

Eugene having no desire to proceed to extremities with the wretched people, further than to elicit from them all they knew of the history of Marie, interceded with the magistrate to suspend all future proceedings against them ; but as he had once before had their names on his books, and as there was reason to suspect them of being concerned in some recent criminal transactions of another character, they were forthwith remanded, and the children sent to the house of correction.

As soon as released from the office, Eugene hastened to the Hall, and related to Pauline the affair of the old woman, and suggested that the information which fear had failed to cause her to disclose, might possibly be elicited by kindness and the promise of a reward. Pauline with alacrity coincided in his views, and to place the subject at once at rest, hastened to equip herself to accompany him to her house. They had the direction, and without difficulty found it. Ascending the dilapidated staircase leading to the apartment said to be occupied by the wretched creature, they knocked at its door, and in reply to her shrill voice opened it and entered. They found her seated upon a low stool, with her elbows upon her knees, and her bony jaws resting in the palms of her hands, while her long skinny fingers worked from time to time among a few scanty locks of white hair.

Sitting in this attitude, she rocked herself to and fro, muttering some doleful ditty, or bewailing her miserable condition.

"My good woman," said Pauline kindly, "we have come to see if we can be of any service to you."

"Nan?" said she, turning listlessly upon her seat.

"If there be any thing that you want," continued Pauline, "we should like to assist you."

"If there be any thing I want? Ye will, will ye. I want a penn'orth o' snuff."

"Here is that which will buy you a great many pennies worth of snuff," said Pauline, slipping a small gold coin in her hand. "Now do you not believe that we wish to be of use to you? And if you will tell us something that we wish to know, we will do a great deal more for you."

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed she, as now, for the first time, she turned her dull gray eyes upon Eugene, "I knows what ye wants; ye wants to put the old 'oman to jail. That's the good ye'll do me, ah! ah! ah!" and she shook her long bony finger at the object of her dread.

"No, indeed! good mother," said Pauline coaxingly, at the same time drawing nearer to her, and seating herself upon the remnant of an old chair that stood beside her. "We will give you every thing you want, and a great many comforts that you do not now possess;" and slipping another piece of gold into her hand, she added: "there, now do you not see that we wish to do you good?"

The musical clink of the precious metal in her hand began to operate as an emolient to her crabbed nature; and as her treasure increased she began to think it could not be meant to induce her to commit herself that they might gain some advantage. The kind and winning

manner of Pauline also had its due effect, but still she was distrustful of Eugene. She had seen him in the magistrate's office apparently engaged against her, and hence charged all the fright and evil consequences of her arrest to his account; and intimating to Pauline in a low tone of voice that if he were not present she would tell her all she knew, Pauline arose and whispered to Eugene to leave the room, that she was not afraid to remain with the woman. Though Eugene much wished to hear all that was to be learned respecting those who had such strong claims upon his heart, yet there being no alternative, he withdrew.

Pauline again approaching the covetous old woman, solicited her to tell all she knew about the woman and child that once lodged in the house.

"What did ye say ye'd gi' me? Tell me that first."

"Every thing that you want; we will take care of you all the rest of your life."

Then drawing her stool still closer to Pauline, she put her hideous face nearer to hers, gazing about her every moment, fearful lest some one else might be listening to snatch up the secret which she had kept for so long a time. Pauline could not avoid a shudder passing over her as her cold gray eyes were fixed full upon her. Sinking her voice to a whisper, and again glancing suspiciously towards the door through which Eugene had disappeared, the old creature began:

"About the young 'oman first?"

"Yes," assented Pauline.

"She died up there," she continued, pointing with her thin finger towards the room above, "four years ago."

"Yes, but what before she died?" inquired Pauline.

As the old woman's confidence increased in Pauline, the better part of her nature asserted its influence, for she was not so wanting in kindness; that she had in some slight degree proved by her having once come to the assistance of the forlorn woman when, having exerted herself to minister to her helpless daughter's wants, she fell senseless upon the floor. Her nature was rendered callous by pinching want, and covetousness which was partly the product of want, and partly the concomitant of old age. She continued therefore with more of warmth and feeling than she had yet shown:

"Poor, dear soul, she was so beautiful, jist, no, not jist like o' ye, but thin like. She asked arter her husband; and when any on us went up o' the stairs, she seemed sure o' that bein' he."

"What was her name?" anxiously inquired Pauline.

"Nan?"

Pauline repeated the question.

"None on us know'd. She didn't tell any on us that: but wait a bit;" and going to an old leathern trunk, which was partly concealed under the miserable pallet in one corner of the room, she took out of it a small parcel of soiled paper, and carefully unfolding it, she cautiously approached Pauline, as if she dreaded being detected in something which she feared to expose, and when she had again approached close to Pauline, she whispered

"We don't know o' her name, but before she died, she said, 'Gi' that to any one that asks o' me:'" handing to Pauline, as she spoke, something like a letter. Pauline's hand shook violently as she took it, but endeavour-

ing to be as composed as possible, she asked who had buried the woman.

"Nan?" said the poor old creature.

"Who was it that buried her when she died?" repeated Pauline.

Pausing a moment, as if something perplexed her, she at last exclaimed, "What's come on me that I don't know the name on them what did it! Them what tends poor folk like o' me."

"The overseers of the poor:" suggested Pauline.

"Nan?"

Pauline repeated.

"Them's what I mean: they did it."

"Have you any thing else to tell me, or to show me?" inquired Pauline.

"Nothin' but these bits o' duds she left behind:" again resorting to the old trunk, whence she extracted two or three faded and much decayed articles, one of which was a handkerchief with the name, Amelia Neville, written in full upon the corner. Pauline slipped another piece of gold into her hand, and promising to come and see her again very soon, and do for her all she had promised, she hastened, oppressed with varied emotions, to rejoin Eugene.

All doubt as to the identity of the suffering woman and child with Charles's wife and daughter was now removed. The circumstances, the time, the handkerchief with her name upon it, the miniatures, their satin covering, the initials corresponding exactly with those worked in the fragment of dress which Pauline had kept; and last of all the letter, which the old woman had preserved, written in the same handwriting as those which had been found in the unhappy Charles's portman-

teau, placed it beyond a doubt. The contents of that letter were sufficient evidence, even had none other existed, to have removed all hesitancy. It related to herself and Marie, and their sufferings since her husband had "departed on his travels," so tender was she to shield his desertion by the mildest terms. It spoke of her having arrived in the city of P——, according to his directions, almost without money, her dress even such as to cause her to shrink from presenting herself before his friends, even had she known them; and finally, closing with a prayer for his happiness and the welfare of her hapless babe; her own name in full closing the letter, and corresponding exactly in the handwriting with that upon the handkerchief.

Eugene immediately took steps to recover the body of his unfortunate sister, in order to a suitable burial. He applied to the overseers of the poor, gave them a description of all the circumstances, time, place and manner of her death; and although she had been buried namelessly, the whole matter was remembered, and the body recovered. It had been interred in the same clothing in which she had died, on some of which were the initials of her name. The body was in a wonderful state of preservation, and though stamped with the impress of the icy tyrant, death, and deeply traced with the pencil of that stern artist, suffering, it was not wholly unrecognisable when compared with the miniature in their possession.

Well did Pauline, Eugene uniting in her benevolent design, fulfil her promises to the miserable old creature who had shown the sufferer some kindness, even though it had proceeded from selfishness. She removed her to a more comfortable room, supplied it with every comfort, furnished her with such clothing as became her

humble condition, and gave her a pension amply sufficient to buy her "penn'orth o' snuff," and many other of the luxuries of humble life. Regularly every week she made her appearance at the Hall, to receive her stipend. If this was omitted at any time, it was known that she was sick, and every assistance that the circumstances required administered.

CHAPTER XIX.

——Rumour was the messenger
Of defamation, and so swift that none
Could be the first to tell an evil tale;
And was withal so infamous for lies,
That he, who of her sayings, on his creed,
The fewest entered, was deemed the wisest man.—POLLOK.

MR. SEWARD and Eugene were one day seated in the library of Mordant Hall, conversing upon the wonderful events which had so marvellously checkered their lives, when Mr. Seward suddenly gave a direction to the subject of their conversation, which for a time placed Eugene upon the defensive; and which, as it is so often made, by partial reasoners, an objection to the Catholic Church, is worthy to be noticed at length.

"Eugene," observed Mr. Seward, "I am at a loss to imagine how it is possible for one who has been so opposed to Catholicity as you have, and who has expressed himself in terms so strong respecting it, could now be such a champion of the Faith."

"My dear sir," replied Eugene, "it would be no subject of surprise if you had passed through all which it has been my fortune to experience, or if you would take the same pains that I have taken to ascertain the grounds of Catholic Faith."

"I have very little inclination for theological pursuits," replied Mr. Seward; "nevertheless there is a subject upon which I have heard you converse in such

unqualified terms of reprobation, that I feel curious to ascertain by what means you have persuaded yourself that no account is to be taken of it. I refer to the persecutions which have disgraced the Catholic Church. I have heard you declare that, if there were no other objection to that church than this, it would be sufficient for its everlasting condemnation. How is it then that you now consider those things of no moment, and have joined the very church which you have designated by such very unamiable names?"

"Investigation, sir, has set my mind completely at rest upon that point. I asked myself if the religion that Christ has established be the true religion; and if that denomination alone, *whose members have not persecuted*, be the true form and possess the true doctrines of Christianity, where is it? which is it? It was not long before I found that the only answer to these questions is, —*It does not exist.* The members of all have persecuted; and one equally with the other, unless Protestants have had their hands more deeply imbrued than any other, forasmuch as that they have not only responded to the *Catholic*, persecution for persecution, but have dealt it out in no small measure to each other. Even the improved circumstances of modern civilization do not deter them from giving sad evidence that they have not yet modified their propensity for the same mode of settling controversy. They still bear precisely the same hostility each to the other,—modified with respect to a few of the denominations, and also having honourable individual exceptions,—but in general they are the same as formerly, holding the same opposing creeds, entertaining the same jealousies towards each other, refusing (some of them) to break bread, and drink wine together; others, denying the right to preach in their

pulpits ; tearing each other to pieces ; bickering, quarrelling, and fighting ; preaching for doctrine one day, what is heresy the next ; pulling down tables, and building up new ; never still, but tossed about by every wind of doctrine ; having but one article in their creed, common to all, and that is this : ‘Popery is Antichrist, *it must be destroyed !*’

“ On this point *alone* Protestantism is universally the same : on this point alone do its members agree : on this point alone it never changes. From the day they first named themselves Protestant, until now, this has been their watchword—‘destroy ;’ this their characteristic—‘destruction ;’ and this alone their unity ! Let any one who has a desire to ascertain the truth of this, consult the statutes of any and all the governments where Protestantism has had any influence, from the first century since that name was known until now, and he will find ample and concurring evidence of the fact.

“ The Anglican Church, under the sovereigns Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, and the two Charles’s, have, on account of religion alone, condemned Catholics, Scotch Calvinists, and other Presbyterians, Quakers, Puritans, &c., &c., &c., to be imprisoned, banished, hanged, quartered, emboweled and burned. Read the enactments of Parliament in the reigns of these sovereigns. How bitterly the ‘elect’ retaliated these bloody deeds, may be seen by consulting the histories of Cromwell’s time. Nor were these persecutions confined to England, Scotland, and Ireland. They raged in France, Germany, and Switzerland. In the United Provinces, the envenomed hatred of the two factions of the Gomarists and Armenians, was carried to such excess, that in the war with Spain the former refused

to aid the latter, lest they should bring down upon themselves the wrath of the Most High. A synod was called: the Gomarists, being the stronger party, condemned the Armenians. The Armenian ministers remonstrated. They were ejected from the synod—denied the privilege of worshipping in their churches; and when they did so, they were fired upon while in the act of worship. They were imprisoned, banished, shot, murdered in the public streets, and every indignity offered to helpless females. Nor was persecution confined to the Old World. The persecuted, to escape the diabolical acts of their brethren, fled for protection to the newly discovered lands, and here established for themselves the right to worship God as they thought fit. But how far did this right extend, and to whom? Just so far, and to just such persons as thought with them: but for all others was reserved banishment, the halter, maiming, searing with red hot irons, and many other inhuman punishments. Such were the Puritans; nor was it, until the Catholic Baron of Baltimore, Sir George Calvert, colonized Maryland, in the year 1633, that freedom of conscience and religious toleration was proclaimed. For ever be it recorded to the honour of the Catholic name, that Catholics, Roman Catholics, were the first to proclaim and practise the noble principles on which our Republic is founded.*

“The past, to most persons, is a sealed book, but the present is one which every man can read. And reading that, where do they find one solitary instance of Catholic persecution? While, on the other hand, where do we find that Protestant country, people, or sect, which leaves any means unemployed of persecuting and annoying Ca-

* See Bancroft's History of the United States.

tholics? Some, by open violence—by confiscation of property, by expatriation, by denying Catholics equal rights, and by every petty annoyance which prejudice can devise. Witness Russia, pursuing its Catholic inhabitants with a malignity that would disgrace the times of Elizabeth. Fines, imprisonments, confiscation, expatriation—these are their portion; while Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, may possess and enjoy their estates; to which they can have no other claim than that of the robber. Prussia is still reeking under the lash of official persecution. And Ireland—impoverished Ireland—is ground down to the dust under the iron heel of British domination; Parliament (not Priest) ridden. These, my dear sir, are some of the reasons which induce me to draw the conclusions to which I have come. Were we to attach ourselves only to that form of Christianity whose members have not persecuted, we would resign Christianity altogether.”

“Eugene, what you say may be all very true, but as long as I have before my mind those persecutions which the history of the Albigenses, in the south of France, and the Vaudois, of Piedmont, present to us, I confess that I must shrink from membership with such a church. Think, too, of Paris, on St. Bartholomew’s day, when the tocsin, at midnight, tolled the signal of destruction, and men, women and children, high and low, were alike doomed to destruction. Remember, too, the exultation with which the news of this massacre was received at Rome: when the Pope went in procession to the church of St. Louis, to return thanks.”

“I, my dear sir, once had my mind filled with partial, one-sided testimony of that description; but I now see how much it is to be lamented that controversialists do not more generously consult both sides of these disagree-

able subjects. Those who converse upon them, ought to know, with respect to the former, that they were equally rebels to the state and to the church: that they held doctrines subversive of the order of society, and the peace of the community in which they resided, as well as hostile to the church of Christ, and abhorrent to the best feelings of our nature; and it was not less the duty of the church to excommunicate them, as noxious members of its communion, than it was of the state to preserve itself from the dangers which threatened it. Some of the errors which rendered them unworthy of church-membership, and obnoxious to the state, were as follows: They supposed two Christs, the one good, the other evil; they denied the resurrection of the body; they held souls to be demons encased in the body, there to expiate their crimes by the ills of life, which, having done, left the body, and were received into bliss; they rejected baptism; they forbade marriage, and (I blush to say it) held a community of women; they prohibited the use of flesh; rejected the Old Testament; they believed it lawful not only to lie, but even to forswear themselves, one of their mottoes being: 'Jura, perjura, secretum prodere noli.' These, with many other blasphemous doctrines, and practices that would shock every sense of delicacy to relate, were condemned in the councils of Lobez, in 1176: in that of Lateran, 1179, and in other provincial councils.

"St. Bernard and other holy men were sent to instruct, and persuade them to renounce their errors. They spent years of self-denial and labour among them, but their teaching, their prayers, and their labours were without effect. So attached were these wicked men to their abominable doctrines and incestuous intercourse, that it was found impossible to restore them to virtuous living.

Forty years were employed in these missions and instructions, and all the means which Christian charity could suggest exhausted upon them. It was not till then that an army was sent against them 'to oppose their ravages, and to defend the Christians from the practices of these wicked men, who respect neither churches nor monasteries; and spare neither orphans, nor age, nor sex, but pillage and desolate every thing as do Pagans.*' They were suppressed, and those who escaped the punishment due to their treasonable crimes joined the Vaudois; from which fact it happens, probably, that the two sects are often mistaken for one.†

"With respect to the sad tale of St. Bartholomew's day, I have to say, that religion had no concern in it. It was purely the act of an insulted state against rebels. Rebels, whose atrocities had, for years, been borne with; rebels who, to religious enthusiasm, united treason and murder; rebels, whose hands were deeply dyed in the blood of Catholics; and who, up to that fatal day, had left nothing untried to strengthen their faction. They had enticed many cities from their allegiance; they had conducted sieges; they had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom; they had fought four pitched battles against their sovereign. Motives, which roused the jealousy of Charles IX. to save his tottering throne. In a letter he exclaims, 'I can bear it no longer!' 'There was no need of a religious incentive, where personal interest, jealousy, hatred, vengeance, perhaps the safety of the king, at least that of the community, counseled the destruction of the rebels.'‡

* See the Decree of the General Council of Lateran, held 1179.

† See M. Bossuet's History, vol. 2.

‡ See Dissertation d'après L' Abbe de Caveirac, sur la journée de la Saint Barthelemy.

“The demonstrations of joy made at Rome on the arrival of the news of this terrible event, were on account, not of the massacre of the Huguenots, but of the discovery and frustration of the conspiracy, which they were so justly suspected of plotting. But, though religion had no hand in these horrors, she weeps over and deplores them, equally with those which were perpetrated by Protestants against the Catholics in England, Scotland, Ireland, and on the Continent. Yes, just as she weeps over and deplores those which are now daily inflicted upon her by the descendants of the reformers.”

“But still, Eugene, those were horrid deeds of which to be guilty.”

“No doubt of it, my dear sir, as is all violence: but in passing judgment, let us be careful not indiscriminately to condemn.”

“But your church is called infallible; and must therefore be held responsible for every thing she does, her crimes not excepted.”

“Infallible, yes, my dear sir, in all revealed truths; but nowhere is it promised that its members should also be impeccable. They are mortal men, and are not exempted from the curse passed upon all mankind by the sin of our first parents. But whatever may be said of individuals, the Church stands above reproach; scattered over a wider range, and numbering more souls, than at any other period of her history, she presents the most sublime spectacle that the mind can contemplate; one calculated to inspire the admiration of all who gaze upon her dignified position. Behold her, surrounded by hosts of dissenting sects, who, having no other common ground, unite on this one point alone, to persecute that which they know not—that which they will not understand. Too proud to learn what she believes, they hurl the fell

thunderbolts of their wrath against her unoffending head. And what does she oppose to the fierce tide of their anger? Go to her temples, and there behold her humble votaries prostrate in prayer for their persecutors. Go to her temples, and learn that the only weapon she essays to wield in vindication of her cause, is unceasing, fervent, humble prayer. Go in the morning, before the sun begins his daily course, and listen to their agonizing cry: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Go, when the day-star rises—still the sweet tones of that same prayer ascend to the Throne of Grace. Go, when his noontide splendour illumines the world; go, when he sinks to rest: go, at the midnight hour, and still that unceasing prayer—'Father, forgive them!'—is offered to Him, who first uttered it on the cross.

"She prays—and she has naught to fear, but every thing to hope. For eighteen hundred years she has borne these taunts and insults; and for eighteen hundred years she has followed the example of her Lord,—'Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again;' but has esteemed herself blessed when reviled and persecuted, and when they spake all that is evil against her, falsely, for his sake; yes, she has been glad and rejoiced, for her reward is very great in heaven. They persecuted the prophets that were before, and she esteems herself happy to be counted not unworthy to suffer like them.

"From the day of her Saviour's birth, she has been persecuted. Herod first unsheathed the sword against the Holy One, and from that time till now, it hath never been returned to its scabbard. Kings, princes, emperors, Turks, infidels, and heretics, have each, in turn, and all combined, essayed to extirpate the hated race.

But all without avail ; her ranks have been sometimes thinned, but never broken. Persecution is an evidence of her divinity, foretold by her Lord : ‘If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.’ The fierceness of persecution is permitted to assail her, not to destroy, but to purify. The church has nothing, then, to fear—but every thing to hope.

“When Asia betrayed her plighted faith,—when half the world found itself Arian,—when the northern barbarians deluged the earth with blood,—when Mohammed desolated the East,—and when the wild storms of the sixteenth century arose ; the Church, it is true, felt the convulsive throes, but like gold seven times tried, she issued from the fire, a purer, holier, and more perfect likeness of her divine Head.”

“But, Eugene, since the Catholic Church has so extensively pursued coercive measures with those who have sought to throw off her authority ; there is every reason to fear that she may do so again.”

“I might with equal justice say the same of all the denominations of Protestants. But I confess that I have no fears of either Catholics or Protestants resorting to any such method ; for, although there are not wanting instances at the present moment of a persecuting spirit, yet I believe that the age in which we live is too enlightened to countenance it as a system. And especially in this favoured country, do I believe, that although the passions of men may attain the mastery for a brief interval, that the moral influence is too great to permit it to continue. As a powerful auxiliary to my argument, you will permit me to quote the language of an eloquent friend of yours, an enlightened and liberal Protestant gentleman.

“ ‘There is in this country an amount of intellect—an amount of physical force, that will teach the Church—whether Protestant or Catholic—that she shall not tear from the Constitution that principle which guarantees universal toleration to all. I have spoken of religious persecution. Let me tell you that religious persecutions have not always emanated from the Vatican, but that they have been as brutal and as cruel under the Reformation as ever they were under Rome. I am only telling truths which are recorded in history. I direct your attention to the bloody fields of Scotland and England—to Smithfield and the Grassmarket—to the persecutions of the Catholics in France—look to them, and answer me whether persecutions belong exclusively to the one or to the other of the sects? It is where human passions seize upon the church—where man, instead of devoutly maintaining the purity of that splendid institution which was foreshadowed by the prophets of old—which was revered and adorned by Him, whose touch is beauty, and whose designs are infinite perfection,—dare to lay their profaning hands on the ark of God, and endeavour to prostitute religion to their own vile worldly ends of passion and ambition,—it is then that persecution is to be feared, fierce and bloody as any of those persecutions that have disgraced all sects from the beginning of the Christian era.’ ”

“ Every benevolent man, Mr. Seward, who reads the history of the last three centuries shrinks with loathing from those scenes of blood, and would fain draw the pall of dark oblivion over deeds that make us blush for poor humanity. The horror, which causes some men to conjure up horrid spectres of awful things that might take place, if freemen should so far use their private judgment as to choose to become Catholic, is pitiable in the

extreme. We are almost daily brought into contact with such men, who greet you with—"Oh! what awful times we are about to fall upon!" "Oh! these Catholics, if they should get the ascendancy!" "What are we coming to!" and such like groundless expressions of fear. Were charity more freely exercised, it might then be seen and confessed, that the monsters from whom they shrink with such pious horror are as good citizens as themselves, as industriously engaged at their daily avocations, as desirous of peaceful lives and happy deaths; as virtuous, as holy, and perhaps larger sharers in that heavenly grace—charity—than themselves."

"Well, Eugene, I only hope, my boy, that, whether there be just cause of fear or not, those which may be entertained will never be realized; but, since we are on the subject of Church matters—which to tell you the truth I care very little about—I should like to hear you defend the chimerical idea of modern miracles, put forth so often both in Catholic books and periodicals. Do you really believe them?"

"Whether they be believed or not is perfectly a matter of choice with all Catholics. If I had sufficient evidence I should believe them. I do not see why a miracle should not be as possible now as it was in the days of the primitive Christians. God's arm is not shortened; nor is his power diminished.

"The nineteenth is emphatically an age of Infidelity; and if there be one sign more evident than another of these being 'the latter days' of the world—it is this, to which the Saviour evidently referred, when He asked—"But the Son of Man when He cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on earth?"—Luke xviii. 8.

"Protestants teach, and for the most part believe, that the 'days of miracles are past!' But why? I have

read their writings—I have heard them preach—I have conversed with them upon the subject of miracles, and have never discovered a solid answer to the question, or a sound reason for the assertion. Would they appeal to Scripture? Let them do so;—and while I will show numerous texts that promise to faith the power to work all the miracles that Christ worked, they shall not show one that *limits* the exercise of that power to any age. Would they appeal to the reasonableness of the thing, and state, that although it is expected of the Apostles of a new dispensation, to attest the fact of their heavenly commission by miracles, yet, when that object is accomplished, the extraordinary power recurs to its original source? To the reasonableness of the thing I will go, and reply, that until every Pagan, savage, Jew, and unbeliever, of whatever name, be brought to a saving knowledge of this faith, that commission is not accomplished; and hence, the objector being judge, the power to work miracles has not yet recurred to its original source; but remains in full force in the hands of the lawful successors of the Apostles, Christ himself extending that commission by the following declaration: ‘He that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do.’—John xiv. 12. But that which is here styled the reasonableness of the thing is most unreasonable, and not at all the fact. It is not true, that, when the Apostles of a new dispensation have accomplished their object, (that is, in the meaning of the objector, placed the new faith on a firm basis,) the extraordinary power recurs to its original source. Proof: the founders of the Jewish nation and faith, Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, were such Apostles; and yet that wonder-working faith, of which Christ said, with an asseveration: ‘Amen, I say to you, that who-

soever shall say to this mountain, be thou removed and be cast into the sea, and shall not stagger in his heart, but believe, that whatsoever he saith shall be done, it shall be done unto him,' Mark xi. 23—*did not expire*, on the establishment of the Israelites in the promised land, but was perpetuated through upwards of fourteen centuries, even to the Advent of the Messiah. 'The time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthe; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in battle, put to flight the armies of foreigners; women received their dead raised to life.'—Heb. xi. 32—35. Catholics are accustomed to contemplate similar prodigies throughout the Christian dispensation, and they have yet to learn when it was that Christ reversed His decision, and declared that His promise, 'these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover,' Mark xvi. 17, 18, is void. Since, then, no such reversion can be discovered, we conclude, that man has not been forbidden to exercise that degree of faith whereby miracles are wrought; and since Christ has not reversed it, that the Protestant, however he may be convinced that he cannot 'believe' with sufficient energy to effect so great a wonder, has no authority to forbid the Catholic to exercise that faith.

"You think it ridiculous that *relics* should be made the physical medium of miraculous gifts. Now, if I

have shown above, that the privilege of attesting the faith of Christ by miracles is not confined to the Apostolic age, it matters but little whether the power be exercised by the instrumentality of the bones of a deceased saint, the hem of a garment, a little clay and spittle, or an apron or handkerchief that may have touched the saint's body.* The power is from God, and as long as He is pleased to permit the 'virtue' to flow, it is of no concern what may be the medium.

"But you say, my dear sir, that you demand testimony, ocular testimony, in order to convince you that such marvels are now performed. Suppose it granted to you, and that you now stand in the solemn chamber of death. Some good man, as did the ancient prophet, stretches himself three times over the dead body, and prays that the soul may return into it; and the deceased lives. What then? why yourself, and perhaps the immediate relatives of the deceased, believe; but the moment you publish the fact, your friends charge you with imposture, or pronounce you mad! But a far more probable result would be the following: you would resolve the case in your mind, question it, cavil; and presently, after much close investigation and sound logic, discover that the man was in a trance, or stupor, or in some other way suspended as one dead, between the natural and the spiritual world.

"But can it be seriously meant as an objection to the possibility of a miracle that we have not seen one; or could any Christian man say, 'I have not seen a miracle, therefore I will not believe?' The Saviour would have answered him: 'An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign; and a sign shall not be given it,'

* Acts of the Apostles.

Matt. xii. 39. 'Neither will they believe, if one rise again from the dead,' Luke xvi. 31; and had the objector lived at that time, he would have remained an unbelieving Jew. Can such a person be aware, that by raising this objection, he places himself upon infidel ground, and advances a principle which destroys the very nature of a miracle, and saps the foundation of Christianity, 'individual experience?' He will not believe a miracle on 'testimony,' because, with the infidel, he holds 'that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false.'* But the proposition, in every point of view, leads to an absurdity. What is 'individual experience?' Strictly speaking, that only which we experience in our own person; more widely that which happens in our presence; or still more widely, that which generally happens to mankind. The first, no one is foolish enough to demand. The second, our objector is determined to have, before he will believe: 'We have a pair of eyes of our own.' Upon this he declares, that had he lived when Christ was on earth, being Jew or Pagan—Jew or Pagan he must have remained; and, like Herod, though he may have hoped to see some miracle wrought; he would, in the absence of such experience, die in unbelief. Again: suppose him to have witnessed a miracle wrought by one of the seventy; Christ also works a miracle at the same time, but not in his presence; by his own rule he must admit the disciples' miracle, and reject that of Christ! As to the third, whatever event is 'generally experienced' by everybody, ceases to have the characteristics of a miracle, and altogether fails to produce

* Paley.

the desired end. If it were 'general experience,' that when a man thrusts his hand in his bosom, he would draw it out leprous, or in casting a rod upon the ground, it should become a serpent; how could a man, who really had received a divine commission, prove it? Yet this is precisely the objector's principle. He, and every one of them, demands, that 'his pair of eyes' shall see a miracle, before he will believe. This, then, is that principle which saps the very foundation of Christianity, and would, if all the world had been as this supposed objector, have rendered the efforts to perfect the work of Redemption nugatory; and though Christ might have been crucified as a malefactor, no one would believe his resurrection, because no one *saw* Him rise from the dead; and the whole human race must be damned in unbelief! 'If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain,' 1 Cor. xv. 14.

"But this is not the Catholic principle. The Catholic, with humble faith, believes a miracle on sufficient evidence.

"Permit me to answer the question—'Why will not Protestants believe a miracle?' Because they have not living, active faith. Not being united to the trunk of which Christ is the root, they are as 'trees of the autumn, twice dead, plucked up by the roots:' and their faith partakes of this character. It is unfruitful, dead, and they make no effort to enliven it. They teach and persuade themselves, that 'the days of miracles are past'—hence they make no effort to exercise that extraordinary faith, which has the promise—'He that believeth in me, the works that I do he also shall do,' and because they do not believe, they will not allow others to believe. Let them return unto the

rock from which they are severed ; let them heal the wound of God's people, and return to the unity of Christ's fold, and they shall not only enjoy that living, active faith, which they now have not, but also that charity which ' believeth all things.'

"I will only add the words of Christ—'Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed.'—John xx. 29."

CHAPTER XX.

Listen now, thankfully changed is her tone;
No longer droopingly, sits she alone.
No longer tearfully clouded her sight:
From her eyes cheerfully shineth love's light.
See, see how gladsomely bounds she along,
While from her lips merrily ripples a song!
Upward, she lovingly raises her eyes,
Gazing so gratefully into the skies.
Angels that weepingly prayed with her there,
Look on her smilingly, saved from despair.
Ah, we can happily look on her now,
Joy reigns so peacefully on her fair brow.—MISS COLEMAN.

PAULINE's shriek, when holding the bleeding victim in her arms, was caused by her fainting, in which, her loss of strength, colour, and respiration were so entire as to cause her to mistake it for death. But as soon as they had reached the Hall, the practised skill of the physicians, who treated her, speedily restored her to sensibility; but, fragile child! to such a sensibility to suffering, that it might have been regarded as a mercy to have permitted her to sleep the sleep of death, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Her delicate frame was livid with bruises; her tender limbs covered with ulcers, and the marks of others still remaining, as evidences of the habitual cruelty which had been practised upon her by the demons that enthralled her. These, there was every prospect, might be healed by emollient applications and tender care; but it was too fearfully apprehended that

she had received internal injury, from the effects of which it would defy all human skill to relieve her.

"Should her mental faculties prove to be as effectually prostrated as are her physical powers," remarked her benevolent physician, as he studied her case, "I confess that I have almost no hope of restoring her to health. Let it be your care as soon as sensibility returns, to inspire her with joyful anticipations, bright hopes and promises. Adopt any means that will infuse a cheerful frame of mind, without exciting the system by feverish desire; her youth, the reproductive energies, and the natural buoyancy of her temperament may effect more than the entire pharmacopœia of the faculty."

What thrills of generous joy, therefore, animated Pauline's happy breast, when, some days afterwards, while hanging over the sweet but suffering Marie, with those instructions fresh in her mind, she once more saw her open her eyes lit up with the fire of intelligence; and, extending her thin and feeble arms, as she recognised the lovely being who was tending her, clasped her beloved benefactress around the neck, with all her little energy, exclaiming:

"Dear, sweet Miss Pauline! dear, sweet Miss Pauline!" until tears of purest bliss streamed down her pale cheeks, and sobs impeded her utterance.

"Dear, sweet Pauline" had no voice to reply. She could only press the darling lamb, her gentle Agnes, to her tender bosom, and mingle tear with tear.

Not knowing what effect her own weakness—if such it could be called—might have upon Marie's gentle nature, she suppressed her emotions as best she could, and, assuming all the calmness of voice of which she was capable, she made an effort to induce a smile.

“Shall we not be happy now, my sweet love?” she inquired, her voice still tremulous.

“Dear, sweet Miss, I was always happy with you,” she replied ; and, as if she feared—that being almost the only emotion by which her unhappy life had been governed—some reproach, she added : “indeed, indeed, sweet Miss, I didn’t want to go away. It was that dreadful man.”

“No, my sweet love, I know that you did not ; your little heart loved me too much for that.”

Oh ! what a heaven of delight to Marie’s heart was in those sweet words of comfort. It seemed as if her own dear mother had come down from heaven to embrace and love her child.

“And I will never go away again ; indeed, sweet Miss, I wont.”

“No, my precious, you will always live with me now ; and when we go to Eglenton you will go there with us, will you not ?” Pauline hoped by this allusion to inspire her with the bright recollections of the happiness she had there enjoyed ; the church, good Father Xavier, her confirmation day, her village play-mates, her happy bowers, her altar in the cave.

Her fond heart drank in the reminiscence with delight ; one sudden, momentary shade alone shrouded the smile that sat upon her placid features. It was the recollection of the events of her last day in her little church, as she loved to call it. Pauline quickly beguiled it by some new allurements, and thus enticed her to forget her woes.

Day after day thus passed in happy, blissful love. Her sores began to heal, her bruises to disappear, her wounds to close. Ease gradually succeeded to pain ; strength to weakness. Health, or at least its semblance,

once more decked her pale, thin form with bloom. Smiles absorbed her tears; and, at last, before the loveliest month of spring had exhausted half its fragrance, the merrily-ringing, laughing voice of Marie Agnes Neville rang through Mordant Hall.

There was nothing now to retard the consummation of a long anticipated event. Pauline had not one solitary excuse, not even the shadow of one, wherewith to tease her constant lover by longer delay. Every cloud had been driven from the horizon of their hopes, by the bright rays of the sunshine of a good Providence. All they had lost had been restored to them; so that like the patient man of old, their latter state was more than their former; all their sorrows had been turned to joys; and Eugene, even *he* had returned, not merely with charity for the Most Holy Faith, which she esteemed beyond all comparison, above her greatest earthly treasure, but, himself a—Catholic! Again and again had she sat beside him, and heard for the thousandth time from his lips, the story, ever new, of his conversion. How he had travelled, at first, with bitterness in his heart, yet willing to be convinced of truth, if truth were to be found. How he had failed to find it, unless that were it, which he already possessed. How, consequently, he had set his face homeward, to bear his forlorn lot of loneliness and disappointed love, as best he might. How he had been laid by the mysterious power of God, displayed amidst the most terrific scenes in nature, at death's inexorable portal. How, by CHARITY, the charity of those whom he had despised, he had been rescued from the grim monster that held him fast bound in his icy fetters, and restored him to consciousness, to health, to life: to a life of Grace and Charity, like theirs. Again had he told her, that his

conversion was effected neither by design on his part, nor mere sympathy for her, and desire to possess her; but, by the irresistible power of God operating upon his unwilling heart. But, now—he would constantly and fervently repeat—now that I have learned the truth, and been made to feel, to experience, to know its power, it seems a miracle of wonder that I should have remained in ignorance of its blessed influence for so long a time. I can only attribute it to absolute indifference of seeking it, or to that prejudice, which sears the conscience as with a hot iron, that blinds the eyes, that he who leads and they who are led may both together fall into the ditch; to that fell delusion, which God sometimes sends, that foolish man may believe the lie he fabricates.

What then delays the blissful moment? What keeps thee back, Pauline, from him, who has long held thy willing heart, and now sighs to prove he merits all thy confidence and love? Thy Marie is again clasped within thine arms: again her smiles, her innocent prattle win thy heart, and thou art left without excuse.

It is still beautiful May, the bright morning of the twenty-fifth. Pauline, still locked in the arms of dreamy sleep, slumbers away its rosy hours. Wake thee! Arise! fair girl! it is thy bridal day. The birds sing thee merrily, whilst thou dreamest sweet dreams. Already thine own dear Bel and gentle Lou stand at thy door, impatient of delay. See the bright wreaths they bear to deck thy lovely brow. Nay, tremble not so, fair one! they will deck thee as becometh thee, without thine aid. Weep not, fairest, lest he whom thou lovest should see the traces of thy tears. There, cover her blushes with that beauteous veil, and lead her forward to the sacred altar. The priest of the Most

High stands robed and mitred with authority to pronounce the irrevocable bonds. Hark! how merrily peal the Cathedral bells! See, see how the gay throngs crowd the long aisles; the young, the old, the beautiful, the sad, the gay; all, all have a heart to rejoice with thee, and a welcome as soon as thou dost appear. Hasten, then, Pauline—hasten—come, blushing maiden, thou art ready now; descend to the hall. There stands thy father to receive thee, there thy bridegroom longs for thy coming. Eugene, is he not one of whom a maiden may be proud? Listen to the rumbling sounds of those wheels—the streets are filled with the carriages of thy guests. What throngs of gay equipages! what hosts of smiling friends! what streams of merry greeters.

Ah! there thou goest, my gentle maid, to receive the last embrace of thy father before he consigns thee to the keeping of another. Why heaves thy bosom with such deep emotion? Calm thyself, sweet one, 'tis Eugene that approaches thee; the loved, the lost, the found. Well, weep then if that will give thee relief; they are tears of bliss; and it may be that thou wilt feel relieved from the oppressive tumult of thy joy. But hie thee away to the church, Pauline Seward, the hour hath come when thou shalt no longer be called by that name.

Gaily along moves the joyful train. It enters the consecrated fane: and now stands before the altar of God. — Where art thou, Pauline Seward? my blushing fair one?—Thou art no more. But Mrs. Neville, as blooming, as blushing as a rose; as fair, as beauteous as a lily, receives the congratulations of her friends. Go then, and fulfil the law of thy God, and merit the blessing he vouchsafes. It is a holy vow thou

hast taken ; keep it well. He to whom thou hast committed thy future happiness merits all thy confidence. He loves thee, will cherish, defend, and protect thee. Love thou him with thy heart's pure devotion.

The ceremony over, they return to the Hall, where Pauline receives her more intimate friends ; after which, she retires to prepare for her journey to Eglenton. Hie thee, Eglenton, and bedeck thyself in thy most beauteous aspect ! Deck thyself with the blossom and bloom of thy fairest flowers !

Orders had been sent on two weeks beforehand to have the cottage prepared for the reception of the bride and groom. But there was another joy in keeping for beautiful Leflore. It was announced through the village that little Marie had been found, and was also to be of the party. Never before was there such a bustle in Leflore. Old Mistress Martha hobbled about, and laughed and cried all day long. The children shouted for joy : and all, without distinction, hailed her expected return among them with almost frantic delight.

But it was a sight, to see old Martha roaming about the cottage from morning till night. A due complement of servants had been sent from the city, with directions to have every thing arranged according to the most approved taste ; and every thing was as good and as perfect as good and perfect could be ; but nothing was good or perfect enough for old Mistress Martha ; and although she could scarcely see, yet she must dust and dust, and brush and brush, and dust and brush again, until for dusting and brushing no more strength remained. Now she would hobble up stairs, now down again ; then out of the house, then in again ; giving out twenty orders in a breath ; none of which were ever performed or ever intended to be performed.

But now let us fly back again to the city to see what may be the state of affairs there. Three spacious travelling carriages stand before the hall door, with three pairs of as fine horses as ever champed a bit, and as proud and restless as if they were perfectly sensible of the importance of the occasion which had called forth their valuable services. Never did horses toss their heads so high, or prance so gaily.

Ah! here they come at last. The great hall door swings majestically back upon its hinges, disclosing to the gay multitudes continuous rows of liveried servants ranged along the hall. The hall itself seems perfectly alive with guests. There, there they come. No, it is only the wavings to and fro of the moving masses of the company. Did the sun ever smile, nay, laugh outright, upon such a wedding-day as this? Were ever his beams so golden and his light so cheerfully bright? Why he had driven away every faintest trace of mist from the sky, and as you gaze into the deep blue expanse it seems as if you were looking through and through into the very pearly gates of Heaven! Oh! how approvingly it smiled upon that scene, down upon which it looked so sweetly, so serenely calm; and what showers of blessings it sent down that day upon hearts surcharged with happiness.

But give way, open a passage for the bridal train. What a glorious array of beauty now bursts upon the sight! such sparkling eyes, such rosy, laughing, restless lips and mirthful faces. Here she comes, the blushing bride, sweet Pauline, Pauline Neville, still all blushes and tears, with here and there the trace of a sunny smile struggling with all its might to break through the opposing crowd of gushing emotions to assume, by immemorial right, its empire, her fair face.

How gracefully she rests upon her husband's arm. What! Eugene! have thine eyes also been moistened by the tumultuous gush of deep, of thrilling joy? Ah! well mayst thou exult in her whom God has given thee. Ah! see, see how gently he conducts the fairest of the fair, the beautiful. What delicacy in his touch; what softness in his every glance; what gentleness in every movement. He is thine, Pauline, and all that thy heart could wish.

Calvin Seward looks twenty years younger. Observe his stately step, his noble bearing, and the majesty that sits upon his brow. How freshly blooms his ruddy cheek! what brilliant fires light up his eye! Never did conquering hero bear such a manly front in the most glorious hour of triumph. He moves onward with elastic step towards the carriage, in which the bride and groom are already seated. His lovely, prattling grand-niece, Marie Agnes Neville, walks beside him, never more merry in her life, not even when surrounded by her robins and snow birds. Her dimples scarcely for a moment vanish from her rosy cheeks. Her bright blue eyes dance with delight, while purest happiness beams in every lineament of her cherub face.

The sweet child knew that something of unusual importance was transpiring, but she could not exactly comprehend how much of it was to be placed to her individual share, or whether she were not intimately concerned in the whole affair. Her romantic story, sufficiently absorbing in itself, but increased by Madam Rumor, had created a prodigious enthusiasm in her favour. Then her surpassing beauty, her simplicity, her innocence, her incomparable loveliness, and her newly-discovered relationship with Eugene, and her new-made one with loved Pauline, all contributed to

make her scarcely less an object of attraction than was the bridal party itself. She might well therefore wonder what it were all about, if she were not intimately concerned in it. She knew that something had happened to her dear, sweet Miss Pauline, but as that something she did not fully comprehend, she concluded that even that in some manner concerned her. Thou art right, sweet Marie, it does. She, who could not love thee more than she already did, but still was only thy friend, now bears thy name. She, the blooming rose, sweet as the breath of morn, has given herself away to thy father's brother. Thou art right, fair child, thou art intimately concerned, and it was with the hope that thou mightst yet be present at it, that it was postponed for thee to share its joy.

The first carriage had received its precious charge; the second was occupied by bridesmaids and grooms-men; the last accommodated those servants whose services had been indispensable at the Hall, and who on that account had not been previously sent forward. They were pretty little Jane, Pauline's maid, who had flown back with alacrity the moment she knew her former mistress had returned to the Hall; the everlasting Betty, and Robert the porter, who on this grand occasion had shut up his store temporarily to take his old position at the hall door. These were inside; while black Sam, tricked out in his holiday best, was seated on the box beside the coachman, his shiny face glistening in the sun, and the whites of his huge eyes glittering like two stars which the day-beams had no power to extinguish.

All things being now in readiness, the music of the whips sounds merrily just above the horses' ears, without touching them, merely as a reminder that it was

time to start ; for not even an animal on such a day was permitted to feel one single pang. The spirited beasts knew the sound, and most merrily did they dance forward to the tune.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sun-beam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth!
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!—*MRS. HEWANA.*

DID ever such a glorious day dawn upon the valley of Leflore as this said twenty-fifth day of May? Preparations had been in progress for its celebration long beforehand; and never before was there such a concourse of happy villagers, all dressed up in their holiday trim, as that which now enlivened its verdant groves and sunny hills. Three of the grandest events that ever fell to the lot of man, at one and the same time, were now to be celebrated. Were ever such events, or any thing like them, heard of in that peaceful vale? Never—and never will be again. There is Mr. Seward, who had been most unrighteously excluded from the beautiful Eglenton cottage for more than two years, suddenly returning to it, being restored to him at a time when he had almost forgotten it; certainly did not expect ever again to enjoy its pleasant retreat. Then there is Miss Seward, the

lovely, that was, now the lovely Mrs. Neville, and her adoring spouse, coming to spend the honey-moon, and many other sweet moons besides, in the most romantic vale the light of day ever beheld. And oh! rapturous delight! little Marie Agnes, Saint Agnes, the lost one, she whom all had loved, and for whom all had wept as for one dead; she, the sweetest of the sweet, and loveliest of the fair, was found, and is once again about to shed the delicious fragrance of her life over their peaceful valley. The children danced through the village, perfectly frantic with delight; tears, hot scalding tears, that did not burn, they were so sweet to shed, so full of rapturous delight, streamed down the cheeks of age, of youth, and even of the rough, sun-burnt children of toil. Young maidens sobbed aloud, and thought their very hearts would burst with joy; and tender mothers clasped their infants to their breasts, and, tremulous with delight, whispered the name of Marie.

Then rumour with her thousand tongues had spread abroad that she had been discovered to be the niece of Pauline, the good, the beautiful. What fresh delight, what new enthusiasm did not this enkindle in their breasts!

"I always thought she looked like her!" said one.

"Anybody might have seen that," rejoined another.

"I could have laid my life on 't," chimed in the man who had found the lace.

"I dreamed about it three times hand runnin'," argued a good old granny; "and the same dream three times always comes true."

The country people for miles around had caught the spirit that fired the villagers of Leflore, and came in streams from all directions, to participate in the general

joy, and to witness the grand preparations that had been made for the triumphal entry. The mountains and hills seemed alive with people pouring down their sides like rain: all the roads were blocked up, jammed and crammed with every imaginable species of vehicle, carts, wagons, gigs, sulkies, chaises, carriages, and cars; even sleds and sleighs had been lifted off of their runners and placed upon old cast-off wheels, and where horses were not to be had, oxen were made the substitute.

Splendid triumphal arches had been erected at suitable distances, beautifully and tastefully adorned with flowers and evergreens, inscribed with suitable mottoes, so constructed as to admit of being illuminated at night. At each of these, bands of little girls, dressed in white, with flowing scarfs and ribbons of pink and blue, known to be Pauline's favourite colours, and those in which Marie Agnes so often appeared among them adorned, stood with bouquets of flowers in their hands, ready to shower upon the guests as they rode by. Then there were juvenile choristers ready to salute them with enchanting melody, set to words especially prepared for the joyous occasion that inspired all their hearts.

Then, too, the cottage! Eglenton cottage! did ever cottage wear such glorious drapery? Wreaths of flowers streaming from the roof to the ground, waved in fragrant festoons of the most dazzling beauty. The pillars which supported the portico were encircled with garlands woven from floral gems of every hue and shade. Extending from the grand entrance to the main gateway, grew a colonnade of shade trees; they fairly glowed with the profusion of their dazzling glories. At equal distances along its graceful windings were erected three most delicate and tasteful floral arches, whose

beauteous flowers were emblematic of those who were so soon to grace them with their presence. Though each contained almost all the brilliant honours of the other, yet each was made to exhibit in greatest profusion those which were most appropriate to the happy being to whom it was particularly dedicated.

In the first, orange flowers beautifully blended with cinquefoil, myrtle, and daisy, with lily and rose, both red and white ; all entwined with ivy and the honeysuckle, that beauteous emblem of generous and devoted affection ; the orange flowers predominating, blooming and shedding their fragrance for the lovely bride. The second was in honour of the gentle Marie. It was purely of virgin white. In it the lily and white rose formed the groundwork, the white honeysuckle still wreathed in beauteous curves and breathed the pure affection of the happy child. It was surmounted by a milk-white dove ; sweet Marie's favourite bird, the symbol of her innocence and truth. The third exemplified the nobleness, the love, the triumph, and manly beauty of him who led forth his bride in all the bloom of manhood, displaying in mute eloquence all the generous qualities of heart and mind.

All the families of note, and persons of the higher circles, who had been attracted to the scene, were already assembled at the cottage, waiting in anxious expectation those around whose names and histories had gathered so much of general interest from the extraordinary events that had transpired during the last few years, but who were not less celebrated for the universal esteem and respect in which they were held.

But where was good Father Xavier during all this joyous time ? Why, happy man ! he was everywhere at once. Now in the village, now at the cottage, then

on the hill-top, to see if he could catch the first glimpse of their approach. Then he would stop, whenever he thought he might not be so much observed, and rub and wipe his face as if to make believe nothing but perspiration was moistening it, followed where ere he went by troops of merry children, many of whom were, like himself, crying for joy. Good Father Xavier! how everybody loved him. Even old Martha, she now began to love him, because he loved little Marie; and she began to think that, after all, his long black coat was not half so hateful as she first had thought it; and as to his "everlastin' beads," as she used to term them, they began to look positively beautiful in her eyes, they shone so brightly—with use—nor did they seem half so superstitious as she once imagined them, and guessed that, after all, they might be very harmless things; at all events she was not going to quarrel with him because he pleased to wear them; and as for the little cap he wore, and at which she never failed to turn up her nose when he had passed and could not see her, why it had become "the beautifullest thing she ever did see."

And poor old Carlo must not be forgotten in the general happiness that rules the day. He first made his appearance at the Cottage, when his good old master returned to receive back his property. And if poor dog ever knew any thing, Carlo knew that this was the twenty-fifth of May; and that great doings were in progress for his especial happiness. With what a stately tread would the noble fellow walk to and fro under the triumphal arches; then, as if some new thought had struck his mind, away he would stream along the road with inconceivable rapidity; then, as suddenly stop, and look in everybody's face;

as much as to say, Good afternoon, we expect them very soon ; and everybody looking in his face and saying : " Here they come, Carlo, seek 'em, boy." And sure enough they were come. Those who stood upon the hill-tops first caught sight of the lumbering vehicles and smoking steeds ; and raising the shout of triumph, hill after hill took up the mighty cry ; while caverns, and cliffs, and woods, and rocks heaved back their voice. Hark ! how it gathers along the roads, re-echoes through the vale, and sweeps like a torrent through the living masses of that mighty crowd. They come ! They come ! They come !

We fly to meet them, and see how Pauline and gentle Marie have borne the fatigues of that happy day. What now, Pauline ! fie upon thee ! still to obscure thy beautiful bright eyes with tears ; when, if ever, they should sparkle with delight. Little Marie trembles with wonder, astonishment, joy, and love ; all, all were blended in her gentle breast, and throbbing there as if that heart would break. Eugene bears himself nobly up ; yet he could not divine the extent to which approaching indications seemed to point, for none but Mr. Seward knew that any extended preparation had been made ; and even he was not aware of the full extent to which the enthusiasm of his tenantry would carry them. Slowly they ascend the last hill which conceals Leflore from their view. Oh ! what a scene now bursts upon their sight. Wipe off those tears, Pauline, and look upon that gorgeous scene. It is in honour of thy happy nuptials. Shout, my sweet Marie, and clap thy dimpled hands. It is for thy return.

To proceed with any rapidity, is now almost impossible. How to proceed at all is a miracle, through that

living mass of human beings, their faces all turned towards the bridal train. Smiles and bows of happy recognition greet them as they pass along. The carriages stop. To proceed is now utterly impossible. At that instant, exulting shouts re-echo through the air; showers of bouquets darken the carriage windows. What rich fragrance perfumes the air. See, exclaims Pauline, to her father, at last somewhat aroused, as she sees the happy faces of her poor, there comes old Ben Bolt hobbling along on his crutch.

"Uncle Ben, how do you do now," exclaimed Pauline, as soon as he had gotten near enough.

"Ah! God bless your ladyship, old Ben is always well, when he can look on them bright eyes, ma'm."

"How is old Gramy?" continued Pauline, blushing.

"God bless you, dear madam, she is well, and on the road somewhere among the rest of us."

By this time the carriage had moved on a little.

"Marie, love, look there! do you not remember poor Polly, whose house was burnt? There she stands, with her baby." They were at too great a distance in the crowd to speak, but waiving their hands in token of recognition, they experienced the joy their smiles imparted to the poor, contented woman.

A signal had been agreed upon, by which all might know at the same time at what moment the bridal train approached. This had been duly given, and the different detachments of an escort were instantly put in motion, and moved in the direction whence they were coming. Every instrument of music that could by any possibility be made to perform a tune was had in requisition that day. A fine company of amateur musicians had been engaged in the city, to be stationed at the

Cottage. The first detachment of the committee of reception had now met the new comers. It consisted of gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had long been the friends and admirers of Mr. Seward. It was deafening to hear the shouts as they rode up ; and affecting in the extreme to witness the warm, heartfelt congratulations with which their greetings were given and received.

The horsemen, dividing into two columns on either side of the road, the carriages pass on, towards the first great triumphal arch. Here was another stoppage. The scene to be enacted there had offered peculiar attractions for hundreds, who had been willing to forego the pleasure of being the first to get a glimpse of the carriages from the hill-tops to secure favourable positions. Just as the carriage, which contained the bride, with its top now thrown back, drew up under the arch, you might have supposed that Flora had concentrated all the fragrance and beauty of the season at that one spot ; the most rich and beautiful flowers were scattered along their path upon the ground, or showered in upon the happy comers, as they sat quite overcome with emotions at this fresh display of the affection of the people. It was, however, after the first demonstration of enthusiasm was over that the most touching exhibition occurred. The melodious voices of the juvenile choristers, who had been so long on the tiptoe of joyous expectation, now arose in full, but somewhat tremulous accents upon the ear. What heart could resist so sweet a welcome home ? Not Pauline's, not sweet Marie's, not Eugene's, nor that of Mr. Seward ; for though all made every effort to preserve their dignity, and even little Marie wondered why the tears would come and blind her bright eyes, and she not

be able to avoid it, just when she wanted to see what it all was; yet, there was every eye streaming like a fountain, and every face as if it had been washed in a shower.

“Come home!—there is sorrowing breath
In music since ye went,
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent.
The tones in every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—loved ones—makes a wish
To turn aside and weep—
Welcome, oh! welcome back again.

“Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o’er the main!
Our love has grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones of music back!
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there—
Welcome, oh! welcome back again.”

As the chorus gushed from their true and gentle hearts, it was taken up by the vast concourse, and swelled as it rolled from point to point, repeated by every tongue, re-echoing through hill and vale, long after it had ceased at the point where the joyous welcome had first been made. As they drew near to the gateway of the cottage, and there for the first time caught a glimpse of the preparations which had been made to receive them, and when the smiling faces of many of Pauline’s warm-hearted friends were turned full upon her in congratulation, amidst the soft and

melting notes of music, now soothing, now inspiring the soul with sweet emotions, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and showers of bouquets, her heart fairly sank within her: "Dear pa! this is too much to bear; how shall we get through it all?" But "dear pa" was not in a much better condition to reply, than was sweet Pauline to sustain the overpowering influence of the scene now opened before them.

Pauline's attention was soon attracted by the gorgeous sight which her bridal arch now presented to her view. Its devices and emblematic flowers, every one of which spoke the language of her beating heart, could not be mistaken. She was now fast approaching it; and as she slowly passed beneath it, breathing its luscious fragrance, such shouts and benisons rent the air as never before greeted a happy bride. "God bless you, my sweet lady!" "Long life and perpetual happiness!" "Heaven shower its richest blessings upon you and yours!" were some of the expressions that fell upon her grateful heart as she passed along towards the second arch, erected in honour of Marie; whose attention was soon called to this mark of love and affection for her. Here, another and another shout rent the air; while some repeated the inscriptions entwined with the wreaths of white flowers that formed its beauteous decorations: "Lily of the Valley, welcome to Leflore!" "Sweet rose of Sharon, bloom ever and shed thy fragrance here;" with many other equally sweet words of welcome. And then the last arch in honour of the gentlemen, emblematic in its decorations and inscriptions of nobleness, dignity, grace, and triumph. And now, as they emerge from the thick colonnade of stately elms and firs and lindens that adorn the foreground, the cottage is for the first time

distinctly seen, festooned with all the flowers of the season. The *convallaria majalis*, the *asphodelus luteus*, the star of Bethlehem, the *dianthus barbatus*, the *rosa lutea* and *chrysanthemum*, and a thousand others, whose perfume, spread through the surrounding atmosphere, expressed the sweetness of the love and affection which prompted the display.

An hour of repose and refreshment was needed before the bridal train was ready to grace with their presence the luxurious banquet which had been prepared in the spacious saloon of the Cottage, and awaited their presence. Tables had been spread upon the lawn adjoining the house, and in the groves, for the especial benefit of those who were not able to find accommodation in the house, the villagers and neighbouring country people; these had all been profusely supplied with substantial viands: huge rounds of beef, whole flanks of sheep, and of deer; together with fowls in profusion, fish and vegetables of every description, all fruits in season, not forgetting a little wine that cheers the heart, and other harmless beverage. The appearance of the bridal party was the signal for the commencement of festivities; and right merrily did they commence, and proceed; and right merrily did they end, but not until long after the cooling shades of night had crept over the scene, and extinguished the light of day; of a day for ever to be remembered and talked of at Leflore.

What a gorgeous scene lit up that night! The cottage seemed on fire; the woods blazed with refulgent light; the roads and triumphal arches glowed with liquid fire. The bright round moon, fair queen of night, was eclipsed, and all her maids of honour, the glittering stars, twinkled in the glare. And there was

music, and dancing, and merriment, such as never cheered the heart of man or inspired a maiden's heart with love. But at last the fires wane ; the guests retire ; the moon sinks into her ocean bed, and all Leflore and the happy inmates of Eglenton Cottage sink into the arms of grateful, pleasing, balmy sleep.

Sleep on! and rest, loved ones! for holy angels guard with unfailing eyes your peaceful slumbers.

CHAPTER XXII.

The last note is hush'd of the sweet bird of song;
A rose-bud is crush'd, ere its life had been long—
A bright beam is darken'd, in earliest dawn,
When radiantly nearing the fulness of morn;
And a spirit, unfetter'd, has wing'd its glad flight
To bask in the sunshine of heavenly light.—M. M.

ALAS! that the gorgeous scenes through which we have so joyously passed should ever be overshadowed by one cloud of sorrow. But, such is the evanescence of all human happiness, that while smiles of joy still beam upon the face, grief sets its sullen impress there: and while the sunshine of bliss still sparkles in the eye of youth, of beauty, and even of apparent health, the deadly shaft of premature decay suddenly dims its splendor and too often seals it in everlasting sleep.

On the morning, however, following the never-to-be-forgotten twenty-fifth of May, you might have supposed that Marie Agnes was neither more nor less than one of those bright-eyed, charming little fairies, of which so many surprising things are told—especially commissioned by Mab, queen of all the fairies, to hold her court, in open day, and in presence of all the cherry-cheeked damsels and rosy-faced urchins of the loveliest of all lovely valleys, the valley of Leflore. Certainly, nothing could look more like fairy-land than did that part of it, particularly, where stood beautiful Eglenton. All the decorations of the cottage still hung upon its porticoes and

columns, shedding around their delightful fragrance as they were wafted by the pure mountain breeze. The ground was still carpeted with the varied hues of Flora's entire train; and the arches with all their brilliant tapestry and inscriptions continued to testify to the memory of yesterday's events.

Within a charming grove that ornamented a portion of the cottage grounds, had been erected, in honour of the Queen of May, the lost, the found, the happy Marie, a dais, or throne. Above it, arose in graceful undulations a canopy of choicest floral jems. Here sat the beauteous Queen, receiving the homage of her grateful subjects, the villagers for miles around the valley, who had previously known her, and many of whom had been the objects of her love and devotion in the hour of their affliction. Besides these, many were to be found there, who, having resided beyond the sphere of her active charities, knew her only by reputation, and had come to gaze upon the lovely child, whose marvellous history formed almost the only topic of conversation in every circle. None knew her but to love; none gazed upon her but to admire; and when her youthful people knelt in the order of their sports at the foot of her throne, their vow of fealty was accompanied with the sincere and devout homage of their pure and loving hearts. The children of the neighbouring gentry, who still remained guests at the cottage, were her maids of honour and the officers of her court. Pauline was mistress of ceremonies; and while, with a bounding heart, and as full of glee as the happiest child among them, she guides and controls their mirth, mingles with them in the dance, sings with them when they sing, laughs when they laugh, and becomes for the time as much a child as they, let us leave them to the joys of the day, and turn,

for a moment, to some concluding affairs, of importance to her in whose honour this day has been consecrated, and who is the soul and centre of every thought and action. It may thereby be discovered that little Marie is a Queen, not without empire and real subjects.

She is now the theme of conversation between Mr. Seward and Eugene, in the study of Eglenton Cottage. At the moment in which we introduce the reader, Mr. Seward observes :

“It is a matter of the greatest importance, Eugene, that the testimony which sustains her claim to being considered the daughter of Charles, notwithstanding its clearness, should be well digested before you move in this affair of the estate.”

“The chain of evidence is so perfect,” replied Eugene, “that the living testimony of the parents could not add to the certainty of it. The letters of her mother to Charles trace her every movement until her arrival at the city of P——. They describe all her movements there, and the place of her abode up to the date of her last illness. These records, which form almost a continuous journal, correspond precisely with all that we have since discovered by our inquiries. Then, comes the testimony of the letter, which was preserved by the woman in whose house she died, written in the same hand and endorsed by the same signature as the former, and in which express mention is made of her daughter, Marie. Then we have the testimony of those who conducted her first interment on the part of the city authorities ; then, that of the miniature likenesses, which compare in the most perfect manner, both with the deceased and with Marie herself ; and finally, the incidental proof of the initials, found upon the dress both of Marie and of her mother, as well as upon the cases of the miniatures, plainly worked

by the same hand and with the same material ; and proving, with the other testimony, to a demonstration, that the deceased is Amelia Neville, the wife of Charles ; and that Marie is their daughter ; to whom, as the only survivor of my poor brother, without doubt belongs his share of the paternal estates."

If the circumstantial evidence of their identity should not be so satisfactory to the reader as it was to Eugene, the following reference to events which transpired several years before the date of the commencement of this history, will remove every doubt. Mr. Bellemere was for many years a leading merchant and distinguished citizen of St. Louis. But, just at that period of life when it became desirable to retire from the active bustle of mercantile pursuits and pass the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement with his affectionate wife and daughter, he met with reverses, that impelled him to the necessity of renewing his exertions to recover the means which he had so unexpectedly lost. Hoping more expeditiously to effect his object by transferring the scene of his operations from the comparatively dull and plodding mart of the emporium of Upper Missouri to the active metropolis of the South, he determined to make the experiment of a change. With him, to determine was to perform, and a few weeks afterwards he was established in New Orleans. Not finding his circumstances such as to warrant his leaving the city at the approach of the sickly season, and relying too much upon his habitude to western and southern climates, with their train of pestiferous diseases and deadly fevers, he remained ; and, for a time, had no reason to regret it. But at last, that fearful destroyer of human life, the yellow fever, commenced its ravages. In less than a week, both he and his de-

voted nurse and wife, Mrs. Bellemere, were numbered among its victims. They died, leaving their beautiful and accomplished daughter, Amelia, without a relative or even a friend in the wide world, with whom to rest her aching head or ease her wounded and bereaved heart.

When the first burst of grief had subsided, and when her sorrowing thoughts would permit her to contemplate the reality of her lonely position, she accepted the offer of an acquaintance, made during their brief residence in the city, to regard his house as her home. Here the bitterness of her sorrow was assuaged; here the hardships of her sad lot were warded from her; and here, about two years afterwards, she became acquainted with Charles Neville.

Amelia Bellemere possessed every attraction that could adorn the woman or elicit the love of those who knew her—goodness, amiability, a glowing and affectionate heart. Charles Neville was not long in appreciating her qualities or offering his vows. She consulted her only friends, in whose house she had found so sweet a home, and, they being well acquainted with Mr. Neville's family, and favouring the suit, she yielded to his importunities. She was scarcely seventeen when, being led to the Altar, she made the vows of her espousals and yielded herself to her earthly love. Marie Agnes was the delicious fruit of their union. But, notwithstanding this additional tie to his love, this new charm of his existence, shortly after her birth the unhappy husband and father deserted his peaceful home, his lonely wife and babe.

Charles, without being fully sensible of it, had deceived himself; and, without designing it, his wife. He once possessed a heart both generous and warm—once, but not now—and although offered to Amelia

Bellemere, it was not within the power of his gift ; for, though rejected, it still lay embalmed in the bosom of Isabella Crawford. He married rather with the hope that he might learn to forget his first, his only love, and thus find his happiness in her, whom he had unwittingly deceived, and who was not less worthy of his fondest devotion than was she to whom he had made his first vows. But he was mistaken ; he could not forget, and happiness beamed not upon his countenance. At first she playfully bantered him upon his sadness, and he would fondly smile away her fears. But as often as the gloomy clouds were dispersed before the cheering influence of her love, so often would they return ; each time more gloomily than before. Then, fearful of recurring too often to the theme, she would seek to charm his hours without seeming to have a reference to the cause which chiefly prompted her exertions. Sometimes success would crown her efforts ; at other times, he would beg to be excused and leave her. Thus, day after day, his melancholy increased, when, at last, that conviction, which of all others to the true and trusting heart of gentle woman is the saddest and most paralyzing, sealed up the fountain of her joy. " He is unhappy," was the thought that blanched the roses on her cheeks, and wreathed her beauteous features in the pallid hues of grief. Wrought up to the highest pitch of agony she determined no longer to delay to unravel the cause of the mysterious gloom, which but increased each passing day.

" Tell me," said she, one bright evening as they sat beside each other, in silence, gazing at the moonlit scene before them ; " tell me, my dearest Charles, what sorrow clouds your brow. It was not always thus, and I fear—oh ! I trust my heart deceives me—but I

fear lest the cause may lie within myself. What can I do, my love, to prove my heart's devotion? Ah! dearest, speak, and smile again as you were wont to do." Her head sank upon his shoulder as she concluded; when, after a pause,

"Yes, Amelia, the cause does lie within you:" were the first cruel words that ever fell from his lips upon her gentle heart. It was a deadly pang that pierced her, and the shaft never ceased to quiver in the wound. She started from the pillow of his breast, and, wildly gazing upon his face, with all her energy exclaimed:

"Tell me in what, dearest, dearest Charles, and mould me purely to your will; I'll be whatever you would have me, and love you the more because you taught me how best to please you."

The agony of her mind, as well as the devotion of her heart, impelled her to utter too much, since, not knowing the origin of his sadness, she could not anticipate his reply, and since there was at least one point which it was beyond her power to yield to him.

"Your Faith—and still more your constant compliance with its tyrannical demands—is my abhorrence. Would you please me, Amelia, forsake it."

Though an evasion of the real cause, this also was the truth; and, as may well be imagined, one which served to deepen the wound that was already draining the source of her life. How could she have supposed that he would make that a test of the vow just uttered by her, which alone was not in her power to grant? She was ready and able to sacrifice herself for the happiness of her husband; but to sacrifice her God, her Faith, her own salvation, she neither willed nor wished; nor had she ever thought it could be demanded of her. Her

whole being was absorbed in devotion to her husband—but, it was subordinate to her devotion to her God ; and while her heart prompted her to cling with fondest affection both to her heavenly and her earthly love, she had no thought or desire to barter the priceless joys of the former for the evanescent pleasures of the latter. Charles Neville knew, before he led her to the altar, that she was a Catholic, and he had consented that the parish Priest should perform the marriage ceremonies ; but his desire to possess her, notwithstanding this single “plague spot,” and his compliance with the means of their union, were both based upon the expectation that he would soon be able to wean her from her attachment to the Faith of her childhood. But a few months had transpired after their marriage, when he discovered that it was too firmly rooted in her heart, that it was too much the sum and substance of her existence, to encourage him to hope that she would easily resign it.

From the date, therefore, of the conversation, a fragment of which has just been recorded, commenced a series of persecutions and petty annoyances which ceased not even when Amelia’s broken heart lay bleeding at his feet. And, at last when she became a mother, and when all the bright visions of her life—except that blessed one of her cherub babe—were for ever flown, the climax of her sorrows was attained in the heartless desertion of her unhappy husband. He left her under the plea of business. Several days elapsed before she heard from him, and then the message which came imparted no comfort to her stricken heart. It was a brief note bearing the Charleston postmark, and ran thus :

“Amelia, I have been impelled to extend my jour-

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ney farther than was at first anticipated. Meet me in the city of P——. Make no delay; and when you arrive present the enclosed letter to him whose name it bears.

CHARLES NEVILLE."

With a grieved and stricken heart she prepared to obey the strange command of this icy letter. But, hoping to find her husband still detained at Charleston, she determined to take it in her course, and if possible join him. She made the effort, but without success, and immediately hastened forward that she might meet him where he had directed her, and thus at least afford him no cause for reproach.

The sum of her afflictions is soon recorded. She arrived at the city a perfect stranger: but such a person as the one to whom her letter was directed, was not to be found. She anxiously awaited the arrival of her husband. Every day her trusting heart dilated with the hope that he would certainly arrive before the night—each night came, but brought no cheering report of his coming. At first she excused him on account of some unavoidable cause of detention, which she imagined might have occurred; but, as the time wore on, and yet no tidings of him reached her, tender solicitude would conjure up a thousand phantoms to increase her fears and exhaust her with anxiety. Worn out with weary, fruitless waiting, she at last wrote to her friends at New Orleans, communicating to them the sad details of her disappointments; but, from whatever cause, her oft-repeated letters never reached their destination. She would have returned to them, but that she had not been provided with the means, and those she had were now almost exhausted. Thus passed she her days in deepest gloom, her nights in sleepless agony. Her strength soon yielded to the sorrow which

weighed upon her ; and finally, without a friend, and after sustaining the grievous burden of her woes to the utmost limit of endurance, she expired, leaving her infant daughter, whose eventful history has here been traced, to struggle alone in misery and want.

Eugene was correct, therefore, in his conclusions, and pursuant to the deliberations referred to above, Marie Agnes Neville was invested with her right and title of heiress to an equal share with Eugene of all his father's late possessions in the West Indies.

Mr. Seward's caution to Eugene had reference to his contemplated change of the investment both of his own and Marie's share of the fortune left to them. He had long been desirous of making the United States the place of his abode ; and the present seemed the most propitious time to gratify that wish. But, in disposing of his property, it became desirable to include Marie's portion in the same disposition that he was making of his own. This was particularly necessary on her own account, as well as a convenience to himself ; and the will empowering him, in case of the death of Charles, to dispose of the estate, if necessary, for the benefit of the heirs ; he had determined—Mr. Seward not objecting—to authorize his agent at Tobago to close with an offer which was at that time made to him for the entire property. Mr. Seward did not object, he merely advised prudence, and a short time afterwards Eugene made real estate investments in the city of P——, both in his own name, and in that of his niece, which were calculated to enhance the happiness of all parties concerned.

Thus every cloud of earthly care and sorrow, that had, almost from Marie's birth, darkened her rugged path, now seemed to be for ever driven away before the favouring gale of prosperity, while the golden beams of hope

and joy shed the brightness of their light upon her long blighted heart. But, how often does it happen, that while from the joyous present we are making sanguine calculations of a blissful future, Heaven, whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, overrules our best laid schemes, and arouses us from our lofty and aspiring dreams to the consciousness of the evanescence of all sublunary expectations.

The ruddy glow of health, which, for a while, so radiantly overspread the face of Marie, when once again she found herself in the presence of her "sweet Pauline," there, to be beloved and cherished, as she had formerly been, was illusory, deceptive, evanescent. It did not arise from the restored and healthful action of the reproductive energies of her system; but it had been prematurely evoked by the excess of joy which that event so unexpectedly and so suddenly once more caused to dawn upon her hapless lot.

It was not possible that the delicate constitution, the fragile frame of Marie should, unimpaired, sustain the bitter reproaches, the cruel treatment, and the fearful hardships to which it had been subjected. And although she was again appointed the almoner of Pauline, and performed, in that character, a thousand unobtrusive charities, she returned from those delightful expeditions, which so sweetly suited her gentle heart, not as formerly, radiant with the glow of rosy health, but pale and exhausted; and, although the cheerful smile of a serene and happy spirit ever illumined her beautiful features, it was rather of that divine stamp which spoke more of heavenly than of earthly joy. It is true, she still roamed through the village, mingled in the sports of her former companions, and shed around her the delightful odour of her innocence; but those sports and that pastime

were less a part of her nature, of her very existence, than they formerly were. She seemed to soar above them, and to hold converse with beings not of earth; oftentimes stealing away from the boisterous glee of her mirthful playmates,—without the fear of danger now,—to seek the grateful solitude of her grotto, or the grove; there to converse with Jesus, her sweet Jesus, in humble, holy prayer; and think, and wonder what a lovely place that must be where he dwells; so bright, so beautiful, so happy; where, as Pauline had often read to her from holy scripture, God permits all who love him to dwell; and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; where there shall be no more death, nor mourning, nor crying, nor any sorrow: where there shall be no more night, but one long, bright, beautiful day; and yet, need not the light of the sun, because the Lamb, sweet Jesus, enlightens it with the brightness of his countenance, and there with his saints for ever reigns.

Then would she return again from her retirement, her face so pale; and yet, beaming with so sweet, so heavenly a smile; a sweet, sad smile, and mingle in their sports and seem as happy as the gayest there. All noticed the change, both old and young; and when she looked on them with her cheerful eyes, they looked on her and smiled as she did, sadly:—oh! how sadly; for it pierced them to the heart to see the change; and some would turn away their heads, and secretly wipe their eyes; and others would say: “She was not born to live on earth, she belongs to heaven;” and when it was time for her to return home, they would linger upon her footsteps, loath to part with her; and when the parting moment came, they would ask her prayers, and bid holy angels to protect her: at those kind words she would smile again, that heavenly, sweet, sad

smile, and say : " God bless you—dear, good friends," and vanish from their view.

"Sweet Pauline," said she, one day as they met in the garden, "I have just now had such a delightful dream. Come to the harbour where the woodbine grows, and I'll tell it to you."

They turned into the path which led to it, and were soon seated under its pleasant shade. Pauline was not insensible to the change that was passing over the fragile child. Not that there were any positive symptoms of disease lingering about her frail tenement, but that her every feature, every act, every word indicated that she was ripening for heaven. If the colour faded from her lovely face, it was but to leave in its silken texture an ethereal purity, which belongs not to a being of earth ; did she move, even to perform the simplest office of love, it was as the noiseless motion of a cherub ; and when she spoke, her words and the music of her voice absorbed every sense. It was thus that Pauline hung upon her touching words.

"I was very tired, sweet Pauline," commenced the gentle child, "and I came here to rest. Every thing was so quiet that I fell asleep ; when it seemed as if two beautiful beings came and stood beside me. They had bright rings of golden light around their heads and beautiful little harps in their hands. They at first beckoned to me, and then they said, 'Come with us, sweet sister.' And they put their arms around me—oh ! how sweetly and softly, dear Pauline—and bore me along with them until they came to such a heavenly place that my heart beat with joy to see it, and at last they laid me in dear mother's arms, when, just as she clasped me to her and stooped to kiss me, I awoke. Oh ! don't you wish it would come true, sweet Pauline?"

Pauline could not say, "No, my love," and yet her fond heart would not, could not, utter "Yes."

It was a lovely day in June. Oh! how brightly the evening sun did shine before it sunk to rest: how sweetly the birds did sing their parting song, as she tripped along a path towards an humble cottage, with a little basket on her pure white arm. She tapped at the humble cottage door; it was like an angel tapping there, so softly, meekly, full of gentleness and love; and the next instant she hovered round the couch of suffering; it was like an angel hovering there, so full of mercy, tenderness and truth. She breathed her prayer and hurried on. It was near the village church. She could not pass, but entered its ever-open door. Good Father Xavier saw her approach and enter; and smiling he prayed: "God bless you my dear, sweet child." She smiled on him, that same sad smile, and hurried on. She had not much time to stay. But ere she knew it was so late, the sun went down, the feathered songsters sank to rest, and still she knelt before the sacred altar, absorbed in prayer. She ought to have been home, and would have been, had she known how much they were alarmed. "She is lost again!" "She is lost again!" was the report that struck fear in every heart. At last a hasty messenger brought the dread report to Father Xavier. He hurried into the church, and raising the precious burden from the ground, whispered the word of alarm, and bearing her in his arms carried her homeward through the village allaying the tumult as he passed along; and at last laid her in Pauline's trembling arms.

She was still paler than she ever had been before; but yet breathed no complaint; she only smiled that sweet, sad smile, and talked of angels; she spoke of them as hovering round her head: "They want me"—clasp me

still tighter, dear, sweet Pauline——there,—now they must take us both—one kiss, dear, sweet Pauline.” So saying, she closed her deep blue, heaven-beaming eyes in calm and gentle sleep. How soft her breathing: how pale, yet how serene her face. Her glossy ringlets lay in wavy curves about her pure transparent neck and snow-white breast. Pauline’s fair fingers worked convulsively through the curling folds as she gazed upon her beauteous face. She smiled no more that sweet, sad smile, but one of bliss without alloy: oh! it was a radiant smile, that gleamed and shed its lustre over that placid brow. “Angels must surely be whispering with thee, fair child,” softly breathed Pauline.—They were; a band of cherubs, swift flying from the empyrean vault, that instant hovered over the beauteous casket, embraced the immortal gem within, and bearing it with shouts of joy amidst angelic choirs, laid the priceless treasure, pure and sparkling, before the throne of God. Thus passed that fragile child from earth to heaven—

—— just like a fleeting dream.

Oh! lovely flower!

So fragrant, and so soon to droop—

In one short hour.

Like some fair lily, meek it stood,

Tender and sweet;

But ah! for such a plant, earth’s soil

Was never meet;

And lo! it passed away—yet lives

And blooms more fair,

Sheds a far richer fragrance round

In heavenly air.

’Tis true, the cup in which it grew

Was left behind,

When calm it breathed its essence out,

Free as the wind;

But 'twas to gain a lovelier garb
Than earth could give,
From mortal to immortal changed,
Ever to live.

Pauline knew not that all sweet Marie's earthly joys and griefs were now for ever passed. That heavenly smile still curved her placid lips, and Pauline's fingers still wove her silken hair. Pauline bowed her head, to press her quivering lips upon the child's fair brow——

Suppress thy shriek, Pauline.—Dry up thy bitter tears.—She sleeps a calm sweet sleep—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.—No more shall sorrow heave that spotless breast; nor tears dim that eye. She has gone to that better land, to that far, far distant home, where, robed in white and crowned with gold, she tunes her harp to the everlasting song, which none but saints can sing, the song of God's redeeming love.——

Nay, peace, peace, Pauline; and bid thy swelling bosom to be calm. Rest thee, thou throbbing heart! bow to the will of God.—Well, weep on; perhaps 'twill give thee some relief. But know that she is happy. Look, Pauline; behold yon heavenly mansion; direct thy gaze up, up through the calm blue sky, and take one long, one lingering look, at her heavenly habitation, her everlasting home. Behold the heavenly citizens crowding around the new angelic being just arrived from earth; listen to their shouts of joy, their hallelujahs to the Lamb, that another of his little ones hath been redeemed and numbered with the just.—See that bright seraphic spirit, which once, with suffering tried, passed through this vale of tears, and as she closed her eyes in death, still clasped her feeble babe, and still murmured one continual prayer: “Father, protect my helpless babe.” See

her, now filled with seraphic love, still clasp her treasure, her immortal Marie, in her arms, while loud hosannahs kindle on her tongue. See, and now tell me, wouldst thou call her back to earth? Then, peace, oh bursting heart, be still.—

Ah! that was a sorrowful day at Leflore, when the church-bell's muffled toll boomed gloomily upon the ear, for Marie Agnes's funeral. No other sound was heard. If any moved, it was slow and sadly, with eyes cast down: if any spoke, it was with a voice suppressed and faltering from grief. There her cold form, pure as the driven snow, and white as alabaster, now reposes. That angelic smile still plays around her mouth, loath to ascend up to its native skies; her flowing tresses still half conceal her heavenly face; two gentle spots of rosy light beam on her cheeks; and a virgin rose-bud blooms upon her breast.—Surely, 'tis all a dream—she is not dead—'tis but a peaceful sleep. Yes—peaceful sleep—which naught but the Archangel's trump shall rouse.

Slowly—slowly—bear her to the temple of her God. It is already filled with mourners. Bleeding hearts are there, pouring their sorrow into the ear of divine mercy. Blessed are they that mourn; but mourn, dear friends, for yourselves and for your children. Sweet Marie needs not your tears; she intercedes for you, before the throne of God. Yes, she offers the sacrifice of pure devotion before the high Altar of heaven; it is meet, therefore, that her frail tenement—beautiful in death—and destined at last to re-enclose her happy spirit, should rest for a moment before the earthly altar, ere it be committed to the tomb, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, there to await the resurrection morn. Happy, thrice happy, they who shall share the fruition of her joy, when the Son of Man shall appear in the majesty of his power, and, be-

fore all his angels, shall say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Few were the words, tremulous the voice, of Father Xavier over St. Agnes. Each heart was already full. No words could make so deep an impress as the grief that bowed each mourner in the dust. The mournful melody of the last anthem quivered upon the quiet air, as the remains of the loved one were borne from the sacred temple to the spot of her last earthly home. Ah! there was sobbing and sighing around that little grave. From the eyes of the hard featured sons of toil, the tears fell down like rain. Matron and blooming maiden; ruddy youth and feeble age mingled their griefs with unrestrained, convulsive agony. It was a hard trial for all, to have such a lovely vision torn from them for ever. But, sleep on, sweet Marie, and take thy rest till Jesus shall bid thee arise. They are not bitter tears we now shed for thee, but tears of fondest love.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe its blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou that brighter home to bless,
Art passed with all thy loveliness!

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;

And oft upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes!
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine, to messenger of heaven.*

Enclosed within an iron railing, was a small plot of ground beautifully adorned with choicest flowers. From the centre of this arose a white marble monument, surmounted by the figure of a sleeping child, carved in alabaster. Beneath was this inscription:

TO
The Memory of
MARIE ST. AGNES NEVILLE,
Who was called from earth to heaven,
June 17th, 18—

"Pale and wan, she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she grew still dearer
As the trial hour drew nearer,
Then she left us hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only,—
And a little grave we made her,—
In the church-yard cold we laid her,—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—"

* Felicia Hemans.

CHAPTER XXIII.

And here the bard a moment held his hand,
As one who saw more of that horrid wo
Than words can utter.— POLLOCK.

THE celebrity which passing events had given to Leflore, had not failed to make it the centre of attraction during the ensuing pleasure season. It was more or less crowded with visitors during the whole summer. Among those who had determined to make it the place of their enjoyment and recreation was Dr. Wirt, to whom Leflore offered not only the attractions of friendship, but also of scenery of unrivalled magnificence, as well as healthfulness of climate.

It was at the close of a day early in July, that he sauntered forth to take his usual exercise, and enjoy the delightful breath of evening, as, fragrant from the harvest fields, it swept through the valley. It was his intention to visit the spot where Marie reposed in peaceful slumber. As he entered the enclosure of the consecrated city of the dead, and proceeded along its winding avenues, feelings of deepest awe overpowered him. He had approached, as it were, the portal of that bourne whence no traveller returns, and through which, in the course of human events, he must soon be called upon to pass. His meditative mind was deeply absorbed in the contemplation of that future state of being towards which

we hasten with such varied sensations of doubt, of fear, of dread, of horror, of desire, and of delight.

As he approached the sacred spot where innocence lay awaiting the dawn of that day which, for some, will know no night, and which, for others, will be closed in everlasting gloom, he heard a voice as if in earnest prayer. Approaching, he discovered good Father Xavier kneeling beside the orphan's grave. Fresh flowers had just been scattered over it, the offerings of her bereaved friends. Father Xavier finished his pious sacrifice of evening prayer, and arose as Dr. Wirt approached. The worthy Doctor recognising the devout priest, apologized for his intrusion, and made some allusion to the manner in which he found the worthy father engaged, namely, praying at the graves of the departed.

"It is a practice," he replied, "which is most consolatory to a Catholic, my dear sir, though of course not easily comprehended by others who do not understand the revelation of God respecting the middle state of suffering in which some souls that are called from this to another world with the stain of venial sin upon their souls, are detained for a time before they are permitted to enter heaven. If all could live and die as has the fair vision beside whose grave and in whose sanctity we love to look up into her glorious and everlasting home, the prayer, which is usually offered beside the departed, and which you see engraved upon these marble slabs, would no longer be *requiescat in pace*; may the soul of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace; but Sancte ora—or, Sancti orate—pro nobis, would ever take its place."

"I confess, my good Father," replied Dr. Wirt, "that I am one of those who are not able to see the reasonableness of the devotions of which you speak; but I

would most gladly hear your explanation of it. What does the Catholic Church teach respecting that middle state of suffering to which you have referred?"

"I fear, my dear sir, if I were to enter upon the subject to tell all that she teaches, you might weary of the recital before I had finished; nevertheless we can enter upon it, and pursue it as long as it may be agreeable to yourself; and in answer to your question, therefore, I have to say that the Catholic Church teaches us, that, after this life, there is a middle state of suffering, to which the souls of those are condemned for a time, who though dying in a state of grace, and in friendship with God, yet have not fully satisfied the divine justice for the debt of temporal punishment due for their smaller sins; or for their more grievous sins, whose guilt has been pardoned in the sacrament of penance; or who die under the guilt of smaller sins or imperfections."

"I confess that I am not so unreasonable as to suppose, with most of my brethren," observed the doctor, "that this is a mere invention of Catholics, whereby they flatter themselves that they shall be easily able to escape the torments of the eternally lost souls; or worse, as a trick whereby to enrich the coffers of the church: I suppose that it is pretended to be grounded upon something, which may be reasonable enough to those whose faith may be sufficiently strong to sustain them in the belief of it, but for myself I never have been able to discover the ground of that belief. Upon what is it founded?"

"It is founded, my dear sir, upon the justice of God, upon the authority of sacred Scripture, upon reason, and upon the testimony of the Church of Christ in all ages. I will first speak of it as founded upon the justice of God. As the justice of God absolutely demands from sinners a reparation of the injury done to him by sin, by means of

temporal punishments to be undergone by them after the guilt of their mortal sins, and the eternal punishment has been remitted and forgiven them; and, as this debt of temporal punishment is increased by the venial sins they commit, which also being offensive to God, must be punished by the divine justice; for 'God will render to every man according to his works;' and of every idle word we speak, an account will be demanded; hence it necessarily follows, that there must be a state of temporary punishment after death, where all those must go, who, dying in the state of grace, have not paid this debt before they die, and where they must remain in sufferings till such time as they have fully paid it. This place cannot be heaven; for in heaven there can be no suffering. It cannot be hell; for out of hell there can be no redemption, and those who die in the state of grace cannot be condemned for ever; therefore it must be a middle place distinct from both. On these grounds, our Saviour describes the nature of this state as follows, making use of it as a powerful motive to engage us to live a truly penitential life here, that we may clear that debt before we die: 'Be at agreement with thy adversary quickly,' says he, 'whilst thou art in the way with him, lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison; amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou pay the last farthing.' St. Matt. v. 25. Here we see the doctrine of a middle state described to us in the plainest terms. This present life is everywhere represented to us in the holy Scriptures as a *way* in which we are travelling towards eternity. Our *adversary* is the divine justice, to whom we owe the debt of temporal punishment. God himself is the *judge*. If, therefore, we do not satisfy our adversary during this life, while we

are in the way, when we come to die, and be presented before the judge, we shall be condemned to the prison of the middle state, where we must remain, till by our sufferings we have fully satisfied the divine justice for the debt we owe, even to the last farthing.

“Now, second, the word of God assures us, that there shall not enter into heaven any thing defiled, Rev. xxi. 27; and that none ‘but the clean of heart shall see God.’ St. Matt. v. 8. When, therefore, a soul leaves this world in perfect charity with God, clean and undefiled by any, the smallest stain of sin, doubtless that soul will be immediately admitted into the presence and enjoyment of God. If, on the contrary, the soul leaves this world in disgrace with God, and dead to him by the guilt of mortal sin, that soul will undoubtedly be condemned to the eternal torments of hell. But when a soul leaves this world in the friendship of God, but sullied with the stains of smaller venial sins, it is plain that such a soul cannot, in that state, go to heaven, where ‘nothing defiled can enter;’ neither can she be condemned to hell, because she is in friendship with God, and a living member with Jesus Christ; therefore there must be some middle state, where such a soul is confined for a time, till by suffering she be cleansed and purged from all these defilements of venial sins, and rendered fit to be admitted to the presence and enjoyment of God. In this view our blessed Saviour says, ‘he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.’ St. Matt. xii. 32. In which words he plainly intimates that some sins shall be forgiven in the world to come, otherwise it would be superfluous and trifling to say, neither in this world nor in the next. To the same purpose the prophet Isaiah says, ‘The voice of the Lord of Hosts was re-

vealed to my ears, sure this iniquity shall not be forgiven till ye die, saith the Lord God of Hosts,' Is. xxii. 14; which plainly implies, that after death, it should be forgiven them. Now this truth necessarily establishes a middle state, where some sins shall be forgiven; this place cannot be heaven, for no sin can enter there to be forgiven; it cannot be hell, for in hell there is no forgiveness, therefore it must be a middle place distinct from both. Neither can these sins which are forgiven in the next life be mortal sins; for a soul that dies in mortal sin is immediately condemned to hell, like the rich man in the Gospel.

“From what has been said, it appears that the souls of those who enter this middle state are only such as die in a state of grace, united to Jesus Christ: that it is their imperfect works for which they are condemned to that place of suffering, and which must be there all consumed, and their stains purged away from them, before they can go to heaven; and finally, that however, they shall at last be saved, and received into eternal bliss, namely, when they have paid the utmost farthing, and when all their imperfections are purged away. And this is the precise doctrine of the Church concerning the middle state, called purgatory, or a place of purification.

“Now this doctrine is laid down by St. Paul in the plainest terms, as follows: ‘For other foundation can no man lay but that which is laid; which is Christ Jesus;’ that is, none can be saved but such as are united to Jesus Christ by faith that worketh by charity: ‘Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, or precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man’s work shall be manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man’s work, of what sort it is.’ The building

upon this foundation, as here explained, signifies the works that a man performs while united to Jesus Christ; such works as are good and perfect, are compared to gold, silver, precious stones; and such as are imperfect and venially sinful, are compared to wood, hay, stubble. At the day of the Lord, at the particular judgment after death, all these works shall be tried and examined by him, for then, *the fire* of God's judgment shall 'try every man's work of what sort it is!' If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward, shall be immediately admitted into the joy of his Lord; 'if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss,' these works being found of no value, he must suffer them; yet, having built upon the right foundation, by living and dying in the state of grace, and united to Jesus Christ, though with much imperfection, 'he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire,' being liable to this punishment on account of his many imperfections.—1 Cor. iii. 11—15. On this text of Scripture St. Ambrose says as follows: 'Whereas St. Paul saith, *yet so as by fire*, he sheweth indeed, that he shall be saved, but yet shall suffer the punishment of fire; that being purged by fire, he may be saved, and not tormented for ever.'

“The belief of a middle state, and the practice of praying for the souls detained there, is far from being a novelty, introduced in latter ages, as the adversaries of the Catholic church pretend. It is much more ancient than Christianity itself; and we have a most decisive proof of it from Scripture, among the people of God, under the old law, in the time of Judas Maccabeus, about two hundred years before Christ. For, upon a great victory

* Sermon. xx. in Ps. 118.

gained by that valiant general over the enemies of their religion, after the battle, in which many of his people had been slain, ‘Judas making a gathering, sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for a sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection—and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep, with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.’—2 Macca. xii. 43. In this passage of holy writ, we have the following particulars established: 1. That the people of God, long before Christ, did hold it holy and laudable to pray for the dead. 2. That they believed this to be a means of benefiting the souls departed, by freeing them from sins; and 3. That the word of God declares it to be *holy and wholesome*. If therefore the souls of the faithful departed are benefited by the prayers of those on earth, this establishes a middle state, beyond all contradiction, since those in heaven are in need of no helps, and those in hell can receive none. Now, we do not find that our Saviour ever reprehends the Jews for this practice, though upon all occasions he censures the Pharisees for the corruptions they had brought in, some of which were even of less consequence than this; had it not been sound doctrine.

“As to the foolish things which are said of the belief of Catholics respecting the nature of the punishments there inflicted, it is needless to speak, but with respect to the intensity of the punishment inflicted upon the souls detained there, it may be said upon the authority of sacred Scripture, that they are most dreadful; because the Scripture says that ‘they shall be saved, yet so as by fire,’ 1 Cor. iii.; because they are wholly in the hands

of divine justice, and the Scriptures say: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'—Heb. x. 31. And, indeed, even in this life, where his justice is always mixed with mercy, how dreadful are his punishments upon sinners! Witness the many examples in Scripture, even for sins which to us might seem small. Some of the saints of God have not hesitated to think that the torments of purgatory are not inferior to those of hell, only that those of hell have no end, whereas those of purgatory are but for a time. The following passage from the prophets, though addressed directly to the Jews, is applied in its spiritual sense, to show the greatness of the torments of purgatory: 'If the Lord shall wash away the filth of the daughters of Sion, by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning.'—Is. iv. 4.

"Upon the above evidence, therefore, it is, that the prayers and sacrifices, and other good works of the faithful upon earth, are offered to God for the faithful souls, who, on account of their venial imperfections, are for a time detained in the middle state of suffering before they can be permitted to enter heaven.

"That these works are beneficial to souls thus detained, is made equally plain by the passages of Scripture already quoted, that, 'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.'—2 Macca. xii. In their situation they can do nothing for themselves, but suffer till they have paid the last farthing. For, as our Saviour assures us, when 'the night of death cometh, no man can work.'—St. John ix. 4. And the Holy Ghost exhorts us to be diligent in doing all the good we can at present, for the same reason: 'Whatsoever thy hand is able to do, do it earnestly; for neither work, nor reason, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, shall be in hell, whither thou art hastening,' Ec-

cles. ix. 10, that is, in the regions below, in the state of the dead. But, though the souls in the middle state of suffering can do nothing of themselves to ease or shorten their sufferings, yet such is the goodness of God, that in consideration of the union and charity which he so strictly requires among the ill members of his church, the body of Christ, and of that communion of saints, which he himself has established among them, he is pleased to accept of the prayers, sacrifices, and good works of the faithful upon earth, when offered up by them for the souls departed; and, on that account, relieves their pains, and grants them a more speedy deliverance from them.

“By this, then, my dear sir, you will perceive that praying for departed souls is not only an act of charity on the part of the Catholic, but a bounden duty, whether we consider who they are, what they are, or the helpless condition in which they must remain unless so relieved by the charity and good works of their brethren, who are either already in the church triumphant, or yet remain in the church militant. And besides, we may rest assured that we ourselves shall also be benefited thereby, as the following considerations will most conclusively prove.

“We are taught by holy Scripture that ‘Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy,’ and ‘with the same measure that we mete to others, it shall be measured to us again.’ This is an established rule of divine justice; consequently, the being diligent in procuring relief to those who are gone before us, and are now in a state of purgation and suffering in the next life, is the most effectual means to move Almighty God to stir up others to bring the same relief to us, if we ever be so happy as to go to the same place; on the contrary, ‘judgment

without mercy to him that hath not done mercy.'—St. James ii. 13. Again, the souls in the middle state are the beloved spouses of Jesus Christ, united to him by grace, and secure of their eternal salvation. Now, if Christ assures us that a cup of cold water given for his sake, in this life, shall not want its reward, though the one to whom we give it, may, perhaps, be at enmity with Jesus Christ, or who will be lost for ever, and for ever separated from him; what reward will he give to those who, for his sake, contribute to do such a benefit to his beloved spouses, who are detained in that state of suffering, as to ease their dreadful torments, and procure them a more speedy admission to his divine presence? And lastly, these holy souls themselves will sooner or later be admitted to the possession of God, to the clear and full enjoyment of the divine presence; what a happiness for us, if, by our prayers, alms, sacrifices, and other good works, we have been instrumental in procuring them ease, while they were in their state of purgation, and a more speedy admission to eternal bliss? May we not justly expect that their grateful hearts will not forget our services? will they not be so many steadfast friends to us in heaven, and by their powerful prayers obtain a blessing from God to our souls? Hence our blessed Saviour says in the Gospel, 'make to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity, that when ye shall fail, they may receive you into everlasting dwellings.'—St. Luke xvi. 9. And in this consists the communion we have with the blessed souls in purgatory, included in that article of the Creed '*the communion of saints*,' which extends to all the members of the Church of Christ, whether they be as yet in this present life, or departed out of it to another; for we communicate to the souls in purgatory the fruits of our prayers and good works

offered up for them ; and, in return, we receive, through the mercy of God, these precious rewards of our charity.

“ I have now, my dear sir, laid before you at some length, the doctrine of the Catholics upon the subject of the middle state, the state of purgation, hence called purgatory. If I might trespass so far upon your patience, I will now offer you several considerations upon the Scripture proofs and reasoning given above, and then show you most conclusively, that the Church of Christ has, from the first, held the doctrine which I have been expounding to you.”

“ Of course, reverend sir, you will not regard me as being fully convinced yet of all that you have advanced, though I confess your exposition is far more reasonable, and has far better evidence to support it than I thought could be brought to bear in its favour ; and I should be much pleased to have the satisfaction of hearing all that you may have to advance upon it.”

“ To say all that I have to say upon it, my dear sir, would require far more time and strength than either of us, perhaps, could well bring to bear us through at one hearing ; nevertheless, the first consideration, or rather instruction, which we derive from this doctrine, is, the strictness and severity of God’s justice, which appears, in some respect, more formidable from purgatory than even from hell itself ; for, in hell, *whom does he punish?* his enemies, his rebellious creatures, obstinate, ungrateful, impenitent sinners, just objects of his aversion, wrath, and indignation ; but in purgatory, he punishes his beloved friends, the chaste spouses of his Son, the living members of Christ, the objects of his complacency and love. In hell, *how does he punish?* With torments the most dreadful, yes, more dreadful than can enter into the heart of man to conceive. In purgatory he punishes

with torments much of the same nature ; for the souls there shall indeed, at last, be saved, *yet so as by fire* ; and, perhaps, little inferior in its intenseness, and differing from that of hell only in its duration. In hell, *for what does he punish ?* for mortal sin, the greatest, the most atrocious outrage that can be done against his divine majesty ; in purgatory, he punishes only smaller sins, venial imperfections, human frailties. If, therefore, he punishes these venial imperfections in his own beloved friends in so severe a manner, how dreadful are his judgments ? how severe his justice ? how much to be dreaded and feared ?

“ Again, this doctrine shows us, in the strongest colours, the great evil of venial, or small, sins ; for God is a God of infinite justice, and, therefore, cannot punish any sin more than it deserves ; he is also a God of infinite mercy, which inclines him to punish sin rather less than it deserves. If, therefore, a God of infinite justice punishes venial sin in so dreadful a manner in purgatory, we must, of necessity, acknowledge that venial sin most justly deserves that punishment ; and if so, how great an evil must it be ? how pernicious to those who are guilty of it ?

“ It also shows us the great advantage we may draw from the sufferings of this life, if borne in a penitential spirit ; and from endeavouring, by a truly penitential life of self-denial and mortification, to discharge the debts we owe to the divine justice, and by that means, ‘ make agreement with our adversary while we are in the way.’ One great reason why souls go to purgatory, is, because they have not satisfied the justice of God by their sufferings before they die ; for this reason they must suffer in purgatory till they have paid the last farthing. Now, such is the goodness of God, that he accepts the peni-

tential works we do in this world, and the sufferings we bear in a penitential spirit here, as payment of that debt ; and as our sufferings here scarce deserve the name of sufferings, in comparison to the torments of purgatory, this shows what a vast advantage we may draw from the afflictions of the present life, and how unreasonably we act by neglecting to make the proper use of them.*

“ It is a great consolation to the Catholic Christian to know that he is able to prove the consoling doctrines of his Faith, not only by the sacred Scriptures, but by the perpetual testimony of those men who, in all ages, from the beginning, have distinguished themselves by their holiness, their learning, and their writings, which have been handed down to us by the Christians of every age. Is there doubt upon some question of the divine law, some doctrine, some rite ? These clear away all doubt, all hesitancy.

“ They sat at the feet of the Apostles and there drank in their lessons of heavenly wisdom ; wrote what they had thus learned, and handed it down to us in such a manner as to inspire confidence little short of inspiration. ‘ Among the Apostolical traditions received from the Fathers, and not enforced by the positive words of Scripture,’ Tertullian, who flourished in the second century, ‘ reckons oblations for the dead on the anniversary day. In his treatise on single marriages, he advises the widow to pray for the soul of her departed husband, entreating repose to him, and participation in the first resurrection, and making oblation for him on the anniversary days of his death ; which, if she neglect, it may be truly said of her, that as far as in her lies, she has repudiated her husband. Reflect, says he to widowers, for whose soul you pray, for whom you make annual oblations.’†

*Sincere Christian, App. II.

† See Faith of Catholics, p. 321.

“Eusebius, describing the funeral of the emperor Constantine, thus writes: ‘In this manner did Constantine perform the last duties in honour of his father. But when he had departed with his guards, the ministers of God, surrounded by the multitude of the faithful, advanced into the middle space, and with prayers performed the ceremonies of divine worship. The blessed prince, reposing in his coffin, was extolled with many praises; when the people, in concert with the priests, not without sighs and tears, offered prayers to heaven for his soul; in this manifesting the most acceptable service to a religious prince.’”

“Here is the historical testimony of prayers for the dead almost as early as the apostle had taught the doctrine in his Epistle to the Corinthians. I am aware that the Protestants give a very different interpretation to his text, but I am equally aware that the interpretation they give is as novel as it is unintelligible: nor has it one authority to support it. On the contrary, a large volume might be compiled from the writings of the early fathers upon this one doctrine of a middle state of sufferings. Let us, for example, refer to the Commentary of St. Ambrose upon these very passages of the Epistles of the Apostle. He says: ‘We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or whether it be evil.’—2 Cor. v. 10. Take care that you carry not with you to the judgment of God wood or stubble, which the fire may consume. Take care, lest, that having one or two things that may be approved, you, at the same time, have much that may give offence. If any man’s work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.—1 Cor. iii. 15.

* Life of Constantine.

Whence it may be collected, that the same man is saved in part, and is condemned in part. Conscious, therefore, that there are many judgments, let us examine our actions. 'If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss. False doctrine, which shall perish, is the work that is said to burn ; for all bad things must perish. To suffer loss is to suffer pain. And who, that is in pain, does not suffer loss? But he shall be saved yet so as by fire. He will be saved, the Apostle said, because his substance shall remain, while his bad doctrine shall perish. Therefore he said, yet so as by fire ; in order that his salvation be not understood to be without pain. He shows that he shall be saved indeed, but that he shall undergo the pain of fire, and be thus purified ; not like the unbelieving and wicked man who shall be punished in everlasting fire.* And in his funeral oration over the Emperors Valentinians, he says: Blessed shall ye both be, if my prayers can avail any thing. No day shall pass in which I will not make honourable mention of you ; no night, in which you shall not partake of my prayers. In all my oblations I will remember you.†

“St. Augustine says: Before the most severe and last judgment, some undergo temporal punishments in this life ; some after death ; and others both now and then. But not all that suffer after death are condemned to eternal flames. What is not expiated in this life, to some is remitted in the life to come, so that they may escape eternal punishment. Again, the same Father says: ‘The prayers of the church and of some good persons are heard in favour of those Christians who departed this life, not so bad as to be deemed unworthy of mercy, nor so good as to be entitled to immediate

* Comment. ad Cor. p. 122.

† See Faith of Catholics, p. 327.

happiness. So also, at the resurrection of the dead, there will some be found, to whom mercy will be imparted, having gone through those pains to which the spirits of the dead are liable. Otherwise it would not have been said of some with truth, that their sins 'shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in the world to come,' (St. Matt. xii. 32,) unless some sins were remitted in the next world. Again; 'It cannot be denied, that the souls of the dead are relieved by the piety of the living, when the sacrifice of our Mediator is offered for them, or alms are distributed in the church. They are benefited, who so lived, as to have deserved such favours. For there is no mode of life so perfect as not to require this assistance, nor so bad as to be incapable of receiving aid.—The practice of the church in recommending the souls of the departed, is not contrary to the declaration of the apostle, which says: 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil,'—2 Cor. v. 10.—For this merit, each one in his life has acquired, to be aided by the good works of the living. But all are not aided: and why so?—Because all have not lived alike. When therefore the sacrifice of the altar or alms are offered for the dead; in regard to those whose lives were very good, such offices may be deemed acts of thanksgiving; acts of propitiation for the imperfect; and though to the wicked they bring no aid, they may give some comfort to the living.*

"I have ventured, my dear sir, to inflict upon you this long dissertation, but feeling as I do that the more you examine it, the more you will find it consonant with

* See Faith of Catholics, p. 330.

reason, with Scripture and with the belief and practice of the church of Christ from its beginning; nay, that it antedates the Christian era by many ages, as I have shown above, I cannot think that you will deem it altogether obtrusive."

"On the contrary, reverend sir," politely responded the worthy doctor, "I feel particularly indebted to you, and although I do not pretend to be very deeply versed in theology, and might the more easily, therefore, be led astray, yet I am free to confess that you have advanced much that merits more than a passing consideration, and at some future time, I should be but too happy if you would renew the subject."

Just at that moment a person was seen hastily advancing towards the gentlemen. It proved to be one of the villagers, who was about to make a hasty call upon good Father Xavier's priestly services. The messenger announced that one of his parishioners, who was at the point of death, desired to receive the last sacraments. Father Xavier, excusing himself to the doctor, hastened to the bedside of his penitent.

Dr. Wirt took one more turn through the burial-ground, and was on the point of leaving it to return to his lodgings, when a most interesting and touching scene presented itself to his view, and not only detained him for the present, but afforded him subject for reflection long after it had transpired.

Slowly winding through a sequestered part of the valley, appeared a long train of the female children of the village. They were dressed in white, and each bore a beautiful bouquet of flowers in her hand. They sang as they approached the grave-yard. Dr. Wirt, fearing that his presence, were it known, might embarrass the freedom of their ceremonies, whatever they might be, withdrew

a few paces and stood within the shelter of some trees, where he might distinctly witness what was passing without being himself observed. As they advanced, they still continued to sing the Litany of the Saints.

Lord have mercy on us.

Christ have mercy on us.

Lord have mercy on us.

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, pray for us.

All ye holy Angels and Archangels, pray for us.

St. John Baptist, pray for us.

St. Joseph, pray for us.

All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets, pray for us.

St. Peter and St. Paul, pray for us.

St. John, pray for us.

All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists, pray for us.

St. Ambrose, pray for us.

All ye holy Innocents, pray for us.

St. Agnes, pray for us, &c.

They advanced, in regular order, towards Marie's grave. By the time they had reached the consecrated spot they had sung all the versicles of the Litany as far as the touchingly plaintive cry of

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Kneeling around her grave, their tremulous voices

arose to heaven from many a throbbing heart. When the thrice-repeated cry was made, they said the Lord's prayer and the Hail Mary, three times, in honour of the blessed Trinity, closing with that beautiful and charitable invocation,

"May the divine assistance always remain with us, and may the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

Rising, as they blessed themselves with the sign of the Cross, saying in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—Amen, they threw their bouquets within the little enclosure, and moved silently away.

Long after the youthful villagers had disappeared from his view, Dr. Wirt still stood riveted to the spot to which he had retired on their approach. Deep solemnity, admiration and awe, were the blended emotions that absorbed his faculties. He felt that the spot on which he stood was holy ground, that blessed spirits must indeed be there, to converse with the pure of heart and make the dark portal of the tomb seem bright and glorious as the noonday sun. "Here at least," he continued in half audible tones to muse, "here at least, the good may learn that Christ hath truly, by his entrance into the hidden chambers of the tomb, removed all its terrors, that he hath withdrawn the sting of the dread tyrant—Death, and made the couch whereon his victims lie, feel soft as downy pillows are. May it be mine to feel the sacred influence of his presence when the final hour draws near."

The mild beams of the vesper queen dispelled the gloom, which the shades of evening had gathered around the peaceful vale. As her translucent rays fell calmly on the monumental piles, amidst which he now

moved, the mysteries of Faith absorbed his thoughts. Wrapt in contemplation, his mind soared into the realms of the spiritual world. "I believe the communion of Saints," was the article of Faith that in connection with the Apostle's words inspired his meditations and filled him with the ardent desire so to believe that he might be made a partaker of the blessedness of those who had already learned the simple lesson, or, perhaps, having washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, had passed away to the enjoyment of the Church triumphant, there to assist their suffering brethren by purer and more acceptable prayers.

The dews of evening now reminded him of the necessity of returning to his temporary abode in the village ; but no change of time or place, no vicissitude of his after-life, obliterated the memory of that consecrated hour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Our story's done; and fortune in it oft hath shown
Her various power; but virtue, in the end,
Is crowned with laurel: Love hath done his part, too:
But we shall yet, though adverse be the gales, arrive at blissful goal.

MASSINGER.

LITTLE remains, dear reader, but to draw aside the curtain of futurity to take one parting glance at those whose eventful histories we have, though imperfectly, endeavoured to trace.

Not more than a year had elapsed after the green sod had for ever closed from mortal sight the fair form of the lovely, innocent Marie, when an event occurred at Eglington cottage, which, though it could never banish from Pauline's fond heart the memory of that angelic being, yet which, in some measure, dried up the tears from her bright eyes. We cannot venture exactly to say—but not long after the event, good Father Xavier was called upon to baptize the sweetest, loveliest little miniature Marie, that mortal ever beheld. The same deep blue eyes and dear little beginnings of dark curly hair, the same rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, the same cherub mouth curved by the same angelic smile.

What renewed happiness was this for Mr. Seward. It seemed as if he was living his joyous youth over again. His prattling Pauline seemed to have gone back to babyhood; and when, after they had returned to the city, he sat in the old arm-chair in the library of

Mordant Hall, with the tiny Marie on his knee and Pauline by his side, he felt that this alone was enough of happiness to repay all the sufferings of the past few years, even had they been much more intense and more prolonged.

But the time flies on, and Mr. Seward's raven locks have faded on his brow. The frost of years has fallen thick upon his peaceful age. Ah! that it had not been so entirely peaceful, since the joys of time and sense have caused him to forget that there is another and a better world. As a tale that is told his years passed by, but bore to heaven no tale of weal for him. With noiseless tread the hours came, with noiseless tread they passed, and with them bore his soul, full of years, to render up his account of the deeds of his long favoured life, as well—alas!—of that work which he had failed to do.

And Eugene, did he continue, by his piety, his love, his devotion, to merit the possession of the priceless treasure of Pauline's devoted heart? He did; most truly did he; and crowned her life with every earthly joy. Sweetly passed they along the path of life in harmony and love; walking in all the commandments of God to do them; reflecting the lustre of religion's cheering light on all around them; dispensing charity and works of mercy to the poor. Such too was the peaceful course of Isabella Crawford's holy life. Dear Isabel! how many, many poor have borne thee on the breath of prayer to heaven; how many lips now mute in death have blessed and honoured thee; how many eyes, once filled with tears, now sparkle with delight at the mention of thy name; how many souls bowed down with care have been raised up in joy and peace by thy angelic

ministry. If they that give a cup of cold water to the suffering sons of want are judged according to their works and received in heaven, ah! what a triumphal entrance to that everlasting habitation shall be thine.

Mrs. Reed and Louisa Worthington ever remained the fervent and intimate friends of Pauline and Isabel. The coy heart of the latter, dear Lou, did not long remain unsubdued, notwithstanding the multitudinous reports of her partiality for a conventual life. Submissive to the will of God, she was united to one who well knew how to appreciate the worth of her gentle nature. She, and also her friend Mrs. Reed, lived long and happy lives, and were, in a wonderful manner, preserved by a good Providence from any real cause of sorrow.

There are two, around whose names, perhaps, enough of interest hovers to authorize the hope that they may not have been altogether forgotten, Mr. La Zourk and Clara. Mr. La Zourk was always a model of the perfect gentleman—but all his titles to distinction were centred in this world; he had no thought or care beyond it. He was a Catholic—alas!—alas! there are such, but how sad the thought. He had better been a heathen; for, “How much more, do you think, he deserveth worse punishment who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath esteemed the blood of the testament unclean, by which he was sanctified, and hath offered an affront to the Spirit of Grace,” than he who doth it ignorantly? He died; but his last moments were not blest with the buoyant prospects of the just man. In his last agony, he called for those consolations which religion gives; and when a servant of that God whose love and service he had sacrificed for the transitory joys of earth, hovered over his bed of suffering, it was but to witness the wild

ravings of despair, and to see the sinner die as he had lived, reprobate, and without God. He was a Catholic—yes, he was—alas!—alas! How awful, then, was such a death.

Mrs. La Zourk—it were needless to dwell upon her grief—endeavoured so to live that she might supply in her own life what was wanting in that of her husband. She strove to bring up her children in the fear and love of God. Three of them, daughters, followed in the footsteps of their mother: the remaining two, sons, departed therefrom, and had not the fear of God before their eyes.

Let us here pause, briefly to inquire why it is, that what has just been related of the sons of Mrs. La Zourk may, with truth, be said to be an epitome of the histories of so many families.

While the pious parent witnesses, with heartfelt gratitude and delight, her daughters growing up around her, adorned with every grace and Christian virtue, she is daily made to weep over the defection of her sons, as she sees them day after day depart from the wholesome discipline of religion. They feel it to be an irksome task to frequent the sacraments, and if urged by parental solicitude to consider the end of such sinful neglect of the only means which God has provided for the salvation of their souls, they throw off all restraint and appear in open rebellion to the law of God, both as it regards himself and those whom he has commanded them to honour: and if some, from a natural amiability, do not positively set them at defiance, yet by a thousand methods they shrink from the discharge of their duty until they have arrived at an age when they are presumed, or rather, when they presume themselves to be capable of judging

for themselves. Experience proves too sadly of what description that judgment is.

But, whether is this the fault of the parent, or of the child? While it must be acknowledged that nothing can justify such ingratitude to God on the part of a child, yet it is not less plain that much is wanting on the part of the parent. Sons were formerly brought up differently from what they now are. There was a reverential deference shown to parents and elders, which is now scarcely if ever seen. There must be a cause for this. A certain modern writer has most caustically described that cause; he says: "A child was not then brought forward and exhibited as a prodigy. Children are brought forward, and, like hot-bed plants, force themselves into notice even before the spring opens. The tokens of respect which used to be paid to age, and worth, and parental care, are all prostrated. The child is not to be blamed.—It is not now thought proper to enforce family government in the old-fashioned way marked out by Solomon; and thus you will find children in early life wiser than their parents *in every thing wherein the will of the parties come in contact*," religion included; and hence, the evil which so sorely lacerates the hearts of parents, who finally witness the effect of such loose training, in the everlasting ruin of the souls of their children. It will be a fearful ordeal through which to pass, when God shall require the souls of their children at the hands of the parents.

All the happiness which Mrs. La Zourk experienced, in the exemplary piety of her daughters, was more than counterbalanced in the heart-breaking conduct of her sons, who following the footsteps of their father exceeded the bounds to which he had gone.

Mrs. Templeton died in the poor-house. Her daugh-

ter Julia, previous to her mother's misfortunes, had married, handsomely; but she practised that mother's lessons well, and when misfortunes came, forgot her.

There are several personages, of no great distinction truly, but yet who merit a friendly word at parting. These are no other than our friend Robert, Mistress Betty, and—keeping him at a respectable distance from the latter—black Sam. Robert and Betty were the very pink and pattern of husband and wife, altogether the most clever, good-natured couple that ever quarrelled one minute, good-humouredly, and made it up the next. They were, by turns, the envy, the vexation, and the admiration—just according to what kind of neighbours they had, or what kind of humour they happened to be in—of all Park Row. Their former mistress had furnished their house, by their own account, superbly. Black Sam paid his respects to Mistress Betty once regularly every week. On such occasions he would endeavour to make himself useful by rocking the cradle; but on every such attempt certain ominous sounds so fresh and strong, would issue therefrom, if he dared to approach within a given distance, that Sam's orbs were wont to roll from side to side to see if with that voice, so exact a counterpart to another which was familiar to his ear, there was not also a juvenile broom stowed away somewhere within the same piece of furniture; but, as he never dared approach only to within a very respectable distance, he never perfectly ascertained the facts of the case. We believe the cause of the uproar to have been, that he was once heard to sing in that neighbourhood. It is needless to add that the music was never forgotten.

Gentle reader, we now bid thee farewell. We have journeyed together through three varying years. Sometimes we have smiled together, and sometimes we have

mingled our tears. Had this history not had a moral, it would never have been written. Draw it for thyself. If thou be a fair reader, and chooseth to make Pauline thy model, thou wilt do well ; but, if thou be not a fair reader—no, we will not say take Sam for thy pattern card, but—perhaps thou wilt find something to admire, in Eugene. But oh ! whatever be thy position in life, whatever vicissitudes may checker the transitory term of thine earthly career, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or in adversity, forget not the virtues of the gentle Marie—her devotion, her innocence, her truth ; her meekness in the hour of joy, and her patient endurance of every ill that threw its baleful spell around her hapless lot. Doubtless, long ere this, thou hast discovered many imperfections ; such perhaps as may have offended thee ; if so, while craving thy pardon, we beg thee to reflect that thou too hast faults to be indulged ; and to remember, that

“ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

THE END.

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